

THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

PART I.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains with their costly fringes swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh, when did man ever make anything like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed the living counterpart of that so lovely flower. That cheek so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, so sorrowful yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence!—Florence!" echoed a merry and musical voice in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once. "Come Florence, I say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal,—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus adjured, obeyed, and, looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say, cousin," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose, when you go to New York—as to our great consternation you are going to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favourite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our house than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want of flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick side-walk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental: besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham, for example."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of *taste*!"

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked tea-pot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day's work, that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that, when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provision, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees, fruits, and flowers which now delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way;" and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, mother; don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary; "well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do; no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

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That rose! its sweet influence died not with that first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow, notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favourite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was twined around it an invisible thread, that reached far as brightly into the web of her destiny.

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"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

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As the result of all this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed for ever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

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Original.

THE TOLL-HOUSE;

OR, ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

AMIDST a hundred miles of — River scenery, grand and beautiful as it chiefly is, there cannot be described one view as comprizing a fuller number of the attributes of the picturesque, than that in which the A — turnpike-road, approaching from the depth of the valley through which it has led, turns abruptly to follow the course of the majestic stream; and for observation of this, a point more pleasant could not be described than the little toll-house, seated in the angle thus formed. Back of it, to the south, a mountain juts boldly into the river, which, after encircling several of the gems of islets for which it is noted, winds rapidly round its base, and is girdled into the aspect of a lake, by the corresponding curve of the opposite shore, whose smooth, green slope is overlooked by hills of innumerable forms, and ever-varying colors. Confining the view on the north, and near enough for the observer to distinguish the fantastic shapes of its crags with trees between their clefts, runs a similar eminence, and to the right, as far as the eye can reach, extends an undulating valley of alternato forest and field, as noble and luxuriant as nature and industrious cultivation can make them.

The toll-house, itself, as it stood some years ago, was a feature altogether worthy to honor the foreground of any portion of the view. It was an humble structure of rough stone, but so thickly covered and closely surrounded by creepers and shrubs, that careful scrutiny was required to detect its material. Its sides, and partially its roof, were overrun with the gay and beautiful trumpet-flower, which bloomed upon it through the summer as richly as in its southern home, and the spaces between the slender posts of the little porches, front and back, were filled up with the latticing of the graceful but neglected hop-vine, amidst whose clusters of delicate tassels were mingled the glowing blossoms of the nasturtium.

As to the garden which lay beside it, the tasteful arrangement of its several beds, its pea-vine hedges and "bean-vine bowers," often tempted the passers-by to ask admittance for a nearer examination, and seldom failed to draw from them, while enjoying it, expressions of surprize as well as admiration. The truth was, that, instead of the unvaried display of daffodils and ladies' slippers and poppies and marigolds common to country gardens, here was collected a rich store from the treasures of our fields and woods, which kept the borders in one continued blossoming from March to November. And of the same parentage was the shrubbery so liberally disposed about the domain,—wild roses, fragrant azaleas, the sumach with its scarlet cones and dark, shining leaves, and the aronia and flowering raspberry, all growing and blooming the more profusely for their culture.

Then, in her scrupulously neat attire,—a dark gown, a buck-muslin kerchief and a thin cap, carefully crimped

and drawn around her head,—such a one as we regret to see discarded as too antiquated for wear, even by matrons of seventy;—might always have been found as an appendage to the door or windows,—the venerable lady, whose business it was to receive the prescribed dues from the travellers on the road. A lady she was in the fullest sense of the word, notwithstanding the lowliness of her post,—one which she had long since accepted to eke out a small pension as the widow of a Revolutionary soldier;—and with her pleasant countenance and intelligent replies, she seldom failed to interest any one who might have made an advance towards conversation, whilst she discharged the duties of her office.

The other inmate of the toll-house, for there were but two, would have been a picture by herself, any where. This was Anne Grayling, the grand-daughter and namesake of the worthy personage we have introduced; a young girl to whom the epithets of Hebe-like, sylph-like and fairy-like, to say nothing of others less classical and poetic, had been lavishly accorded, by such romantic travellers as had been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of her healthful, youthful, artless grace and beauty. In character she was exactly what her frank, yet gentle manners, and sparkling countenance indicated,—innocent, affectionate and light-hearted. With no companion but her grand-mother, with nothing to disturb nor excite her, aspiring to nothing but equalling the housewifely skill of her aged instructress; longing for nothing more inaccessible than some new shrub or flower for her garden stock, her days, until her sixteenth year, had passed in perpetual sunshine.

But at that time a new world began to open before her. A few old novels, whose outsides she had always revered as coeval with her grand-mother, and which all bedimmed with mould and smoke, had, as far as her recollection extended, occupied a shelf, in company with a clasped Bible, "Mrs. Glass's Cookery," and Weems's Histories; at last attracted in her a desire for a closer acquaintance. Their contents, with their multiplied concomitants of loves, murders, stratagems and broken hearts, had all the effects that are natural consequences when such exciting love is submitted to a susceptible and an untutored mind. They infested her with a habit of day-dreaming, which changed her feelings, pursuits and desires. The inconsiderate kindness of her brother, a promising youth, who was situated in an extensive city bookstore, while it somewhat refined, greatly aggravated the propensity. In his anxiety to furnish her with means of amusement, he consigned to her, by every opportunity, packages of such unsaleable romances as his employer allowed him to remove from the shelves, and in a short time, she grew as fully acquainted with the modes of thinking and acting among lords and ladies, with the customs of kings and queens drawing-rooms, and of Devonshire House, and Almack's,—

"Where nobles bend the gartered knee,"

and of Courts and Castles and Halls and Parks, as if she had lived among them all the days of her life.

She had not before been ignorant of her beauty, that

is, she was well aware of her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes and her white teeth; but now, the little round dressing-glass, that had surmounted her grand-mother's bureau for some fifty years, was studied with a more intelligent regard. She could not, indeed, decide whether she had the Grecian contour, the intellectual cast or the style *piquante*, but she was in no doubt about the waviness of her hair, the extraordinary length and silken gloss of her eye-lashes, and the delicate curve of her upper lip, and she valued them accordingly. They became the foundation of all her expectation. How often had similar endowments elevated their possessor to rank and fortune! And her ideas of rank and fortune did not stop at the reasonable point of well-filled ware-houses, a carriage and pair and a three or four story dwelling, with appurtenances to correspond; they centred in coronets and endless rent-rolls. The newspapers had taught her that a nobleman was no longer a phoenix on this side of the ocean, and after learning how many English Marchionesses and French Countesses and German Baronesses had sprung from American soil, she unconsciously allowed a vague fancy to creep into her mind that such a lot might not be above her own destiny!

Poor Anne! had she been less pretty or less graceful, what a ridiculous figure she would have made in the various phases of her new phantasy! her manners were remodelled according to those of the latest heroine, and her limited wardrobe to agree with them; she composed speeches for every emergency into which a heroine might be thrown, and treasured them in her memory, and she entered into pursuits which would be indispensable to some imaginary situation. She attempted music on a time-worn spinnet, the pride of her grand-mother's early days, though it had hardly a dozen of available keys left, and in her walks she found a pencil and paper for sketching quite indispensable. Her necessary occupations were neglected or slighted, that her hands might become white and soft as those of poetry, and her former amusements were cast aside as incompatible with her aspirations. Her position, by exposing herself to frequent, though but brief contact with strangers, favored these vagaries, and if a stranger presented himself of rather better appearance than ordinary, she would wait on him, if her grand-mother's occupation required it, all trembling and embarrassed through an incipient conjecture that he might be connected with her own futurity. The old lady, who had been proud of the readiness and dignity with which she had formerly acted as her substitute, noticed the change with alarm, and not being able to understand it, wondered "what had come over the child."

This state of affairs had continued better than a year, when a beautiful farm lying along the foot of the mountain in front of the toll-house was announced to have changed owners. The report was confirmed by the arrival of a plain, decent-looking Englishman who established himself, with his family, upon it, and attracted considerable curiosity in the neighborhood by several novelties in his mode of farming. The curiosity was not

diminished when it was ascertained that he was making arrangements for the erection of a new mansion-house, and that he was not acting in his own right, but as the agent of a family who would take possession as soon as a dwelling could be prepared for their reception.

Anne, of course, had now fresh and welcome food for speculation. Her interest was heightened by uncertainty, for, the agent being a silent, uncommunicative sort of person, little was known of the pretensions of the expected neighbors. Their name, however, settled the subject in her mind. It was Howard, and as she had read of—

"All the blood of all the Howards;"

and of—

"All the rank of Howard's line;"

she took it as a sufficient guarantee of their greatness.

Her conjectures, however, she had for sometime kept to herself, but one day, after the English farmer and his concerns had been a subject of conversation between her grand-mother and a visitor, she inadvertently remarked, "I have no doubt, grand-mother, that the family are of noble blood."

"Of noble blood!" repented the old lady, gazing at her through her spectacles.

Undetermined whether her exclamation was one of ignorance or of reprehension, for she was a staunch republican, Anne thought it best to come to the point in a more round-a-bout way, and, after a pause, she asked, "Did you ever see a nobleman, grand-mother,—a lord?"

"Bless us, child! how can you be so ignorant! don't you know that there are no such people in this country? I am sure, I have taught you the Declaration of Independence by heart, and the very beginning of it says, 'that all men are born free and equal!'"

"Certainly, grand-mother,—but—but there used to be lords sometimes."

"Yes, in old continental times,—about the old French war, or so. There were Lord Dunmore, and Lord Fairfax, and Lord Londonn, and Lord Baltimore that I have heard of, but that was before my time."

"Oh, I don't mean them,—they were governors, and such official people," said Anne.

"They were a great deal better than some of the nobility that came after them. They were very worthy men, mostly,—the more the pity that they were not good republicans. In the Revolution we had lords enough;—Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe, Lord Percy and the rest, that we sent home with a flea in their ears. I had many a heart-ache on their account, for your grand-father was in the service. Besides the anxiety of having our husbands and brothers in the war, we poor women were in constant fear from their robbing us of our cattle and horses and produce. The very poultry was not safe from their pillaging."

"But, grand-mother, it was not the generals that did that!"

"I suppose they profited by it when it was done!" said the old lady sharply; "it is a very sensible proverb that 'the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief.'"

I never could bear to hear of a lord since. Even Lord Stirling, who was on our side. I would have respected him a great deal more if it had not been for his title; but I suppose he could not help having it, and would have been glad enough to get rid of it. Then, in the South, there was that vile Lord Rawdon; old as I am I can hardly avoid shedding tears, when I think of his barbarous murder of Colonel Hayne—"

"Why, grand-mother, have you not heard that that story is not true?" interrupted Anne; "it has been discovered, that, on the contrary, Lord Rawdon did all he could to save Colonel Hayne."

"A pretty discovery! as if people, that have sprung up long since, could know more about it than we, who heard of every thing as it passed! you talk like a Tory, child, which is very unnatural in you, and very disrespectful to me, who have taken such great pains to instruct you in the true principles."

"Finding that she was getting still farther from the mark, Anne returned, with the more direct observation, "I do wonder what sort of a house this English family will build."

"I don't know, but I think it is very foolish to put it so far up the hill."

"Oh! that is on account of the fine prospect."

"Nonsense, child! if they wished to look at the prospect, they could walk up, and it would be all the pleasanter for not being seen every day. It will put them to the expense of digging a well, as there is no water in that direction, for several acres. And, besides that, they will have to make a lane."

"I suppose they will make an avenue," said Anne.

"And that would waste more of their land than a lane; if they would build near the road, ground and fencing might be saved. I haven't a very high opinion of their management from what I can understand of their projects. They are actually commencing the foundation in the skirts of the woods yonder."

"Why, grand-mother, that will be delightful! They will turn the woods into a park."

"It would be a very foolish thing, then. If they were to clear it, the land would make one of the best fields on the place, besides yielding a great deal of profit by the timber. It is a pity to see such fine oak and pine and poplar growing too old for use. It is now in its prime, and if it was cut down and saved, it would be the finest building lumber I know of. There is plenty of wood on the place, besides that, to do for fuel these thirty years, and it is bad farming to keep more standing than is needed, particularly when the ground would produce well."

Anne gave up the attempt of exciting sympathy in her expectations, and resumed the silent enjoyment of her visions, which pictured "a stately structure frowning down, in aristocratic pride, on her humble home."

Much, however, to her disappointment, and to the disdain of the utilitarians of the country-side, her grand-mother inclusive, who expected to see a square "double house," of substantial brick or stone, it speedily assumed the form of a frame cottage, roomy, but plain, which our

heroine could not even dignify with the title of a "cottage ornée."

The owners were now anxiously looked for, and, before there was time for much impatience, they arrived,—an elderly lady, with her three daughters, who passed through the gate in an unpretending close carriage and arranged themselves in their new abode as if determined to be at home at once.

There was certainly very little of the pomp and hauteur of rank in the air of any of them, at least in that of the two youngest of the ladies, who were soon known by sight all over the neighborhood. They were handsome, spirited looking girls, with a high bloom of complexion, a firmness of figure and a freedom of movement that, at a glance, characterized them as English. They rode over the valley far and near, unattended; clambered among the rocks to the tops of the mountains, and even ventured down the farther sides; and, in a light skiff, built to their order, rowed, with their own hands, among the little islets of the river, and all with so much ease, that questions were started, by such exhibitions of physical strength and activity, as to whether they could really have been "brought up ladies."

But if this pair were lacking of qualifications to excite much romantic interest, the deficiency was amply compensated by those of their elder sister, whose appearance, in its loveliness, delicacy and fragility, could only, it seemed to Anne, find an emblem in the shadowy wind-flower which trembled in her path. She was a woman of about twenty-five, evidently in infirm health, which had reduced her figure to a striking contrast with those of the young girls. It was exceedingly slender, with a languor and feebleness of movement that could not have failed to change to a painful sympathy the admiration excited by its exquisite proportions. Her features were of remarkable regularity, and her complexion, without the paleness of sickness, was transparently white. A face of greater beauty it would be difficult to imagine, and one in which sweetness was more gracefully blended with dignity.

All this Anne ascertained at intervals. It was rarely that she saw the fair invalid, and then only as she met her, supported by her mother or sisters in her walks; and the timidity which she felt at encountering, for the first time in her life, persons whom she regarded as vastly her superiors, prevented her from taking a protracted survey, as well as from perceiving the complaisant admiration with which the fair strangers always regarded herself. Two or three months passed without a nearer intercourse, our heroine having been instructed, by the pages of her library, that the first advances ought to come from the highest in rank. Her grand-mother, however, knew and cared little about dignities, and having a proper appreciation of neighborly duties, she struck an acquaintance without scruple or difficulty.

A pressing invitation for Anne to visit at the cottage followed, and after hesitating in hopes, fears and conjectures troublesome enough for a more momentous occasion, she nevertheless resolved to comply. But while she

was approaching by the new lane,—it had *not* assumed the consequential breadth of an avenue, her courage half failed her, as the idea struck her that all this outward simplicity might have been assumed to avoid observation, and that the interior of the residence might be fully commensurate with the high name of its occupants. Luckily, as it proved, the younger ladies perceived her as she advanced, and, coming out to meet her, she was obliged to abandon her plans for a retreat. Having, from the kindness of her reception, at length gained confidence to look around her, she took a view of the apartment, into which she had been conducted, and, to her momentary relief, she found nothing even to excite her surprise. To be sure, the tables were of mahogany, instead of walnut and wild cherry, such as she had been accustomed to, and the chairs had rush seats, instead of wooden ones, and there was a hair-cloth sofa, which far eclipsed the huge leather-covered couch,—one of the antiquities of the toll-house, and a piano-forte, which bore an enviable superiority to the old spinnet; but there was nothing wonderful in any of these things. There were, indeed, a few good paintings, hanging about in plain frames, which she looked at with veneration, presuming them to have belonged to the palmy days of Rome and Florence, but she was afterwards disappointed to hear that they had been executed by a nephew of Mrs. Howard's.

"An amateur, of course?" said Anne.

"No, an artist,—a young man who derives considerable profit from his profession," answered one of the ladies.

Anne soon became the daily companion of the two girls, but she before long gave up all hope of talking over, with them, the doings in high life, in which her thoughts were so much absorbed. Sensible and well-informed they were, in an unusual degree, but, from a peculiarly happy temperament, they seemed so much to enjoy the amusements and occupations of their present situation, as almost to keep their former course of life out of view. To Louisa, therefore, their elder sister, she was obliged to direct her inquiries, which she generally did with better success. This lady, whose accomplishments of mind and benevolence of heart, equalled her personal beauty, perceived, after very little intercourse, evidences of much latent talent in her young neighbor, and through a desire of directing it into a proper channel, as much as for an employment which would agreeably lighten the many hours, during which her ill-health confined her to her room, she proposed assisting her in such branches of knowledge as would be most useful to her, and, as yet, had had no opportunity of pursuing. Anne was too conscious of her own deficiencies not to avail herself eagerly of the offer, and a portion of every day was devoted to such study as she directed.

During their frequent communication Anne became strongly attached to her new friend. Independent of the kindness that elicited her gratitude and affection, there was a mystery about her, which afforded ample indulgence to her imagination. She intuitively perceived that her bodily infirmities were connected with severe mental trials, but as to what these could have been, her

conjectures could not find the slightest clue. Mrs. Howard treated her with an assiduous tenderness, that seemed at times to be blended with commiseration, and the girls, as if fearful of wounding her by their exuberant cheerfulness, assumed a gentleness and solicitude, in their attentions to her, which on other occasions they seldom exhibited. Anne perceived in her abundant elements for a heroine and fashioned them accordingly.

Louisa, at the same time, was also making observations. It had been easy to discover the imaginative character of her pupil, but it was not until their intercourse became perfectly familiar that she ascertained how perniciously it had been acted on, by her recent course of reading. When she had detected it, with her usual beneficent energy, she prepared herself to attempt eradicating the evil.

On the bank of the river, a few yards below the toll-house, and separated from it by the road, there was a pile of rocks, surrounded by hillocks of soft, green sod, and shaded by a clump of spreading old sycamores, which had been a favorite resort to Anne from her childhood. Here, in latter times, she had been wont to bring her books and her knitting, and alternately work and read and dream away whole hours. It had now become as much the haunt of the English girls, who had found it a safe and convenient harbor for their skiff, and generally made it their landing place. Louisa, too, visited it with them sometimes, and hither Anne accompanied her one evening when the girls were preparing for a rowing excursion to one of the islands. Anne far preferred her conversation to the mere physical amusements of her sisters, and declining their solicitations to join them, she arranged a couple of moreen cushions, as a seat for her instructress, which they had brought down with them, and commenced interrogating her on her cherished topics with even more eagerness than usual.

"You seem particularly curious about the scenes and characters of foreign high-life, my dear Anne, for an American girl," said Louisa, smiling, though sadly; "and as I think I may do you a service, I shall give you a history of my experience among them. I think I now know you well enough to be assured that my confidence will be safe in your hands."

"My sisters, through delicacy towards me, do not often speak of our affairs previous to our arrival here, therefore, you may not know that our father was a merchant in one of the large provincial towns of England;—nothing more I assure you,—I perceive that you look disappointed at the avowal. An excellent father he was, always endeavoring to instil into the minds of his children, principles calculated to make them happier in this world, and more fitted for a better. One of his most earnest efforts was to teach us to be satisfied with the station of life in which it had pleased Providence to place us, and to seek to adorn and elevate it by the means which He had entrusted to our hands. That a course of usefulness and virtue was the only one worthy of rational and enlightened beings, and that each might exemplify it in his peculiar sphere. Happy would it have been for me had my invaluable parent been spared

to enforce his precepts by his untiring example, but he was taken from us before my time of temptation came. At his death, which happened in my sixteenth year, we were left in possession of the comforts we had shared during his life, and, in the undisturbed possession of this sufficiency, I might have remembered his instructions, but, what, at the time, appeared still better fortune, awakened me to new aspirations.

"My father's death was followed, in the course of a year, by that of an uncle, a half-brother of my mother's, who by unusual success in commerce had accumulated a fortune that, in this country, would be considered immense, and I was left his sole heiress. The event was altogether unexpected to every one. He had not passed the prime of life, and from his health and vigor, seemed promised with length of days; therefore, though he was a bachelor, no expectations were founded, at least by our family, on his favor, and the caresses and indulgences, which he had always lavished on me, in preference to my sisters, were attributed merely to a capricious partiality excited by a degree of beauty I possessed beyond theirs. His will was considered a singular one, being principally made up of strictures and suggestions on the subject of my education. After reasoning upon my present attainments, as being unsuited to a woman of fortune, he directed that I should be placed at a fashionable London boarding-school, which he specified, there to remain until I should have attained the age of nineteen years, against which time, he felt assured, by his knowledge of my abilities, that I should be so fully perfected in all elegant accomplishments as to do credit to his regard. In the merely ornamental parts of female education, I was, indeed, not very proficient, my father having considered them as of minor importance, but in other particulars, I had been much more carefully instructed than is common with girls of my age. The strict observance of my uncle's wishes, however, was a condition of my inheritance, and my mother, with many misgivings and much affectionate and admirable advice, consigned me to the care of strangers.

"My character has been so changed, that it would be difficult for any one who has known me but a short period to conceive what I was then. Full of ambition, imagination and sensibility, my mind was one that required constant watchfulness and judicious guidance. But after I left home there was no one to supply me with these. What I had been taught to regard as very prominent defects, appeared in the worldly eyes under which I was placed, as my strongest advantages, and all restraint was withdrawn. Talents, mental acquirements and accomplishments were estimated, not as delightful sources of rational enjoyment to their possessor, nor for the benefits they could confer on others, but only so far as they could become ministers to vanity by attracting the applause of the crowd. In my reading, the object pointed out to me was the cultivation of the taste, more than the enlargement of the understanding. Poetry was recommended, not such as tends to purify the heart, but such as cannot fail to

arouse the passions, and the excess of feeling, which I had been taught to curb, thus found new excitement, and became more ungovernable for its long restraint. Romances, also, were given me, as a means of refining my manners, with no restriction other than that they should bear the stamp of fashion and popularity for the day, and my fancy, already too ungovernable was fostered into the most dangerous exuberance. My new course of study was too much in accordance with my natural inclinations not to be delightful, and my old home lessons were gradually, and not unwillingly forgotten.

"At length my time for remaining at school drew to a conclusion; I had too much ambition, and was too strongly impressed with the nominal value of personal accomplishments not to have availed myself to the utmost of the means of improvement within my reach, and with a feeling of exultation, I believed that no expectation formed of me by my deceased uncle was unfounded. But I now had a fresh source of excitement. The aim of all my pursuits, as pointed out to me for the last three years, was to shine in society, and a consideration on which of late I brooded much, was my uncertainty as to the circle in which they were to be exercised. From my intercourse with my fellow-pupils, and yet more from the influence of the order of reading in which I had indulged, with so much avidity, I had imbibed the idea that there was neither dignity nor refinement without the exclusive pale of rank and fashion, and I thought of returning to my former associations with reluctance amounting to disgust. My unhappiness was aggravated by the exulting impatience of two of my companions, whose time expired with mine, and who, belonging to a family of considerable pretensions, were to be immediately introduced to the world. But the bitter though secret repinings with which I constantly dwelt on the inferiority of my birth, were at last unexpectedly removed. A lady of good position in fashionable society, though of small fortune, who was to act as chaperone to my friends, proposed, on their representations to receive an introduction to me, and professing an interest in my character and manners, though doubtless really actuated by the handsome premium her services would command, made a condescending offer to bring me out at the same time.

"I entered upon my new career, and for a short time I felt as if I had obtained the summit of happiness. I was fascinated by the magnificence and taste and seeming enjoyment that surrounded me; but soon the spirit, which had led me thus far received a fresh impulse. I was but one among hundreds in the sphere which I had so passionately longed to reach, and I determined to use every energy to place myself on a level with those I saw the most admired. In this, too, I was not unsuccessful. A paragraph in the *Court Journal*, abundantly fulsome and silly, about my beauty, fortune and accomplishments, pronounced me "the most successful *debutante* of the season," and throughout the fashionable campaign, I supported a reputation of more than ordinary brilliancy.

"But the season passed. I had been initiated into the secrets of a life of fashion, and was disappointed and disheartened to find that pride and selfishness were its main springs. I had learnt to understand the ground on which I stood,—that my wealth alone was the attraction that bought me the adulation of the great and the gay, and that, without it, the pretensions which I founded on my intellect and my person would have been laughed to scorn. My naturally delicate constitution had suffered from incessant dissipation, and I longed for rest and quietness. I knew that I could best find them at home, but my sensitiveness on the score of my precarious elevation opposed my inclinations. There was an alternative, however, which seemed to promise me all the repose I required, and the security of position, which I felt was necessary to its indulgence; and, at the same time, to realize the overwrought visions of devoted affection which poetry and fiction had taught me to cherish.

"Like all women of fortune, who are not deficient in personal attractions, I had not only many nominal admirers, but many declared suitors. Had my views pointed to rank alone, I was not wanting in opportunities to gratify them, for, on my first coming out, several calculating aristocrats, who would gladly have shared the legacy of the opulent trader, made proposals for my hand. But I had then been too much elated with my fancied advantages, to readily forego them, and besides the romance of my age and of my peculiar turn of mind was at its height, and I had determined to allow no motives to guide me save those of the heart. A proper object, as I flattered myself, now appeared, and I submitted myself to their entire control.

"Among those who had lately joined my train, there was a young nobleman whose exterior was all that could captivate an imagination like mine. He was poor, but of high family, and had attained by his graces of person and manners a place in society, which without wealth it is little more than an impossibility to reach. I was too much dazzled to look beneath the surface of his character, and to suspect his designs as I did those of others. Though I had evidences of having attracted his notice before, it was late in the season when he preferred his suit,—a circumstance which, in another, I would have attributed to a hope of a still more eligible alliance, but which, in him, I fancied a delay arising from a desire to study me the longer and the more closely. He was a man of rank and of the world, and I perceived him to be, therefore, one of honor. His opinions were quoted and referred to, and I persuaded myself that his mind must have been more than merely brilliant, and his attainments more than superficial, to be thus valued, and that he had discovered and appreciated my own. His taste in beauty and elegance was considered critically fastidious, but with a happy consciousness of my acknowledged superiority, I felt that few could more fully satisfy it. He was uncompromisingly proud, but I believed that he had found in me abundant qualities to counterbalance any objection to my origin. The points, which, according to my early training, should have been those of particular

concern and inquiry,—his temper, disposition and moral and religious principles, I feared to take into consideration. Determined, if possible, to believe what I hoped, I avoided the mention of his name, lest I might hear of some trait or action which my sense of right should scruple to approve. Even to my mother I did not confide my attachment until advice was useless, and opposition would have been too late.

"We are married, and satisfied with the full establishment of my rank, I retired with my husband into the country. Here, with the veil of society and of my own wilful self-deception withdrawn, my observation was concentrated on the man whom I had so blindly chosen, and its results filled me with unspeakable anguish and dismay. I found that he was not only heartless immeasurably beyond all whose selfishness I had despised and condemned, but profligate to a degree difficult for a pure-minded woman to conceive; that my hopes of intellectual and domestic enjoyment in his society were the vainest dreams, for that, to him, any thing beyond the excitement of the most reckless and debasing dissipation, was a wonder and a scorn. His sole object in seeking my hand, had been to obtain means for the prosecution of his pleasures, and he did not hesitate to acknowledge his motive, nor to boast of his success. The conviction was appalling, but I durst not complain. I had taken the most important step in my earthly career, without a thought of the approbation of Heaven, without even the precaution of worldly prudence; I had subjected reason, principle and conscience, to a blind idolatry, and I felt that I must bow myself to the chastisement.

"After a time, which my husband spent in all the amusement of the neighborhood, without even a show of regard to my comfort, we returned to town. My appearance had changed with my mental sufferings; my vivacity and desire for distinction were gone; I was no longer an object of speculation, and I became comparatively neglected. My husband saw it with irritation, for, tenacious of his own éclat, he could not bear that any one so closely connected with himself, should be overlooked. He insisted that I should renew the efforts which had obtained for me my former distinction, and taunted me with the want of birth, which would always make such efforts necessary. I endeavored to obey him, but the power to succeed was no longer at my command.

"How yearningly I wished to be again among my first and only true friends, in the station I was born to, where natural affections were cherished, and not repressed, and domestic virtues were sought and honored, instead of being a theme for a jest and a sneer! My husband's family soon ceased to treat me as one of themselves, and lost no opportunity to impress me with a sense of their sacrifices in admitting me to share their name. Notwithstanding this, they assumed a control over me, which, without appearing authoritative, restrained my intercourse with my own relations, whose worth I only now properly appreciated. So far this was carried, that my mother and sisters never once saw my husband. Two years thus wretchedly passed, my

health gradually declining, until I was obliged to withdraw altogether from society, while my husband remained in it, as one of its most admired ornaments. After the first year, he had ceased to feign a regard for me, and, indeed, even to keep up the appearance of a connection, and, at length, to add the last stroke to my misery, he left the country with a beautiful and fashionable woman, the wife of another.

"It is useless to attempt describing my feelings when I found myself thus deserted. His neglect, pointed and cruel as it was, could not stifle all the unbounded affection with which I had once regarded him, and I had fondly hoped that when maturer years had satiated his love of pleasure, I might enjoy with him at least, a portion of the happiness which my early dreams had painted for me. Besides the disappointment of my hopes, I was reduced literally to poverty. In my wayward confidence and romantic generosity, I had obstinately rejected the entreaties of my friends, to have a part of my fortune secured to myself, and he was in possession of every farthing, so unreservedly, that I could not expect to recover even a pittance. The friends that, through vanity and ambition, I had abandoned, now came forward to be my soothers. For a long, long time, I was confined to a bed of sickness in my mother's house, but, at length, through God's blessing, my body and mind were sufficiently restored by affectionate sympathy and kind nursing, to enable me to join the family circle again. Yet I could not remain tranquil, when every day brought me rumors of the world of which I had so much reason to be wearied, and where every one who approached me, regarded me as an object of pity or of curiosity. A brother of my father's, who some years ago, had established himself in business in New-York, frequently sent us favorable representations of this country, and hither accordingly we came.

"And now, my dear Anne," concluded the lady, laying her thin, white hand on the head of her young auditor, who, touched by her voice and manner, yet more than by her story, sat sobbing beside her; "I leave you to derive such a lesson from what I have told you, as your good sense may point out to you. In external circumstances, your situation is so dissimilar to mine, that I attempt to draw no parallels. I have not confided my trials to you, to excite your sympathy, for I believe that the more knowledge that I have had cause for unhappiness, would be sufficient to command it from you, but because I think that we should not spare ourselves the effort, however painful we may find it, when our experience can afford beneficial instruction to others."

The mind of our heroine had so far improved under its present course of regular training, as to have an incipient perception of its predominant weakness, therefore, in her reflections, it was not long before she discovered to what the benevolent wishes of her friend were directed. Before, however, there had been time for more than good resolutions, a letter to her grandmother turned her thoughts into another channel. Her brother had been taken seriously ill, and it was thought advisa-

ble that some of his family should hasten to him without delay. The age and infirmities of Mrs. Grayling prevented her from undertaking the journey, and Anne was hurried off in her stead, under the charge of a neighboring merchant, who happened to be going to the city at the time.

A novel-reading girl of seventeen, who can undertake a journey without feeling, what, from her hopes, appears almost a presentiment that its results will be an important passage in her history, is a rare instance; and the affection operated upon Anne, even whilst she was making her hasty preparations. Her anxiety, on account of her brother, whom she dearly loved, had, indeed, a restraining effect, but the natural buoyancy of her youth and inexperience, saved her from a protracted dejection at merely a probable danger. She travelled, too, in a stage coach, the scene of so many adventures, and as the distance required the greater portion of two days, she had, after she started, abundant time for the indulgence of her fancy. For the first day, however, she met with nothing to realize her lucubrations. Her fellow-travellers were a couple of country merchants like her escort, who talked about sugar, cotton, and whiskey, with the occasional addition of a way-passer, by whom the conversation was varied with an equally interesting discussion on corn, lumber or clover seed.

But the next morning matters began to assume a more favorable aspect. On stopping to take up passengers at a village, where the road merged in one of greater importance, Anne noticed that several large trunks were ranged on the tavern porch, and being, from her professional acquaintance with things in that line, something of a connoisseur in baggage, she at once decided that they were to have the company of some persons of quite a different stamp. She was not mistaken. A gentleman presented himself at the coach door, whose person was an embodiment of her most exalted ideas of manly beauty. He looked to be about thirty, was tall and elegantly formed, and though his dress was of the plain and substantial kind, denoting the practised traveller, his whole appearance bespoke a man of the highest fashion. Had a hero been raised up for her by the wand of a fairy, he could not have been more to her mind. He, however, gave no proof of anticipations in unison with her's. On entering the coach, he scarcely looked around him, but throwing himself into a vacant seat, stretched himself along as far as the limits of the vehicle would allow, and with his head turned back, gazed intently, until the horses were put in motion, upon the sign which swung about them.

Never had Anne felt so uncomfortable, as she did from her excessive consciousness and vague expectations. She feared to scrutinize the stranger, lest his countenance should betray her, and when twice or thrice she did glance at him, and found his eyes fixed on her face, she turned away with such tropicardion prevented her from seeing that they were as vacant of interest, as if her pretty features had been a blank. Of course she presumed that during the intermediate time

he kept them on the same object. Through the whole day he did not utter a single word, and Anne was almost equally silent. Mr. Wheatley, her protector, frequently addressed her, but from supposing that every word would be noticed, she feared to open her lips, and when she did so, she stammered and blundered in such a way, that the old gentleman, attributing her averseness to talk to her concern about her brother, ceased to disturb her, and performed any little attention necessary to her comfort, in silence. Thus, towards evening, they reached the city, and the stranger was set down at a fashionable hotel, leaving Anne to her conjectures as to their future meeting.

"That seems to be a strange, proud chap, in spite of his good looks," remarked Mr. Wheatley, as they were driving in quest of Richard Grayling's boarding-house. He appeared to be afraid of being too civil. Did you notice that when, after we had stopped for dinner, I reminded him that he had got into your place, and you were sitting in the sun, he heeded me no more than if he had been deaf as a post?"

Anne concluded that, like herself, the gentleman had been too busy with more interesting thoughts, to mark a circumstance so trifling. She merely answered, however, that she had not noticed it.

"Such persons are by no means the best travelling companions," pursued Mr. Wheatley; "he seemed to be sleeping the greater part of the time. People shut up together for a whole day in a public vehicle, are, in my opinion, a little community, which ought to be governed, in a measure, by the same social laws that we submit to in our houses, and, provided they see nothing very suspicious in each other, should do all in their power for the general comfort and entertainment. But here is the house; I hope that Richard will soon be well under your good nursing."

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Anne, who, to her great surprise, saw her brother smiling and beckoning from a second story window. The idea that she had been brought hither by stratagem, flashed across her mind, but was immediately dissipated by an elderly gentleman, who came to the door, and introducing himself by the name of Lyell, explained that Richard's illness had been as short as severe, and that he was waiting impatiently, almost recovered, to welcome her. The statement was confirmed by Richard himself, when she reached his room.

Anne understood at once, who Mr. Lyell was, having heard her grandmother speak of a sister's son, of that name, and Richard, in his letters, had represented him as one of the wealthiest and most respectable merchants in the city. Knowing that his young relative could be of no service to her brother, he cordially invited her to go home with him, and remain his guest whilst she was in town, and Richard, who had been treated by him with much kindness, thought it the most advisable step, as Mr. Wheatley would not be ready to return for a week or two. Anne accepted his proposition without hesitation, for her kinsman being a plain, ordinary-looking person, she saw nothing in him to alarm her timidity. So, after he had gone home to pre-

pare his family for receiving her, he returned with a hackney-coach to accompany her there.

Richard had informed his sister, that, though there was nothing to announce the man of wealth in the appearance of Mr. Lyell, the style in which he supported his family was altogether correspondent to his fortune. But it is as impossible for one who has never actually seen more than the mere decencies of domestic life, to conceive of its splendors, as it is for the native of a desert to imagine the variety and beauty that may elsewhere exist in nature, and Anne, who had supposed herself sufficiently instructed to behold, without surprize, the magnificence of a European palace, was startled and confused by the luxury and elegance surrounding an American merchant. The parlors were already lighted, and dazzled by the glitter on every side, she felt herself making a very awkward figure, when presented by her conductor to his wife and daughter, of whom alone his family consisted. Their manners tended little to relieve her. Mrs. Lyell was a portly, full-dressed woman, who seemed to have the loftiest appreciation of her own consequence, and the young lady, whom she addressed as Serelia, assumed equal dignity, which, in her, became more formidable, from its being accompanied with all the *nonchalance* of modern affectation. She was but two or three years the senior of the young guest, but from having been brought out at fifteen, and accustomed to flattery abroad, and unlimited sway at home, her manners in confidence and self-possession, were double the period in advance of her age. They both seemed to feel themselves bound, as ladies, to receive her with civility, but it was quite evident they would willingly have waived all claim to relationship. They were engaged for a party, and Anne retired to the chamber prepared for her, glad to be freed from her uneasy restraint.

Several days passed without alleviating the unpleasantness of her impressions, and she would gladly have returned to Richard's boarding-house, had he not persuaded her, that after accepting of Mr. Lyell's courtesy, she could hardly do so with propriety. All that was wanting to check her vanity, was now richly supplied to her, for with her quickness of perception, it was impossible not to discover that her kinswomen were ashamed of her. The contrast between her appearance and that of Serelia, as revealed to her at full length by the drawing-room mirrors, was a sufficient explanation of the reason. The latter, though not handsome, supplied, in a considerable degree, the want of that attraction, by the aid of skilful dress-makers, and her own practised taste, and would have commanded attention any where, by the evidences of wealth and *ton* which she bore on her person, while Anne felt that, in her present situation, a fashionable suit, and a moderate share of ease of manner, would have been worth vastly more to her, than all her beauty. The very chamber-maid became an object of envy to her, for so far excelling her in these respects. The first morning, after breakfast, she had been inducted into a little sitting-room, up-stairs, occupied by the seamstress of the family, where she found she was expected to remain,

as she was never invited down to the drawing-rooms, except, indeed, when Mr. Lyell, who treated her with increasing kindness, was in the house; and even then, if the ring of the bell gave notice of a visitor, she was adroitly inveigled by Serelia or her mother, from the room. To have been hidden through envy, like Cinderella, would, at least, have had some consolation in it, but to be led aside as a mere country cousin, too rustic to be produceable, was a mortifying dilemma, for which her romances afforded her no precedent.

Never had time hung so heavy on her hands. Mr. Lyell took her once to the theatre, and escorted her every day to see her brother, but at other times, when she wished to go out, she was consigned to the care of the seamstress. And even on such occasions, her pride had often reason to be piqued, for though her conductress was sallow, and wrinkled, and lame, altogether an unnatural specimen of her sex, she looked ashamed of her office, when sometimes a saucy shop-keeper, by unusual freedom and pertinacity, showed himself aware that Anne was from the country. These real vexations, for the time, put her imagination at rest, except, indeed, when she had a recollection of her transcendent travelling companion. She often looked out for him in passing along the streets, but looked in vain.

One evening while she was sitting in the drawing-room, Mr. Lyell having invited her down stairs, and feeling very homesick, and tired of the tantalizing glories of velvet curtains, and lounges, and ottomans, which threw into lamentable contrast her cheap, black silk dress; and mirrors, which were always shaming her mantua-making; and of alabaster vases, which made her feel inclined to cover her hands with her pocket handkerchief; Serelia returned from her afternoon walk, with an appearance of animation that argued some occurrence past common.

"Who do you think I had for a cavalier, this evening, mamma?" asked she, hastening to the window, and pushing aside the curtains to look after him.

"It ought to have been the president, from your looks," said her father.

"Baron Rumneaux?" guessed her mother.

"Better still; Lord Rashleigh!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed her mother, looking equally delighted, while Anne was 'all ears'; "when did he get to town?"

"Quite lately. He says the weather was getting too cold at the Springs, and that he had some idea of wintering among us."

"I am glad to hear it; what a very great acquisition his society will be!" said Mrs. Lyell.

"So am I glad to hear it," responded her husband. "I may stand some chance of getting back the hundred dollars I lent him, at Saratoga."

"I am astonished to hear you talk in that way," said Mrs. Lyell, majestically; "I hope you will not expose yourself to ridicule, and us to the forfeit of his acquaintance by alluding to such a matter. There are plenty, in the best society, I assure you, Mr. Lyell, who would give five times that amount to have him on their visit-

ing-list, and would think themselves favored by the operation."

"Perhaps so. The world does not lack fools, but for my part, I do not consider myself in the least honored by having my money borrowed by any foreigner, particularly when I discover, from the credit he is in, that there is very little prospect of its being returned. If it had not been for your importunities and Serelia's, I should have left him to fill his purse from some other source."

"Why, papa, how can you talk so?" exclaimed his daughter, deprecatingly; "a person who knows any thing of the world, must be aware that an English peer would not place himself under obligations to a stranger, without intending to cancel them. Did you not tell us, at the time, that he said he had been unaccountably disappointed about receiving remittances?"

"And what proof am I to have that he is entitled to any remittances? or that he is really an English peer, and not an impostor?"

"Your perceptions are uncommonly obtuse on this subject, Mr. Lyell," said his wife, with increasing dignity; "his appearance and manners are a proof that would satisfy any person of penetration, and, for the conviction of others, I presume you have not forgotten that he brought letters of introduction from the Governor of Jamaica, which is the land he visited with a party of British officers; and that, when we met him at the Springs, he had just returned from visiting the Governor General of the Canadas."

"I could not answer to the genuine autograph of the Governor of Jamaica, if I were to see it; and I dare say the Governor General of the Canadas has visitors plenty, with whom he has no previous acquaintance," persisted Mr. Lyell, in a manner so provokingly dubious, that his daughter, to conceal her ill temper, left the room.

"You seem to have no regard whatever for Serelia's feelings, Mr. Lyell," said his wife; "you know how very agreeable the attentions of his lordship were to her, and how much she was interested in him. With proper management, there is no telling what may be the consequence."

"Nothing very creditable to her, I suspect," said Mr. Lyell, sturdily; "you even can have no certainty that he is an unmarried man. I never trust these foreigners of great pretensions, unless they bring indisputable credentials, and as to cringing to them, I have too many of the notions of my revolutionary ancestors, to do that. I have very strong doubts about the character of the one in question, and would not even have supplied him with twenty dollars, had I not seen that you and Serelia had set your hearts upon it, as I said before. Of one thing I am certain, several of our most respectable families, and of those who are best acquainted with European society, have avoided rather than encouraged his advances, and until I find that he is really a decent and an honest man, the less I see of him the better."

The next morning, Anne heard Serelia remark to her mother, that Lord Rashleigh had said he would call during the day—"do himself the pleasure, with her

permission," she repeated emphatically; and against the time for receiving visitors, both ladies were dressed with unusual care. Anne was full of hope that she would at least have an opportunity of really seeing a lord, particularly as Mr. Lyell had gone out without proposing to take her to her brother, and she looked around for a retired corner, where she might sit unobserved, feeling that it would be preferable, for the first time, to have her curiosity gratified without the restraint of an introduction. Unfortunately for her plans, Mrs. Lyell recollected that she had promised to send Dorcas, the seamstress, in the carriage, for some shawls she wished to examine, and that, as Richard's lodgings were on the way, she might go along and be set down there.

Anne was obliged to submit. On her return she found that the visit had been paid, and that Serelia was engaged to go with Lord Rashleigh to the theatre in the evening. The time came, and by a device equally ingenious, Anne was again disappointed. Her curiosity was whetted still more by a conversation between the mother and daughter the next morning.

"And so you had a delightful night?" said Mrs. Lyell; "no doubt you attracted abundance of attention."

"You may judge; I counted no less than seven longnettes directed to us at one time."

"Some of our Saratoga people were there, of course."

"By dozens; it was they, I suppose, that pointed out his lordship."

"A man of his appearance would make a sensation any where, and known to be a British nobleman, he could not fail to be the lion of the house."

"I suppose, mamma," said the young lady, with much more triumph in her tone than solicitation, there can be no objection to my taking a drive with him this morning?"

"To-day, again? upon my word, Serelia, that looks rather ominous!" responded her mother with a significant smile; "two engagements in as many days, besides an afternoon escort and a morning call; you will be the talk of the town!"

"Oh, less attention gains one that distinction. All the report of Delia Moreland's engagement to Baron Rumneax, originated in his picking up her reticule, and walking home with her in consequence. Indeed, I am half surprised myself that his lordship should be so very assiduous. Men of fashion fear to commit themselves, whatever may be their views, and even those who are far less courted than Lord Rashleigh, make it a point to appear indifferent to every one."

Despairing now of seeing the object of so much interest in a more dignified way, Anne concluded to accomplish it by stratagem, and having received a commission for the work-room, which would occupy her for some time, she hastened, instead, after Serelia had retired to dress for her drive, into her own chamber, which, luckily, was in the front of the house, and stationed herself at the window. Before she had reached it, however, a stylish equipage had stopped at the door, and a bustle below signified that the noble escort had

arrived. She heard Serelia trip down stairs, the doors open, and bending forward to lose no incident of the scene, she saw her cousin handed into the carriage by the silent passenger of the stage coach!

Anne grew almost blind. Was it possible that, after all, her visions were to be realized? that he had discovered her and was frequenting the house, with a diligence that Serelia herself acknowledged to be surprising, to gain an opportunity of meeting her? and what were to be the consequences? She threw herself on her bed, lost in reveries almost too wild and exciting to be agreeable; she was disturbed by a message from Mr. Lyell, informing her that he was at her service to accompany her on her visit to her brother, and though she went, her manner was so abstracted, and her countenance so flushed, that Richard regarded her with anxiety, which was increased when she refused to account for it. This lasted the whole day, and after passing a sleepless night, she arose the next morning pale and languid, and suffering with a severe nervous head-ache.

Miss Lyell did not seem to expect her noble visitor, for she ordered the carriage and went out to make calls, and her mother, being occupied with preparations for an evening engagement, confined herself to the work-room. Anne, under plea of her head-ache, retired to her chamber, where she was soon disturbed by a servant rapping at the door, to say that a gentleman wished to see her.

"What—what gentleman?" stammered Anne.

"He did not send up his name,—he said the gentleman you travelled with."

Anne closed the door to conceal her agitation, and it was full ten minutes before she could nerve herself for the interview. In the meantime she heard the bell again, and she did not know whether to be glad of the presence of a third person as a relief, or to be vexed at it as an interruption. But, at last, with a pallid face and a faltering step she did venture down, and on opening the front parlor door, she indeed beheld Lord Rashleigh before her. He turned his head and she attempted to advance into the room, but her excited feelings overpowered her, and she fell fainting on the floor.

Let not our young reader presume that when Anne revived she found herself on a sofa, and an elegant admirer bending over her with looks of tender concern! she was lying on her own bed, with her clothes unfastened, her hair tumbled down and wound round her neck, and some sticking to her face with the camphor and vinegar and other things which had been used to restore her,—altogether looking as little like a heroine as possible. Mrs. Lyell, Dorcas and the chambermaid were standing about her looking more curious than alarmed, and, as soon as she was able to hear them, propounding to her such a variety of questions as bewildered her.

"Are you better, child?—have you been subject to such spells?" asked the lady.

"Were not your clothes too tight?" inquired the seamstress; "dear me, how careful people ought to be! you young misses from the country who are not used to

keeping yourselves trig, like city ladies, ought never to make such sudden changes;—you might ruin your health, for ever!"

"Bless my heart! how you frightened me!" exclaimed the chambermaid; "how lucky it was that Mr. Lyell just came in when he did,—in time to help to get you up stairs, as both of the men were out with the carriage! what a heavy little lump you are! I came very near throwing the hartshorn in your face, and patting your eyes out, instead of holding it to your nose."

"Do go to your work, Lucinda,—Dorcas, you will never get that skirt finished;—don't you see that you are no longer needed?" said Mrs. Lyell, impatiently; and when they had gone, she continued, "what on earth got into you, child?—what took you into the front parlor?—it was too bad to have you sprawled upon the floor before Lord Rashleigh! I would rather it had been anybody else in the world. And Mr. Lyell making such a fuss, and that country acquaintance of yours, running in, that I had sent to wait for you in the dining-room!"

She was interrupted by the appearance of her husband, and after he had kindly inquired after Anne, she proceeded, "Were you present?—did you see it happen?—has Lord Rashleigh gone yet?—it is too provoking that such a scene should have taken place in his presence!"

"Not half so bad as that we should tolerate a visitor, who is not ashamed to demonstrate that he has so little human feeling;" returned Mr. Lyell, warmly; "I happened to get in just as he was leisurely stepping round her to get at the bell, and when he saw me struck with alarm at seeing the poor girl lying on the floor, looking like a corpse, he remarked with as little concern as if she had been a block,—'This young woman seems to have been taken with a fit!'"

"Well, my dear, I suppose that was his impression;" said Mrs. Lyell, laughing.

"He might at least have seemed a little interested,—he might have called her a young lady;" returned Mr. Lyell, whose pride was touched at this aristocratic coolness, as much as his good natured feelings were shocked; "but that was not the worst;—when I returned to the parlor after helping to carry her up stairs, he never alluded to the accident, even so much as to ask how she had got, but with a great deal of sauvoy and rigmarole, regretted that he had been under the disagreeable necessity of calling, and sending after me, as the only particular friend he had in the city, to request the favor of another loan, as his remittances had not yet arrived!"

"You certainly did not refuse?" said his wife with much solicitude.

He vouchsafed no answer, but turning to Anne, he remarked, "My old friend, Mr. Wheatley is waiting down stairs to hear about you, my dear. I suppose I may tell him that you are better. He called to inform you that he will be ready to return home to-morrow."

A full and startling conviction of her own folly had by this time broken upon poor Anne, and bursting into tears, she sobbed, "Tell him I shall be ready too;—I

am very anxious to be at home again." Mr. Lyell advised her to go to sleep and recruit herself after her indisposition, and went to execute her request.

The next morning Anne commenced her journey, which she profitably spent in reflecting upon her recent mortifying lessons, comparing them with the advice and warning of Louisa Howard, and making judicious and earnest promises to herself for her pursuits and thoughts for the future: she reached home a changed being. She resumed her domestic duties with a cheerful alacrity and an energy that surprized and delighted her grandmother, and even her friends at the cottage noticed the favorable metamorphosis. She returned to her studies under Louisa with increased ardor and pleasure; she was an assiduous and useful assistant to Mrs. Howard, in her benevolent and neighborly offices to all around her, and the girls found her a willing and merry companion in all their active and healthful exercises. She seldom spoke of her city visit, and never in the slightest degree alluded to any of the circumstances which had wrought her reformation, for she felt too sensibly what had been the extent of her own weakness, to have been willing to expose it to others.

Thus passed the winter,—the happiest, because the most useful, of her life. Spring grew apace. The slight bordering of yellow around the bases of the mountains crept higher and higher up, and changed into greens of every tint and shade. The health of Louisa, to the delight of all, improved with the advance of the season; the girls ventured on longer walks and more frequent rides, with increased enjoyment, and every thing seemed to promise a happy summer.

One day Anne received a letter from her brother, of which the following passage particularly struck her attention:—"What would our republican grandmother think of being related to a lord?—I assure you, my dear sister, from present appearances, we have a fair chance before us of that honor. You, of course, have not forgotten the English nobleman of whom you heard so much while you were in town, and whom you were so excessively curious to see? It is currently reported that he is paying his addresses to Serelia Lyell. There are, indeed, ill-natured persons who say that his attentions are designs on the old gentleman's pocket, and that he has been living all winter upon resources drawn from that quarter, through the influence of his wife and daughter; but it is certain that the lady, herself, receives them as overtures for her hand, and both she and her mother make themselves very ridiculous in consequence."

"The more the shame for them;" was the comment of Mrs. Grayling; "I hope you won't say any thing about it to any person, particularly to the Howards. I never like to let foreigners know that Americans, especially relations of mine would make such fools of themselves as to consider such a match an honor."

A day or two after this, the girls having ascertained that the river was low enough to venture on it again, they had their "fairy frigate" brought down to the Haven, for so they had named Anne's old haunt under the sycamores, and while she and Louisa seated themselves among the rocks, and their mother went up to the toll-

house to make a visit, they set off for a trip among the islands. They remained but a short time and were returning, when a handsome barouche stopped at the gate, and two gentlemen, who occupied it, alighted, with orders to their driver to proceed, and they would follow on foot. The sight of two females rowing with so much ease and skill, evidently attracted their attention, and they crossed the land towards the bank. Anne accidentally turned around as they advanced and in extreme surprize and trepidation exclaimed involuntarily to her friend,—“ Look there!—it must be,—it is Lord Rashleigh!”

A thrilling scream was the reply of Louisa, and, springing towards the gentlemen, she seized the arm of Lord Rashleigh, crying convulsively, “ I knew it!—Oh, I knew you would seek me at last!” The truth flashed upon Anne instantaneously;—he was the recreant husband.

But there was no answering expression in the manner of Lord Rashleigh. He grew pale as marble, and with a profane ejaculation of astonishment unmingled with pleasure, he attempted to withdraw from her grasp. It was too much for the injured and cruelly disappointed wife, and faintly murmuring—“ I am—then—mistaken!” she fell into the arms of her horror-struck pupil, who had bounded forward to support her. The scene passed with almost the rapidity of thought, but with the speed of alarm and affection, Mrs. Howard, who had witnessed it from the toll-house, joined them against Anne, who, in her own agitation, was scarcely able to support the weight of her friend, had made an effort to kneel with her to the ground.

“ Who are you, sir?” demanded the terrified mother; “ can you, indeed, be Lord Rashleigh?—I see that you do not come as a penitent husband, and what then is there to bring you hither?”

“ Accident, madam,—mere accident;” he returned with coldness almost contemptuous; “ I was not aware of your daughter,—I presume you are Mrs. Howard,—being in this country, or, indeed in existence. Intentionally, I should have been the last person in the world to intrude upon her retirement.”

“ Then leave us!” she returned indignantly; “ if you have any human feeling left,—if you have any of the pride of a man, do not insult her with your presence!”

With a smile of affected scorn, he turned to obey, and joining his companion, who had withdrawn to a little distance, though he attentively watched all that was passing, they proceeded in the direction their carriage had taken.

By this time a stream of blood was slowly flowing from the lips of Louisa. The girls had landed, and their distress may be imagined. Mrs. Grayling also had hastened to the spot, and suggested that, as it might be unsafe to remove the sufferer to a greater distance, she should be taken to the toll-house, but a faint murmur from her opposed it. “ Home—take me home,” she said, and Anne ran up to the cottage to provide a conveyance. She directed the domestics to arrange a settee, and returned with it to assist in the removal. A physician was, at the same time sent for,—

a well-educated and skilful young practitioner, the son of Anne’s friend, Mr. Wheatly, and in his opinion the case was one of great danger.

Anne watched by the bed-side of her beloved friend the whole night in a state of grief almost equalling that of her sisters. Towards morning she had somewhat revived, and once when Anne was left alone with her for a few minutes, she beckoned her closer, and whispered, “ I wish you to tell me all you know about him.”

What the little Anne knew she related in a few words, and when she had done, Louisa covered her face, and with a deep sigh, motioned that she was satisfied.

It was the closing period of Louisa’s life, though she lingered several weeks. Anne had never before witnessed the approach of death, and it was needed as the crowning lesson of her rapidly forming character. Every moment she could steal was spent at the cottage, attended with such benefits as made those she had already received there appear as the faintest shadows. She now saw sickness, not, as she had been taught to fancy it, a mere fading away, as of a flower, but in all its sad and trying realities, and she shared in its associations of painful sympathy and repulsive duties. She saw the hopes of the spirit triumphing over the sufferings of the body, and the beloved and faithful ties of the earth yielded up without a murmur, through perfect confidence of a holier tie in an untried hereafter. The exertions of Louisa for her young friend and sisters ended but with her latest breath. They read to her, and from her comments, laid up a store of wisdom, which, impressed upon their minds by their heavy sorrow, became their guide through life, and pointed out to them a trust beyond the grave. At length she died, and the very mother who valued her as the dearest treasure of her heart, felt it a sin against Heaven to shed a tear upon her dust.

As soon as Anne had sufficiently recovered from the first effects of her grief, she wrote to Serelia Lyell, giving her, as far as necessary, the history of her late friend in connection with that of the abandoned man, whose designs seemed tending to make her a new victim. The letter reached its destination, but accustomed to obeying every selfish impulse, and to the guidance of no will but her own, Serelia, instead of confiding it to her parents, placed it in the hands from which it was intended to rescue her. Lord Rashleigh treated it lightly, and with a few plausible misconstructions of the narrative, convinced her that it was impossible to identify him with its subject. On one point the letter set his mind at rest. It announced the death of his wife, and satisfied that he could now do so with safety, he confirmed his vindication by making his willing dupe an offer of his hand.

Mr. Lyell heard of the engagement with remonstrance and regret, but too long habituated to the government of his wife and daughter, he was at length constrained to give a reluctant consent. Preparations for the marriage were immediately commenced on the most magnificent scale, and the imprudent exultations of the bride elect and her mother were a theme of reprehension and ridicule among the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Lord Rashleigh, with the prospect before him of so wealthy an alliance, and of a certain means of getting his debts paid, was unbounded in his expenses and obligations. But his security was of short duration. The companion of his summer excursion, which he had made to recruit his health, after a winter's dissipation, and the witness to his meeting with his wife, notwithstanding he had exacted from him a promise of secrecy, betrayed his trust, in the heat of a gambling dispute, by making public the whole scene. The story reached the ears of Mr. Lyell, who after examining into it, deputed Richard Grayling, then prepared for a visit home, to transmit to him all the knowledge of the circumstances, that he could obtain. But before the confirmation reached the city, Lord Rashleigh had thought it prudent to make his escape, while it was in his power, and clandestinely took passage for England, where he, in a short time, sunk into an unhonored grave, the victim of a long cherished revenge for one of his former misdeeds.

Anne Grayling grew to be a woman of sterling worth, in piety, intellect and usefulness. Her good feeling and indefatigable activity whilst occupied with her dying friend, had won the admiration of the attending physician, Doctor Wheatley, even more than her grace and beauty, and in the course of two or three years she became his wife. Her grand-mother, rejoicing in the virtues, and proud of the good fortune, of her nursling, readily abandoned the old toll-house, and lives with her on a fine farm a little distance from it.

Mrs. Howard never left the neighborhood; but after the marriage of her elder daughter with a highly respectable young gentleman, who followed them from England, a structure much more elegant and imposing took the place of the unpretending cottage. The younger sister entered into an early and happy partnership with Richard Grayling, who is now the excellent and prosperous owner of the establishment in which he was apprenticed.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE TRIAL,

OR, THE TEST OF SELF-DEPENDENCE.

A TALE

Consequent on that of the "Two Sisters."*

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

It may be thought by many of those readers who have followed, in the preceding tale, the course of argument pursued by Mr. Marshall, that the plan he contemplated of putting his daughters' qualifications to the trial, a proceeding both cruel and unnecessary. Inasmuch as if they failed, there was now no longer a remedy, and if they were successful, their talents were unlikely ever to be called into exercise. Mr. Marshall, however, thought and felt like a sensible and benevolent man. His experience in life, showed him the value of self-dependence; and that no being is so pitiable, as one of either sex, who, educated only to shine in and adorn society, has by reverse of fortune become dependent upon others, helpless and impotent, from ignorance of every thing useful. He had seen numerous instances of such misfortune among mankind, and he resolved, that, if his parental care and foresight could save his own children from such a possible condition, he would do all in his power to provide and prepare them for such a contingency. If he had more imitators among parents, there would be less vice in our cities, and less misery among the masses that compose society.

The young ladies in whom he felt such a deep paternal interest, were now in their seventeenth and nineteenth years. Both were lovely, and obedient, and affectionate in their dispositions. Ann, the eldest, was of a quiet, grave turn of mind; yet with a cheerful temper, and as happy-hearted as a child. Naturally, she was possessed of good talents, and education had polished and refined her. She had left Madame ——'s school with the honorable testimony of that lady, of her proficiency in all the polite branches of a fashionable education, such as became one of her wealth and station. And, doubtless, for the eye of the world, which is pleased with glitter, she was sufficiently well educated. But what was more than all, her heart was good and pure; and the simplicity and generous tone of her native feelings were not injured by her elegant education. So she came from school to play her part in life, a sweet, lovely, and graceful girl, before whom all existence was happy, and joyous, and beautiful; but she viewed the future through the prism of hope, a false, though dazzling medium which inverts objects with its own bright hues, instead of their own brown and sober

colors. Thus youth is ever deceived—ever destined to disappointment.

Caroline was in her seventeenth year, a joyous-hearted girl, whose smile was sunshine, and whose voice conveyed pleasure in its very sound. Though younger than her sister, they had always pursued the same studies, and so left school together. Though Caro's credit for proficiency did not stand quite so high as Ann's, she nevertheless received a good diploma, (for ladies have diplomas now-a-days) and the praises of her teachers. Indeed, Madame —— had seldom *graduated* (we believe this is the term) two young ladies of better qualifications than the daughters of Mr. Marshall. Caroline had a generous heart, and was very high-spirited, and not a little proud of her wealth and station. This kind of pride, however, Ann knew nor felt nothing of. But Caroline was younger, and young people are not so wise as those older than themselves. You could see by Caroline's air in the street, at once, that she was a high-bred girl. Each was in expectancy of fifty thousand dollars when they should marry, and were now in the possession and enjoyment of every luxury wealth and taste could afford. Yet these were the young girls who were about to undergo the ordeal of trial whether they were able so to teach music or French, as to support themselves!

The ensuing morning after his conversation with Mrs. Marshall, and his subsequent determination, Mr. Marshall began to devise the best mode of convincing his wife that their children were not in the possession of any one qualification, by which they could, under vicissitudes, maintain themselves. He did not wish to convince *himself*; for his own anxious fears, and knowledge of the superficial mode of conducting the modern education of young ladies, rendered him sufficiently sure of the result. Mrs. Marshall, after he had fully assured her of his entire solvency, and that he did not foresee any reverse of fortune, entered with interest into his plan; for she wished to show him, that they were not so ignorant as he believed.

The breakfast hour that morning was much later than usual; for the fatigue and late hours of the preceding night, had detained the young ladies longer up stairs than usual. At length they made their appearance, bright with smiles as the morning: and, after kissing their father affectionately, took their seats at the table.

"So, my dear," he said, addressing Ann, "you enjoyed yourself very much last night, at Col. Wharton's."

"At first the brilliancy, confusion, and novelty of the whole, surprised and pleased me, father—as it was my first party. But I

* See last number of the Garland.

soon tired, and wished myself at home with you and mother."

"How could you say so, Ann," cried Caroline, gaily. "I never enjoyed myself so much. I was perfectly wild with happiness. Such numbers of beautiful women—such magnificent dresses—such diamonds and jewelry—such—such—"

"Such beaux, I suppose you mean," said her father, laughing, as he met her down falling lid.

"Yes, father," answered Ann, "Caro made a hundred conquests last night, while poor me was left quite in the shade."

"Pie, sister," said Caroline, whose color had heightened a little, "you shall not do this injustice to yourself. She was not only the most beautiful woman there, but seemed the centre of all admiration—and yet she seemed not to be conscious of it. Besides, I saw several elegant men presented to her by Col. Wharton, whom they had solicited to get them the honor. Indeed, I forgot myself in witnessing her triumph."

"You are a good girl, Caro, and I am glad to find you are not envious," said Mr. Marshall, his eye glowing at the praise of his daughter, and gazing upon the shrinking Ann with pride and fondness. "Did you have no 'elegant men' presented to you by Col. Wharton at their express solicitations?"

Caroline blushed, then laughed, and said with confusion, "I can scarcely recollect any thing particular. I believe I danced with somebody."

"With somebody!" repeated Ann. "She danced the whole evening with more than half a dozen different partners."

"Perhaps by *somebody*, she means some one in particular, who has driven the others out of her little head," said Mr. Marshall, smiling. "But never mind, Caro, you need not salt your coffee, as the sugar is at your elbow—nor put cream into your egg—I hope somebody will one day make you happy. Shall you be at home this evening, both of you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ann, after looking at her sister, who was too much annoyed by the discoveries of her absence of mind, to reply.

"I shall invite here Mr. Laveaux, the young French gentleman, of whom you have heard me speak, who came in charge of the barque consigned to me by his father in Marseilles. He speaks very little, or no English, and I hope, as you both speak French, you will make the evening pass pleasantly to him."

Ann started, and appeared pained; and Caroline, after giving her sister a covert glance, replied demurely.

"Yes, sir." The two sisters both sudden-

ly felt a sad want of confidence in their lingual acquisitions.

"Indeed, father, I fear for my poor French," at length said Ann. "Do not bring him, I entreat of you."

"Madame D— says you are a proficient in the language."

"It is Italian, I think she must mean, father," said Caro, wishing to relieve her sister, and shield Madame.

"Oh, that is just as well. He speaks Italian fluently, and if you can converse with him in that tongue, it will, I have no doubt, be equally agreeable to him. Besides, I *may* ask you to act as an interpreter, as I speak both the Italian and French with some difficulty."

Mr. Marshall's commercial relations being with France and the Mediterranean, having rendered necessary some knowledge of the languages, he had acquired them, and, in fact, spoke both French, Italian, and the Spanish with fluency. During this conversation, Mrs. Marshall sat trembling between hope and fear; and the embarrassment of the girls did not by any means serve to diminish the latter.

Mr. Marshall left the house for his counting-room, and the sisters interchanged glances of consternation.

"What *shall* we do?" said Caroline, as soon as they were in their chamber alone. "I wish I had paid more attention to French."

"I am sure I can't tell. I do wish I could escape this ordeal. I read French well enough, but I can't *speak* it, I feel confident. Oh, dear, I shall make a fool of myself. My Italian I have only learned for its songs."

"We are in a dilemma. It will pain father, if we tell him frankly beforehand we *can't* talk the language—and it will mortify him, equally, to see us break down in the attempt. He certainly thinks six years French and Italian ought to perfect us."

"I think so too. But you know *how* it is taught at school. I am sure I never expected to be called upon to use it. Poor pa! he will think he has sadly dull daughters. What can we do?"

"Can father suspect us of our deficiencies," archly asked Caroline.

"He cannot. It is not like him. He believes we know what we profess to know, and his pride would exhibit us to this foreign youth."

"I wonder if he is handsome, and generous, and could be trusted!" said Caroline, after a moment's reflection.

"And what then," eagerly demanded her sister.

"I would send him a note in French, (for I at least write it well enough to be in-

telligible) and tell him our difficulty, and throw ourselves upon his generosity, not to talk much to us, nor heed our blunders."

"Shame, sister! Would you be thus unmaidenly bold! Would you plot thus to deceive our father? Would you in truth willingly bear part in such duplicity. Better, far better, frankly to confide the whole to him. A young lady should never place herself under obligations to a stranger! I attribute this wild idea to your youth, and thoughtlessness, not to your heart."

Caroline looked mortified, and was silent, but soon was restored to cheerfulness by the kindness of Ann's voice and manner. It was, at length, nobly decided, that when their father came home to dinner, that he should be made the confidant of their difficulty.

But, as if anticipating their intention, and wishing, for certain reasons of his own, to defeat it, he brought, in company with him, young Monsieur Laveaux to dinner; so that they were in his presence before they could either see their father in private, or escape the interview.

"There are my daughters, sir," he said to him, in English, "who will be happy to converse with you in your own language."

The young Frenchman bowed with grace, and in voluble French, expressed himself happy to have the honor of knowing them. Ann replied prettily, in the same language, with a great effort and much hesitation, and was then silent.

Caroline, who had previously composed and framed with great labour, a good French speech for the occasion, now gave utterance to it, which was that they had studied French and read and wrote it, but did not speak it fluently or at all; and that he would be doing them a kindness, by relieving them from the embarrassment of attempting a language which they were not familiar with, and would converse with them in English, which she was pleased to see he spoke so well.

M. Laveaux bowed very civilly, and replied in his best English,

"Yees, mees, I am ver' moshe plasir. You sall spoke me—I sall spoke you l'Anglais, si rous will pleez, meez."

With such English as M. Laveaux honored the king with speaking, it may be supposed the dinner hour was got through with as lamely as amusingly. Both Ann and Caroline resolutely resolved not to speak another word of French; which they were conscious they knew about as much of as their guest of English; and seeing how ridiculous one, even a sensible man, may make himself by attempting a language he is unacquainted with, they shrunk, even at the expense of mortifying and displeasing their father, from making a similar exhibition of themselves.

Italian they once tried at his command, but speedily broke down upon it.

Mr. Marshall's object, however, had herein been sufficiently accomplished; and pained by the issue, which he had anticipated, but which (for reasons hereafter to be explained) he wished them to experience. He was not sorry when the time came for his daughters to retire, who did so with great relief, but exceedingly mortified. Ann threw herself upon her sister's neck, as soon as they gained their room, and both wept with mingled pride and mortification. Mrs. Marshall herself was chagrined, and perhaps felt more deeply than themselves, the result upon which she had placed so much triumphant anticipation; and in her heart she approved and commended her husband's course of trial.

Mr. Marshall and M. Laveaux at length made their appearance in the drawing-room, where the ladies and tea were waiting their presence. Seeing some Italian music on the piano, he asked of Miss Caroline,

"Meesh, play de moosic you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I loike moshe you ploy."

Caroline seated herself at the piano, and he took up and laid before her an Italian *bravura*.

"I don't sing Italian."

"No," said Mr. Marshall. "You have certainly been taking lessons in Italian music three years."

Caroline hung her head, because she had no confidence in her pronunciation. And want of confidence is equivalent to want of knowledge. She made the effort and sang it through at her father's wish. M. Laveaux appeared delighted, and complimented her in choice Italian, upon her pronunciation. She was, however, aware she did not deserve it, for though her pronunciation might have been good, she did not know the translation of five out of ten words in the song. She merely sang as she had been taught, mechanically.

The evening passed off dull and painfully to all except M. Laveaux, who, rejoicing in his choice English, felt perfectly happy himself, and by narrating (and such narration!) many amusing stories of travel, did his best to make those happy around him.

At length Monsieur Laveaux made his adieux, and never were poor girls more delighted than when they heard the street door close upon him. They now cast half-deprecating glances at their father, who sat a long time looking very gravely into the fire. When the silence became awkward and unpleasant, they rose, and requested leave to retire.

"In one moment, dears," he said kindly. "How did you like M. Laveaux?"

"He appears very gentlemanly, sir," said Ann, with slight embarrassment.

"He is a gentleman bred and born. It is a pity he does not speak English, so that you could see him to better advantage; for he is a young man of fine abilities, and possesses much taste and genius; and a more thorough merchant, for his age, I never knew. But to speak a foreign language awkwardly, makes even the best bred and most intelligent man seem silly. You, at least, girls, did not mean to expose yourselves. How is it you do not speak French. I have been paying bills for your acquisition of the language for six years past. Madame — in her note to me, says you are proficient in it. And your Italian too, I discover, is very badly pronounced, notwithstanding M. Laveaux's civil compliments. And from the way you sang that song I question, Caro, if you know the meaning of the words."

"In truth, sir, I did not, I am ashamed to confess. Madame — said if I could only pronounce, it was no use learning to translate, as no body ever asked for translation of Italian songs."

"Madame — is an impostor," said Mr. Marshall, with indignation. "This is her imposition, to extort money from parents. And your French—how is that learned?"

"By committing set phrases to memory, and repeating them to one another in our rooms."

"Did she not converse with you?"

"No, sir."

"I thought you were not allowed to speak to her except in that language."

"We were not, sir. But a very few phrases learned by heart, comprised all we ever had occasion to ask her, and beyond these, we never knew, or were taught any thing."

Mr. Marshall looked markedly at his wife, who sighed and turned away her head. "You draw and paint, for landscapes of great merit adorn your rooms. Are they really from your pencils?"

"No, sir," answered Ann, ingenuously. "The outlines were drawn by art, and the rough colors only laid on by ourselves. The master blended and gave the finish to the pictures. I really know very little of painting, and have never drawn or painted an entire piece by myself."

"Is this the case with you, also, Caro?" he asked with grief.

"Yes, sir. We painted only for exhibition, and to please you; and as our masters made the best pictures, they used to paint them for this purpose. I am sure I never felt then as I do now, that I was party to a deception practiced on you. I thought merely a fash-

ionable education—that is the credit of it—was all that was necessary for a lady."

"I hope, at least, you have knowledge of music. You both play. Have you mastered the science of music? Are you familiar with its principles?"

"I can play only by the eye, and only pieces which my teacher has taught me," answered Caroline. "Ann can take a new piece, and learn it, and play it off, but I cannot."

"Can you instruct your sister to play in the same way, Ann?"

"No, sir, for I am ignorant of the principles, by which I myself execute the pieces," was Ann's humiliating reply.

Mr. Marshall remained for some time silent with mingled grief and anger. His conscience smote him, that he had not earlier examined into his children's education. He was indignant at the deception practised on him, and pained and mortified to find that the flower of their years had been lost in acquiring little or nothing but lessons of duplicity. It is true, the world regarded them as fashionably educated girls; and, thought he, they were *fashionably* educated. But in his eyes they were, indeed, sadly ignorant. Mrs. Marshall had not a word to offer in their defence. He at length spoke, gravely.

"My children, I am deeply mortified at this issue of a trial I had purposely put you to, to-day, half-fearing this result. I have lately felt deeply solicitous for your happiness after you have become members of society, and my influence over you is withdrawn. I therefore resolved to ascertain if your education, which you have just finished, had prepared you in case of any reverse in life, for self-maintenance and independence. The result of the trial is before you. If your father, or your husbands should become unfortunate, you have proven to yourselves, as well as to me, that neither by instructing in French, Italian, music, nor painting, can you provide a maintenance for yourselves. You are sufficiently humbled without my censures—for the fault is more your instructresses'—nay, perhaps my own—than yours'. I hope you will be ready to comply with a suggestion I have to make to-morrow, in which your happiness is intimately interested."

"We shall be ready, dear father, to do any thing that will raise us in your estimation, and our own," was the reply of both.

"To-morrow, then, at ten, meet me in my library, and I will lay it before you. Now, good night. We will try, yet, if you act like sensible girls, to repair the error of your fashionable education!"

What this proposition was, which Mr. Marshall had to make known to them on the

morrow, will be unfolded in a subsequent Tale, to be called the “**TWO APPRENTICES, or, THE EDUCATION FINISHED,**” which will be found in the ensuing number of the Ladies’ Garland, to which we refer the readers of the two preceding stories of “**The Sisters.**”

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY W. LANDOR.

Mightier far

Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway

Of magic, potent over sun and star,

Is Love, though oft to agony distress,

And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.—WORDSWORTH.

If fate should ever rest upon a mortal head the pearly circlet of absolute happiness, the brow which would, I think, be selected before every other to wear the enviable gem, would be that of a beautiful girl at the era of her first entrance into society. The arbiter, should he think as I do, would pass by kings in the pomp of their royalty, and heroes in the lustre of their brightest renown; he would leave the rich in the repose of their luxury, and the learned in the more doubtful blessedness of their wisdom; for he would find that genial feelings and a morning fancy had made of this common world such a paradise as the restless searchings and unpausing toils of all the others could neither discover nor create. In effect, the true enjoyment of our being is in the degree in which the imagination is excited and exercised by the course of our daily life; for it is the only source of high happiness. And as the portals of the great world expand before the daughter of wealth and fashion, the view which opens on her vision is all of fairy land. As she advances into the scene, hope elevating and joy brightening her glance, existence seems to be flowering into the perfection of that blissful state of which she has had before but dim sensations and distant fragmentary dreams. The spirit is intoxicated in a new atmosphere of life and gaiety and splendour: the eye is loaded by a still-varying gorgeousness of sights; the ear is mazed with the recurring witcheries of song and symphony; and the mind is enchanted by the courtly address, the finished speech, the captivating demeanour of the occupants of this new-dawning world. Heroines of resistless loveliness, and Paladins of a matchless grace are its inhabitants; its sky is beaming with "orient hues unborrowed from the sun;" while, on high, bright starry hopes flash through the golden air their silvery gleams of light: and fancy becomes a fact. Of this world she is the apparent queen; its denizens hasten to offer her the dizzying tribute of their homage; those profound flatteries, so perilously pleasing to the strongest character, gather a new art in coming before her. She is in a region of perpetual holidays and triumphs; where the sentiments of the people are glowing with the loftiest warmth of poetry; whose dialect is only the accents of subtlest fancy and rarest wit.

Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

Happy is the season of such an illusion; and happiest she who most enjoys it; for it never can be renewed. Live deeply; live intensely; linger the flying hours, ye minions of a fleeting ecstasy; ye from whose almond-branch of life not a tint has faded, nor a morning dew-drop been struck down. The time will not forget to visit you, in which all this brilliancy shall be seen to be only an occasional and difficult display; this charming manner, the dull elaboration of a quickly-exhausted art; and when the sounds that were once the melodies of Alcinous' garden, shall droop coldly and dimly on the jaded ear.

To this roseate spring-time of a brighter existence the subject of our present story was arrived; living in this world, but dwelling in the region of a subtler essence; borne on the strong pinions of tireless fancy above even the sound of the wasting waves of life, breathing nothing but romance; above her the sun-lit empyrean of an endless expectancy; and beneath

Sub pedibusque vidit nubes et sidera Daphnis.

So profound is our sentiment, so tremblingly passionate the ardour of our feeling, where woman is concerned, that the style insensibly raises itself, and description assumes the colours of poetry; so that, in the eyes of one who does not follow these flights, and partake our own enthusiasm, it must bear even an air of extravagancy and bombast. This restraintless love and adoration towards women, is partly the result of a heart, which being forbidden by pride and fear, and the over-sensitive suggestions of a taste too alive to imperfections, to feel widely, *must* feel earnestly, where it feels at all; and of a mind, which incapable of worshipping much, worships fervently when it worships anything; and which must needs, together, pour out their hoarded fires of passion upon the altar of that influence which they most recognize to be divine. For, variously, and according to different gifts, some shall find in the rising or the setting sun, or the depth of the cloudless sky, or the smiling eyes of flowers, or in the more general face of nature, the object, which, as an emanation from the all-beauteous spirit of existence, most engages the force of their affections, and kindles the inspiration of the soul; to us the bright countenance of the pure and the lovely has ever been the most attractive; nor know we anything of holy and exalted, or of splendid and impressive, or of captivating and

glorious, which is not found dwelling in the face or the character of female beauty. And this natural disposition has been farther widened and deepened by the laborious dedication of our days and nights to the study of that enlarged and genial science which waked to life for the world's enlightenment beneath the Promethean touch of the mind of Burke;—a science which, differently looked at, may seem to be philosophy or politics, or morals or poetry: nay, which in some of its aspects, wants not even the features of a religion; for it embodies the whole form and substance of all truth, and applies to all. That science bids us cultivate, obey, enshrine, sanctify the sympathies of the heart. In the compass of the world's highest literature, there is not a sentiment more august and sublime, and at the same time, accurately just before the eye of reason, than that which Burke utters, in saying that his regret and commiseration for the sufferings of the royal companion of Louis were increased by reflecting that she was a woman, and still more, that she was a beautiful woman. That sentiment is supported and defended by the natural feelings of all mankind; a sacred support, the defence of religion itself. And this high-toned deference, this philosophic interest and poetic delight in respect to this subject, we hold largely by transmission from the chaster days and loftier characters of those who preceded us; men of honourable station and accomplished manners, of grave piety and refined impressions, who beneath the stately and reserved temple which made the manner of the times, carried concealed a glowing enthusiasm of chivalry, the muse and guardian of honour; and they made sacred that spot within their mind where dwelt the recollection of a woman. What was a principle with them is with me a passion. And distant be the day when it fades from the bosom. Far from me and from my friends, indeed, be that selfish morality, or more flippant rule, which treats as valueless, the high and deathless sympathies of our spirit, or which, incapable of the dignity of deference or the fine pride of respect, asserts its independence by the base insolence of sneers. It was this mysterious and impassioned sensibility to beauty which threw around my childhood the light of other worlds; which amid the drearier train of manhood gives proof, nay, in this world of transitory things, is, in itself, a perpetual presence of the Infinite and the Eternal: "So may it be when I grow old, or let me die." My first glance of rapture was towards woman; my last memories of comfort will be hers.

This episode was meant as an apology for a style too undisciplined. We return to our subject, and take a manner more prosaic.

A tall, shaded lamp threw its soft lustre over a *boudoir*, which was sumptuously arranged with everything that wealth and taste could offer to luxury, or the most learned ingenuity contrive for the ease and comfort of its occupant. The rich decorations of the apartment, the costly hangings, the frequent mirrors, the innumerable porcelain

bottles and jars of every fantastic shape, which adorned the dressing-table, all spoke of the secret retreat of one whose life was given to gaiety and pleasure. The possessor and presiding deity of this temple of the graces—a girl in the first bloom of beauty and youth—was leaning back in a large crimson arm-chair, wrapped in a loose robe, her foot resting on a high velvet cushion, reading "*Kenilworth*."

Ellen Paulet was eighteen, and this was her first winter in company. Her father was very rich, and boasted of his old, aristocratic family and his high fashion. Besides this, Ellen, as legatee of an aunt, possessed a good fortune in her own right. The only daughter of a distinguished name, her appearance in society had made a great impression. Rarely has life scattered its allurements and its joys more prodigally than around the path of this fair *debutante*; and certainly never has *debutante* been worthier of the grace and goodness of fortune. The contrast of dark, lustrous, flashing eyes, and very soft and glossy hair of the same colour, with a *blonde* complexion, and cheeks of a bright, but delicate roseate hue, presented an effect rare and very striking. A *denture* of milk-like whiteness, was wont to be often illustrated by a quick, beaming smile; her features, which had an excellent outline, not too regular, were charged with a rich expression, intellectual and full of feeling. On the whole, her countenance denoted a strong character, highly imaginative, and finely passionate. She was extremely well made, a little below the common height; her foot was small and graceful; and her hand, from its faultless shape, pearl-like refinement and witching beauty, might alone have fed the hopes of a score of lovers.

Among the dainty uses of this fair person's life was this, of passing a part of the evening in the occupation we have just seen her employed in. The nice elaboration of the *coiffure* being ended, there remained usually an hour or two before it was time to dress to go out; and in this interval, her feelings agreeably agitated by the anticipations of the coming scene, she was wont to disport her glowing fancy amid the high and rich creations of the great novelist of the age. Among these, it is not wonderful if the bright page of "*Kenilworth*," glittering with the enchantments of knightly daring and the graces of high-born spirit, in an era when beauty filled the throne, and chivalry was seated in the council, was the most engaging of all to the romantic hopes and visionary heart of a young creature of light and joy. The passage of the story which she had just now reached was that charming scene in which the queen with her splendid suite are shown "launched on the bosom of the silver Thames." In this hour of royal festivity, the respectable keeper of a bear-garden approaches, and offers a petition, complaining of the injurious encroachments of one Will Shakspeare, who, by exhibiting plays on the other side of the river had withdrawn the custom of the gentry and nobles from the manly and heroic exercise of bear-baiting,

once the worthy pastime of all men of rank; and invoking against this effeminate evil, the interference of her majesty as the vindicator of right taste and arbiter of just morals. The queen turns to her attendants to ask if they know anything of this Shakspeare; and while some among the older and sterner express an opinion in favour of the petitioner, the bright eye of young Raleigh catches the glance of the queen, not wholly unknowing of this culprit, and he repeats those lines which embody probably the most felicitous and appropriate compliment that genius in its most rapt ecstasy ever has conceived.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took,
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

As the splendid and delicious flattery sank into the heart of the royal lady, her hand declined over the side of the barge till the paper rested in the water, and as the courtly accents of the speaker closed on the ear, the petition of the bear master floated off upon the tide, and gallantry and grace again were masters of the hour.

"Exquisitely beautiful," said Miss Paulet, as she finished the scene which sets this poetical gem so richly. "I too am fancy free;" and as she laid down the volume, and leaned back her head in her luxurious chair, there stirred within her mind faint forms of hope ready to light up into visions of glory, and there were within her heart blind emotions soon to be born into fire-eyed passions:

Fresh, full: the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.

Miss Paulet completed her arrangements, and went to the house where she was to pass the evening. When she entered the drawing-room, her attention was attracted almost immediately to a stranger who stood near the lady of the house, having been in conversation with her before her own entrance. There was indeed something very striking in his aspect. He was perhaps below the middle height, but the erect dignity of his carriage, bearing

A natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,

gave the impression of even superior stature. His features, large and distinctly chiselled, were eminently handsome; softened, as they were, by the refinement of a spirit that felt highly and thought much. A high placid expanse of forehead gave benignity to a countenance which, in the strong calm expression of the closed lip spoke of firmness,

reserve and modesty. His light hair, growing to considerable length, was curled according to the mode; not the finical affectation of a coxcomb, but that deference to fashion which is always paid by a gentleman and by a man of good sense. Although his face possessed a strength even to sternness, and was marked by a force that approached to fire, yet it bore the trace withal of a proud, melancholy, sensitive spirit, which looked on life with a regret which had been scorn, had he not possessed too true a dignity to feel the weakness of contempt. His eye, rich and deep, had a noble lustre; but in the freest roll and fullest flash of its glance, something of its light seemed lingered or drawn off; as if all its thought flowed not forth upon the outer world, but a part was held to some inward interest, or it had a glimpse of some star on high, not seen by others, which took up a portion of its gaze, and left for earth but a dreamy and divided regard. But when it met the glance of Miss Paulet, then indeed for a moment it kindled with a disturbed glow, as he seemed to be startled at once with surprise and admiration. Her own quick gaze seemed to communicate as earnest a sympathy for his character as his own towards her; and as she saw the flush which faintly suffused his face, she felt a certain tremulous fulness along her temples, and a mistiness athwart her sight. This immediateness of mutual interest may often take place without being advanced to affection by farther acquaintance; but without it, without this instantaneous and magnetic recognition of soul by soul, the most fervent passion, the power and the progression of boundless love can rarely be felt.

As Miss Paulet joined some of her acquaintance on the other side of the room, she saw him inquire from the lady of the house who she was;—a circumstance which always agreeably flatters the heart of a woman. After a few minutes he was brought up to her and presented as Mr. Clarendon.

She pointed to a bronze medallion head of Napoleon which hung in a frame on the wall beside her. "I have just been looking at these great features, which always interest us," said she. "Are you one of his admirers?" He looked at her for a moment with a certain air of surprise, as if he wondered at the question.

"Buonaparte did great things," he replied; "but surely he was not great. When you penetrate the tumult and tempest of ostentation with which he kept himself surrounded; when you pierce the trappings of boast and preparation and promise in which he always was arrayed, and the pageantry of style and allusions and ideas with which he strove to illustrate and set off his life, it is indeed wonderful, under this glittering mass, how small a soul he hid. The great historic idea which he endeavoured to impose on Europe as the embodiment of his character, was altogether of the heroic, nay, the sublime. Of all the elements of power he was a surprising master; but they were generally such as his opponents could not use because of their vileness, and which he had found only by

plunging. He was very base. I would far prefer the proud defeat of Pavia to the dishonouring triumph of Rivoli;—gained, as the latter was, by a mean and cowardly falsehood. He was a hero only for the vulgar. His worst acts are his most popular. And when I hear the tumultuous acclamations which the world offers up to him, I sometimes stop to ask myself, are these, in their true character, shouts of praise or execrations of infamy? Is such fame, glory or disgrace?"

"Do you then deny him all merit?"

"No; his intellectual faculties had a fertility and force as singular as were the poverty and paltriness of his moral nature. What in him we should reverence and imitate is, his untamed, tireless energy—his still teeming wealth of hope and enterprise—the irresistible eagerness with which he seized results—the impetuosity of spirit and electric fire of soul which forced defeat into victory, and made his equality a certain mastery. He knew not rest; he despised fatigue. "Advance" was the watchword of his spirit as of his empire. He had learned to live with amazing swiftness. It seemed as if, for his existence, eternity had been projected upon the line of time, and in the calendar of his soul, seconds represented years, and centuries were told by moments. Since his career, there is no excuse for dulness or idleness. Those who in any course or undertaking would stimulate their souls to sovereignty, should have his name for ever sounding in their ears."

"Perhaps, if we knew as much of Alexander and Charlemagne as of Napoleon, and had as many of their private conversations recorded, we should find as much littleness in them. When his name is ancient, perhaps the features of his character may grow antique also."

"No doubt, of that class Napoleon was one of the most eminent; for he was as great as a man wholly selfish could be. But there is a greatness far other than this, and vaster than that the pedestal of vanity can support it; a greatness averse from fame and almost inconsistent with success: not the echo of opinion, but the consciousness of the mind. In the solemn hour of midnight meditation, when all mundane and temporary thoughts and cares have dropped off from the lonely soul, the aspirations of the meanest of us then point to one thing as the only real and immortal substance in our whole existence, the pure, high, self-approved spirit of man. There is an order of persons who, making this their deity, their entire universe, refer every thought and act to its effect on this; regarding the world and all that is external to themselves with a profound indifference. These are impelled to put forth their extremest energies and do great things, not by ambition, which being a vice must degrade while it raises, but by a sentiment of deep self-respect: that they may bring their minds in equilibrium with the universe, and breathe the large air of an unmastered freedom; that they may know by proof the force that is in them; because mighty deeds are as mirrors to reflect upon the

heart a light which makes it comfortable, and because the high thinking that is thought in acts, is thought deeply into the soul. They fashion their lives to beauty, and build up their spirits into majesty. With them pride is the foundation of all the virtues. From everything base or wrong they are checked by the conscience of their dignity. Based on purity and not on pardon, it holds its votaries to an absolute virtue; for in this system there is no mediator. Under the taint of the smallest sin, like the ermine when its fur is ruffled, the spirit pines in careless, hopeless anguish, and finds no moment tolerable but that which brings its end."

In the strong, but refined and deliberate tones of Mr. Clarendon, there was an interest which made his conversation more engaging, than the matter of it alone would have done. His countenance and manner aided to give his thoughts an aspect of graceful loftiness, and a natural force of originality, which yet, was as tasteful as something highly artificial. Miss Paulet, as he went on to develop his opinions, was delighted and impressed with the freshness and strength that marked his tone of mind, and the distance and elevation of sentiment that gave to his character a certain mystery, very fascinating to a female heart. Anxious to be esteemed by one she so much respected, she exerted the fine powers which she possessed, and leading the conversation into regions more imaginative and romantic, was charmed to find that his clear intelligence followed her thither with the same freedom, and that on these topics his faculties of taste were equally copious and correct. He listened to her glowing words with pleasure, and without once employing anything so unrefined as direct compliment or flattery, by the careful attention which he gave, and the exact appreciation of her remark, which his reply always showed, he gratified her more than by any praise he could have expressed. Himself, too, surprised at finding so much genius where he had only looked for beauty, was roused to greater effort; and bringing forward abilities far higher than those which he had before exhibited, ranged over a rich selection of rare and animated topics, with an eloquence that was very captivating, and, indeed, not easy to be resisted. When this protracted conversation was ended, there was in Miss Paulet's heart a feeling of deep and warm delight; and though purely intellectual, it partook of the delightfulness of affection. Their minds, indeed, loved; themselves, not yet. Mr. Clarendon's manners were perhaps, perfect; grave, but pleasant and playful; easy, but with no familiarity at all; smooth, sincere, firm; they inspired the confidence of an old friendship, nay, even of a relationship.

Two persons presently came up, one of whom was not known to Miss Paulet.

"Clarendon," said he, "you know everything. Mr. Williams and I wish you to decide a question which has been made between us; whether that notion in Wordsworth, where the king of Syracuse, tormented by a spectre, prays instead for the punishment of the furies who will drive him where the

blasted soil is not unworn, and make him feel what has been felt by others, is original. Mr. Williams cannot remember it anywhere else; it seems to me too fine a sentiment to have been conceived by Wordsworth. I do not want you to cite the Indians and Persians, in whose literature I know you are an adept; but only those classical languages which Wordsworth may be supposed to have read. His exact lines I do not remember; but you must of course recollect the sentiment."

Mr. Clarendon repeated the passage they were speaking of

"Let me rather see

The ceronal that coiling vipers make,
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold whom vengeful furies haunt;
Who while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And in their anguish bear what other minds have borne."

"It is in the Prometheus, and in the ninth Æneid: I suppose you would as lief be spared the Latin and Greek. It is in Dante twice;" and he repeated the passages in Italian. "I do not remember it elsewhere; and as it has only been used three times before Wordsworth, I think, as modern poetry goes, it may be considered original."

Mr. Williams asked him how he had been able to attain so complete a knowledge of the classic poets.

"Simply," he replied, "by resolving never to look at a small author, till I had exhausted the great ones. That time," he added with a smile, "has not yet come. By that means, you do not belittle your understanding, and you save much time; for by staying a little, many a reputation that looks gathering, blows over."

"It must be a great pleasure to have a memory so richly stored."

"I think it is a greater pain," he replied, "to reflect that one cannot write such things, than it is a pleasure to remember them. That calm greatness disturbs and irritates."

"Miss Paulet," said a young man approaching her, "you are a lover of the romantic; I have just heard a story which I think will suit you. It relates to a lieutenant in the late Indian war. He was engaged in defending an encampment which was fired upon by Indians on the other side of a river. The place was little above a fall forty feet high. In the midst of the combat, a plank came floating down with a child seated upon it; they had been set adrift farther up the river. The lieutenant offered large rewards to any soldier who would save the infant; all refused, for it was within a few yards of the fall. He then plunged in himself; seized the child; floated to the brow of the fall; sprang thence to the pool below; reached the shore, and depositing the child in safety, rejoined his men and beat off the savages."

"Noble! glorious!" exclaimed Miss Paulet; "that man had the soul of a hero. O! I *will* believe it."

"Do you not think it is somewhat tainted with Munchausenism?"

"I think it is more sublime than probable," she replied. "But is it true or not?"

"I give it to you as I had it. But it seems to me a sheer absurdity,—a mere impossibility."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Clarendon?"

"I do not think that it is impossible," he replied very slowly. "It does not appear that the leap *might* not have been made; and as to the risk, it was not greater, perhaps, than the commonest soldier encounters."

"Oh! he must be a splendid creature," said Miss Paulet; "I should love to see him."

Her companion, in reference to the rather disparaging remark that had been made, said something in a low and sneering tone, about liking to see *him* undertake it. Mr. Clarendon turned on his heel and walked away.

"Have *you* heard this story?" said the lady to a person who then came; and she repeated it to him.

"I have heard it," he replied, "and I know it to be true."

"How so?"

"I was present, and saw the occurrence. It was as it is described. The author of the exploit is in this room."

"Indeed! who is it?"

"Mr. Clarendon."

"Is it possible! why, is he in the army?"

"He was there for some years and greatly distinguished. But disgusted at the treachery employed in the capture of some of the chiefs, which he could not procure to be disavowed by the government, he resigned his commission, and left the service."

She looked round for Mr. Clarendon, but he had left the room.

When Miss Paulet returned to her apartment, she threw herself upon the same chair which she had occupied before,—the same person, no doubt; but how different in all that makes up the identity of the moral being!—a difference somewhat indicated to the eye, by the flushed countenance, the fixed and brooding gaze, the rapid breath. She recalled the charming conversation of Mr. Clarendon,—much the most delightful she had ever heard; the clear measured tones of his rich voice; the freshness and original force of his thoughts; the height and nobleness of the sentiments which he disclosed; and the combination of princely features with the aspect of a spirit profoundly exercised, which threw around his air, the impression of a being untainted by the vulgarness of common life. Her glowing spirit, eager to find whatever it could figure, saw in all this, a form of enchanting interest; and when she rested on the thought of that heroic achievement, which he had so modestly passed by, all check of feeling was carried away, and she yielded her heart to the rapture of love.

Miss Paulet did not doubt that Mr. Clarendon would call upon her the next day; accordingly, she

was in the drawing-room at an early hour, having given orders that everybody should be admitted. All the tiresome and disagreeable people in town seemed to have entered into a conspiracy that day to favour her with their presence: one after another in an unending succession, all the *most* stupid of her acquaintance came in and went out. But the morning wore on, and she wished for visitor came not yet. How often did the blush mantle to her cheek! How often did the opening door drive from her mind some remark she was about to make! But the throng gradually dropped off, and dinner was announced, and Mr. Clarendon had not called.

The next evening she saw him at a small party. He came a hurried, agitated glance at her from the other side of the room, but did not approach her, and very soon went away. The following day she came upon him suddenly; he coloured, bowed very awkwardly, and seemed much embarrassed.

"Surely!" she exclaimed, "he is not indifferent to me. I must penetrate this mystery."

She thought at first of confiding her feelings to a friend. But that soon seemed to her unsuited to the refinement and depth of her impressions. She desired one of her acquaintance to present a person whom she knew to be intimate with Mr. Clarendon. From him she made inquiries as to his character.

"He is very poor," said this person, who guessing the sentiments of the parties, thought that an answer to be satisfactory, must be somewhat more precise than the question; "he is prouder still. Not that common pride which has in it always an alloy of vanity: but a purer and more genuine spirit, which may be called self-respect; or an enthusiasm of honour. If, for example, he admired and loved even to the greatest degree, a woman of fortune and high station, I am persuaded that he would never make any advances to her; not that he would care for the remarks of the world, for no man, I believe, is so immovably indifferent to opinion; but because he would himself be fearful of the disinterestedness of his feelings, and dreads anything which on reflection may seem to compromise that dignity which is the passion of his soul."

The next day, Miss Paulet had an interview with her man of business. This worthy person, long an attached family friend, had the care of her separate property; was employed to collect and pay over interest and rents as they became due, or to fund them anew; and often acted as her confidential adviser on many subjects which she did not choose to bring before her parents. Whether at this time, she sought counsel of him in relation to this subject, did not yet appear.

It rarely happens, I imagine, that a strong feeling of any kind is entertained by one person towards another without that sentiment being in some degree induced, as it were, in the bosom of the other. Love, especially, is a thing so wholly born of sympathy, that perhaps to exist it must be mutual; and though no doubt it may survive in

one breast after its decay in the other, yet probably for some moments there must have been an accord of sentiment. In the present case, the passion inspired in the bosom of Mr. Clarendon, was even deeper than that which the sensitive fancy of the lady had conceived. When a proud man loves, no one loves more devotedly. Defended by the loneliness and severity of his temper from petty, fugitive impressions, whenever an affection pierces his guarded breast, it finds a vacant reign. The imagination, also, anxious to vindicate to the intellect the enthrallment of the heart, labours to magnify and make glorious the cause of the subjection; by which means, the heart is more powerfully enslaved. Mr. Clarendon conceived that in the universe of the heart, there had never been, nor was, but one divinity, and but one worship; that deity was Miss Paulet; that worship the homage of his nature.

The workings of his thoughts, however, were rightly understood by the friend who expressed them as above, to Miss Paulet. He knew that he was poor; and though of an ancient family, yet what was that in present comparison with the lustre of wealth and distinction that surrounded her! Had he been affluent, and she penniless, he would have risen instantly to the generosity of laying all at her feet; as it was, he *could* endure the misery of separation; he *could* die in the anguish of his desolation; but he *could not* humble himself to be under an obligation. Had he been certain of acceptance, nay, had the proposal been communicated from her friends, I suppose he would sooner have perished than receive a favour. A man accustomed to confer benefits, abhorred to accept them. He resolved to check, and overcome if possible, a passion so dangerous to cherish. He would not converse with her again. He would not go to see her. As soon as he had fulfilled some engagements which detained him, he would go to another part of the country. An unexpected occurrence put an end to this resolution. A sudden revolution in his fortunes changed all his views and feelings.

He received a letter from a solicitor in the city, requesting him to call at his office upon business which would probably prove interesting to him. He accordingly waited upon him; and the man, after several inquiries about his family and connexions, informed him that he was the legatee of a large sum of money under the will of a distant relative who had died some time since abroad. The solicitor's correspondent had transmitted the funds to him with directions to pay them over, and he was entirely satisfied that Mr. Clarendon was the person entitled to receive them.

"The money is in the funds," said he. "It is past bank hours, now," drawing out his watch, "but if you will call at nine to-morrow, I will have a refunding bond ready for you to sign, and we will walk round to the bank and have the transfers made."

"Nothing in his life became him, like the leaving

of it," said the grateful Clarendon as he thought of the judicious bequest of this most respectable relative of his. It was like a dream,—an incident in romance. Had the donor been living, the gift had been purely gallant; being dead, he was relieved of the burden of gratitude,—a deliverance which, by Dr. Johnson's authority, we may venture to declare not an uncomfortable one. It was astonishing how much, under this intelligence, he at once felt more kindly and pleasant. It was amazing how his pride gave way under a consciousness of a newly acquired power, and was changed to gentleness and an amiable confidence. As he walked home from the solicitor's, he offered his hand to two or three persons whom he met. Nay, he bowed to several rich men whom before, he would have passed sullenly with a curling lip. That alteration of feeling might have suggested to him that there was perhaps a taint of falseness in that so much cherished pride of his. Perhaps, indeed, he did call to mind a remark of Lord Shaftesbury's, or another of Wordsworth's, to the same effect, where something is said about the majesty of pride being only a disguise.

But the thought which kindled his nature into rapture was, "Now I may see Miss Paulet." No longer checked by pride or by perverseness, he yielded to the boundlessness of passion; and his fancy, intoxicated by that freedom, revelled in the luxury of an endless joy. That he should that day see her, was the thought which on the morrow lay upon his heart like solid light. As soon as he had despatched his business at the bank, no other consideration occupied his memory; and I believe that the certificates must have been still in his pocket when he pulled the bell at Mr. Paulet's door. The object of his passion was alone, in the drawing-room. As she caught the first view of his figure, and rose to meet him, her countenance beamed into gladness and pure delight, as if a triumph had been gained. How warm, how free, how cordial his manner in presenting himself! hers of receiving him, no less so. She rang the bell to indicate that she was no longer at home to any one. From the first moment of their meeting, all restraint and doubt was at an end. They conversed as lovers, known, unquestioned; and inexpressibly delicious was that brilliant, genial, infinitely varied discourse. Fresh and joyous was it, and sparkling as the spray of the summer ocean as it dashes up over the rocks to catch from the morning sun all the colours of the Iris. All the inter-blended hues of fancy and intellect made splendid its changes, like the tumultuous gorgeousness of a forest in autumn. Now flowed forth from united hearts, all the gushing life of passion. Then darting upward and off, one would disclose some quaint and subtle sympathy of the mind, never before expressed; and straight the other would develope so precise and absolute an accordance of perception, that they would blush at the intimacy of their approach, and would dash back to the more direct expression of mutual feeling. Then, in

long-drawn links of union were these emotions led out till they became purely painful. Then away glanced they into the fields of taste and criticism; talking of books, or flowers, or pictures, still finding in all their course a perfect concord. Exquisite indeed was this pouring out of the secret spirit; this mutual gage-giving of the heart; and protracted, till Clarendon, shocked by the monstrous prolongation of his visit, sprang to his feet, and made a hasty bow. As he retired, he perceived that she had offered to give him her hand. He returned, took it, and raised it to his lips. He walked away again, turned again, gazed a moment on that glowing countenance, then rushed forward and throwing his arms around her, imprinted kiss after kiss upon her blushing cheek.

Miss Paulet stood, the picture of confusion. I believe she forgot to ring the bell as Mr. Clarendon went out. After this, it only remained to have an interview with Mr. Paulet. The result of that was such, that the next time he called to see Miss Paulet, (I believe he kissed her at the beginning of the visit, instead of waiting till the end of it.)

Happy, illimitably happy were the hours that then floated by. Brightening was the lustre, still growing the interest which each now found in either's character. Deep souls, so bright as theirs, were, in their communion, like two capacious mirrors hung opposite to each other in some stately hall; one developed in the other a profoundness before unseen, and every succeeding moment was marked by some deeper reflection. Charming, too, was the mirthfulness and gay prattle of their more frolic mood. It is well, no doubt, that sagacious people should talk sagely; but never can two persons of real intellect thoroughly appreciate and love one another's minds till they have seen the complexion of each other's foolery. People's sense is much the same thing; it is the cast of their nonsense that infallibly distinguishes the blockhead from the genius.

One afternoon they were in the drawing-room together; Clarendon was leaning down at a small table in the corner, examining with a microscope some medals which had been copied by the new galvanic process; Miss Paulet was standing at the other side of the room; when the agent, or man of business whom we before spoke of as Miss Paulet's trustee, came in. A screen in front of Mr. Clarendon prevented his being seen. "Miss Mary," said he, "your father was inquiring to-day about your property, and I contrived to satisfy him without fibbing; so that he has no suspicion of the transfer which you have made to Mr. Clarendon, who is also profoundly impressed with gratitude to his unknown relative."

Clarendon raised his head. The worthy man, who had gone on to the end of his sentence without regarding Miss Paulet's earnest signs and gestures to him to be silent, now comprehended the awful mistake he had made. He raised his hands with the air of a man contemplating some incurable calamity; and shaking his head, and muttering

something that sounded like "Good lack! good lack!" he retreated backwards across the room, and vanished through the door.

"Is it indeed so," said Mr. Clarendon advancing, "that you are the person to whom I am indebted for that wealth which alone gave me title to approach you?"

Miss Paulet was so overwhelmed with confusion, that she could not for some time speak. She at length whispered almost inaudibly, "I never meant that you should know it. But if I have wounded your pride, pardon it, as a proof of my love."

Mr. Clarendon was silent for a moment.

"Splendid, admirable being!" he exclaimed. "Can you deem that my pride would be humbled, by my being inferior, nay wholly beholden, to a surpassing excellence like thine? know, that there is no higher flight of my fortunes possible than that which brought me up to your feet. It is the most high-soared honour of my soul to be thy worshipper. This only is the pride, boast and glory of my life, that I am wholly subjected by thee."

He kneeled before her, and pressing her hand to his lips, said, "You have my love; accept my boundless gratitude!"

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THE TWO BRIDALS; OR, THE LOVERS' WALK.

A LEGEND OF CRAVEN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY

IN the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of the Craven Hills, is a noble mansion and domain, to which the "pride which apes humility" of the original possessors has given the somewhat lowly appellation of Arnolds-biggin. The house is constructed in the cumbrous style of architecture, prevalent in the sixteenth century, and its peaked roof, clustered chimneys, and heavy casements, still remain in all their original quaintness; while the deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring river, still washes three sides of the half-castellated building. During the civil wars, this mansion became one of the strongholds of the Parliamentary forces, and its ancient defences were often put in requisition by the Roundhead partisans. But the chief interest which now attaches to Arnolds-biggin is connected with a tradition of gentler passions. On the borders of the domain, and forming a partial boundary between it and the adjoining grounds of Mearley Park, is still to be seen a curious avenue, some two hundred feet in length. The branches of the trees have been so interlaced as to form an impervious covering resembling an arched roof, while thick walls of privet which seem to be the growth of centuries present an impenetrable barrier on either side. The entrance is so arranged that only by a winding path which compels the visitor to return several times upon his own steps, can it be explored; and nature appears to have fulfilled the design of the original projector by the luxuriant growth of this singular greenwood bower. It is known in the neighbourhood by the name of "The Lovers' Walk," and the tale connected with it, like all those which owe their preservation to tradition, is one of melancholy interest.

Arnold of Arnolds-biggin was a man of strong passions and unbending prejudices. His nearest neighbour, Sir Charles Nowell, of Mearley Park, had been from infancy until the period of the civil wars, his nearest and dearest friend. They had been playmates in childhood, classmates in college, companions in early manhood, and, as both married at nearly the same time, they had retired to their respective estates, hoping that a similarity of tastes and habits, during the remainder of their lives, would cement their long-continued friendship. But the sentiment which had survived the variable season of youth was destined to perish in the troubled atmosphere of political discord. The civil war severed alike the ties of kindred and the bonds of affection, and when the difficulties between King Charles and his parliament broke out

into open hostilities, Mr. Arnold took part with the latter, while his friend arrayed himself on the side of loyalty. It happened, on several occasions, that the friends met in the opposing ranks of the two armies, and, more than once, the hands which had so often been clasped in kindness, wielded the weapons of mutual destruction. But Sir Charles could not forget the past, and he shrunk from a personal contest with his early companion, while Arnold, losing all remembrance of former affection in the bitterness of party spirit, seemed to take pleasure in confronting, and even in seeking the life of his adversary. Indeed, he proved the truth of the maxim that "there is no enemy so much to be dreaded as an estranged friend," for, when the success of the parliament had placed Cromwell at the head of the government, a large portion of the confiscated estate of Sir Charles Nowell became the reward of Mr. Arnold's services to the dominant party, while the original owner escaped with difficulty into France. But as the Usurpation had impoverished Sir Charles for the benefit of his former friend, so the Restoration reversed the order of things; and not only did Mearley revert to its former owner, but also, some of the finest crops on the Arnold estate were obliged to be sold to pay the heavy fine by which alone the Roundhead partisan purchased indemnity for past offences.

From that period, Mr. Arnold, disgusted and mortified, remained in strict seclusion at Arnolds-biggin, indulging those moody and discontented feelings which the change in his circumstances might be supposed to excite. Stern, cold, and vindictive, he cherished the most implacable hatred against Sir Charles Nowell, and even prohibited any of the domestics from entering that part of the grounds which bordered on Mearley Park, lest they should encounter some member of the detested family. Sir Charles, actuated by very different impulses, vainly endeavoured to soften his obduracy by acts of neighbourly kindness, until the fierce anger of his former friend compelled him to desist from all further attempts. The wide difference which now existed between their fortunes, probably tended to increase the bitterness of feeling with which Mr. Arnold regarded him. Basking in the smiles of court favour, Sir Charles rapidly acquired wealth and honour, while a numerous family of stately sons and fair daughters filled his home with happiness. Arnold, on the contrary, had been impoverished by both parties, for his landed estate had been mortgaged to aid the necessities of the parliament, while the large fine levied

upon him by the court had seriously impaired the value of his property. Domestic misfortunes were also added to pecuniary difficulties. Of all his children none survived their infancy except the youngest daughter, and when the death of his wife—the only being whom he still seemed to love—broke the single tie which connected him with the world, he gave himself up to gloom and misanthropy. On his daughter he seemed to bestow no affection. The sons, who could have perpetuated the name, and perhaps retrieved the fortunes of the family, had gone down to an early grave, and he took little heed of the feeble girl whose existence had cost him the life of her mother.

Left entirely to the guidance of servants, Alice Arnold had grown up in ignorance of much which should be early instilled in the minds of youth. Her impulses were pure and good, but the truthfulness of her character had suffered from the want of early moral culture. Timid even to a fault, reserved and cautious beyond her years, she had learned to conceal every feeling from the stern eye of her father, and while she had little affection for him, the fear of his anger was sufficiently powerful to destroy all the simplicity and frankness of youth. All meekness and respect in her deportment towards him, she yet shrunk from his presence with dislike, and the dissimulation which enabled her to hide such a feeling from his view, became only too habitual. His prohibition of any pleasure was sufficient to make her wilful spirit determine on its enjoyment, and hence it was that her favourite and daily walk in childhood was ever to the borders of the forbidden domain of Mearley.

As Alice approached the years of womanhood, she became keenly sensible of the irksomeness of her secluded life. She pined for companionship, and felt that weariness of heart which can alone find repose in sympathy and affection. It was at this juncture that an incidental meeting with the son of her father's hated neighbour, gave a colouring to her whole future life. Charles Nowell, the youngest of his father's family, had just returned from France, where he had remained several years for the completion of his education, and it happened, that during one of Alice Arnold's clandestine visits to the pleached walk which bordered Mearley Park, he had listened to the snatches of old songs which she warbled with exquisite sweetness. Curiosity led him to behold the maiden whose voice possessed such magic tones, and the delicate beauty upon which he gazed unseen, completed the conquest of the ardent youth. He sought an opportunity of addressing her, and soon found that she took no part in her father's inveterate hostility. Indeed, his presence seemed to cast a ray of sudden sunshine on the path of the lonely girl; she yielded to the pleasure which it afforded her, without the slightest regard to her parent's wishes, and she did not hesitate to enter into a secret correspondence with the handsome young student, even before the plea of affection could be

offered in excuse of her folly. Both were young, warm-hearted, and affectionate, and who can doubt the result of these frequent meetings in the green-wood bower—meetings made still more dangerous by the consciousness that they were prohibited—would be a first and passionate love?

But Charles Nowell was too highminded to dissemble any thing with his father. He had no fears of his displeasure, for he well knew that even deserved rebuke fell gently from the lips of paternal love, and he therefore determined frankly to confide in him, and obtain his consent and assistance. Sir Charles listened to the tale with deep interest, but not with joy. He had little hope of seeing his son prosper in his suit, for none knew better than himself the obdurate and vindictive feeling which lurked in the breast of Mr. Arnold. Yet willing to do all in his power for their happiness, and despising the idea of secrecy, he determined to seek an interview with his former friend, trusting that a personal appeal would not be disregarded. Accordingly, Sir Charles took his unwonted way to Arnolds-beggin, and was immediately admitted to the presence of its master. Years had passed since the estranged friends had thus stood face to face, and strange was the contrast now between those who had set out in life together. The broad open forehead, the ruddy cheek, the placid countenance of Sir Charles Nowell, told of a heart at peace with itself and with all mankind, and he could not but look sorrowfully upon the furrowed brow, the fallow visage, and the hollow eye of the man of evil fortunes and malignant passions. With a calmness, utterly at variance with his flashing glance and bent brow, Mr. Arnold demanded the cause of this unusual visit. He listened, in perfect silence, to the tale which Sir Charles came to tell, but when it was finished, and he raised his head, the blood upon his writhing lip showed by how severe a physical effort he had repressed the fierce word and the vindictive reply. Ringing a silver bell which stood on his table he desired a servant to request the presence of his daughter. At the sight of the strange guest, Alice started and grew deadly pale, while her father, fixing his stern eyes on her face, questioned her of the truth of the communication he had just received. Deceived by his forced calmness, and emboldened by the presence of Sir Charles, Alice timidly acknowledged her meeting with the youth, and if she did not confess, she at least did not deny, her affection for him. The brow of the stern old man became black as night as he listened to her reply. Starting from his seat in an excess of ungovernable rage, he inflicted a blow upon the trembling girl which felled her to the floor, then thrusting Sir Charles rudely aside, as he sprang towards her,—“Begone, sir,” he exclaimed, “begone—lest I forget the sacred character of guest, and summon my menials to drive you from my door. Begone, and take with you my answer;—Rather would I consign that feeble and foolish girl to the keeping of death, than give her

to one of your hated race; you have seen me punish her disobedience with a blow, and remember, that were she to carry that disobedience one step farther—were she to wed without my will, the grave should be her bridal bed. Go—if we ever meet again, it must be as we met at Naseby—with swords in our hands, and a turf winding-sheet beneath our feet.”

The good nature of Sir Charles was not proof against such insult, and though he mastered the impulse that led him to lay his hand upon his sword, yet all his pity for the senseless maiden could not prevent him from vowing that no son of his should wed the child of that vindictive enemy. He bore the tidings to the youthful lover, only concealing from him the personal ill treatment which Alice had suffered from the hands of her father, lest a sense of her sufferings should exasperate him into attempting to rescue her from his power, and he bade him resign all further thoughts of a union which would now suit Sir Charles as little as it did Mr. Arnold.

But

“He who would stay a stream with sand
Or fetter fire with flaxen band,
Has still a harder task to prove,
By strong resolve to conquer love.”

Charles Nowell felt himself totally unequal to the task which his father had imposed on him. The image of Alice with her fair face and soft eyes was ever before him, and the thought of her timid and sensitive spirit shrinking before a parent's stern displeasure filled him with agony. In vain he sought access to the sorrowing maiden. Condemned to the seclusion of her own apartment, carefully guarded from all those who were supposed to be her especial friends, and watched by the keen eyes of her obdurate father, as he supposed, there was little hope of comforting her anguished heart by his sympathy and affection. He little knew that Alice was stretched upon a bed of suffering with death watching at her pillow. He little knew that she had been brought to the very portals of the tomb by the cruel blow which fell from her father's hand. It may be that the old man felt some of the “late remorse of love” as he gazed on the pallid features of his only child, and remembered that if the grave closed over her in her young beauty, her blood would rest upon his head. It may be that a feeling of long-forgotten tenderness awoke within his bosom as he thought of her who had given her life to purchase this gentle child whom he had so neglected and misprized. Certain it is that, when her disease was driven back, and the faint hue of returning health tinged her thin cheek, he seemed to have forgotten, or, at least, forgiven her offence. He uttered no reproaches for the past, he exacted no promises for the future, he treated her with unwonted kindness, but—*he did not cease to watch her every movement.*

From the moment when Alice awakened from

the deep swoon into which she had fallen at her father's feet, a sense of deep and inexpiable injury took possession of her mind. Her former dread was converted into something resembling hatred, and she shuddered at his look and voice as if there were a serpent's sting in both. It was long before she regained health and strength enough to breathe once more the fresh air, and wander amid the old oak coppices which were the pride of Arnolds-biggin. She had no doubt in the faith of her lover, but she feared lest he should have been removed from Mearley, and she sought out some device by which to convey to him a token of her affectionate fidelity. Chance favoured her wishes, and in despite of her father's watchfulness, a letter breathing the very soul of tenderness was exchanged between them. Her plan now was fixed; she determined to affect returning cheerfulness, and, if possible, to deceive her father into the belief that she had relinquished all hope and even all desire of again beholding her lover. Occupying herself with her birds and flowers, she seemed once more the quiet thoughtful maiden, such as she had been wont to appear to her father's sight. The old man was as unsuspecting as he was obdurate. He knew nothing of the strength of the gentler passions, and he felt no surprise that love should seem but as a transient dream to his gentle daughter. He fancied that his fearful anger had wrought its proper effect upon her mind, and being accustomed to behold his tyrannical will continually obeyed, it did not appear to him at all strange that Alice should have subdued a girlish inclination when he had forbidden its indulgence. Thrown quite off his guard, he relaxed his vigilant watch, and when he learned that Charles Nowell had been seen on the road to London, many miles distant from his home, he permitted her to wander alone and unmolested whither her fancy led. This was all the young lovers had desired. Again they met in the “Lovers' Walk,”—again they exchanged vows of mutual tenderness, and when Alice related the tale of past cruelty and suffering, the warm-hearted Charles instantly proposed a clandestine marriage as the only means of rescuing her from the tyranny of a parent. Alice had few scruples to overcome in acceding to her lover's wishes. She knew little and cared less for the laws of maidenly decorum, and she had no sense of duty to restrain her from such an act of disobedience. She forgot the evils to which such an union must expose her lover, and with her father's curse yet ringing in her ears, and a father's anger as her only marriage gift, she consented to become his bride.

It was just at the sunset of a lovely day in autumn that Alice stole quietly from her apartment. Attired in a simple robe of snowy white, her bright locks bound with a silken fillet, she looked like some “fairy creature of the elements,” so fair, so pale, so delicate was her appearance. Every thing was clothed in the golden hues of that gorgeous hour, and the very leaves which fell rustling from the changing trees flashed like gems in the

rich light of sunset. Alice involuntarily paused as she reached the entrance of the "Lovers' Walk." All without was full of cheerful light, while within, beneath that over-arching canopy of faded foliage, reigned a dim and sombre twilight; for even at midday the sunbeams scarcely struggled through the closely twined branches; and now, the slant rays which gilded the woods and hills, flung no radiance into the secluded path. The melancholy shadow into which she was entering seemed almost like an omen of future ill, and it was not until her lover's dark eyes "made sunshine in the midst of shade," that she could feel sufficiently reassured to proceed. A priest from a distant parish had been procured, and there, without the presence of one supporting friend—with the greenwood bough above them, instead of the vaulted dome—kneeling on the grassy turf instead of the silken hassock, in the face of Heaven and not before the holy altar, were the marriage vows pronounced. But the ring, the symbol of eternal union, had been forgotten, and one which Alice had long worn as her only ornament, was substituted in its stead. The bride shuddered as the hand of her lover placed it on her finger for such a purpose. It was her mother's mourning ring, and the emblems of mortality enamelled upon its golden circle were ill suited to a bridal. Hurriedly was the solemn ceremony concluded; for the safety of all parties rendered immediate separation necessary. With a fervent embrace, a passionate kiss of mingled rapture and pain, the youthful bridegroom parted from her whom he scarce dared believe to be his own for ever. "To-morrow, sweet love," he whispered, "to-morrow at this same hour we meet again, then shalt thou bid adieu for ever to the home of thy early and thy saddest years."

They parted. With the breath of the marriage vow yet warm upon their lips, and the kiss of wedded love yet thrilling in the hearts of both, they *parted*;—and, *they never met again!*

In company with the priest, Charles Nowell pursued the road which led to the town of ———, on the outskirts of which they separated, and the bridegroom retraced his steps towards Mearley Park. But his way led along a little footbridge which crossed the river Aire; the night was dark, and a tempest which had arisen as night closed in, had swollen the waters of the usually quiet stream. When morning broke, the body of the unfortunate youth was found floating, stark and stiff, on the turbid river. The burial followed fearfully close upon the bridal, and Alice was the wife and the widow of a single hour!

Five years had passed away since the fatal hour which made Alice Arnold a widowed bride. Five years of seclusion and sorrow and concealment, for amid all her woe she had carefully hidden within her own breast the secret of her clandestine marriage. The priest had died in his distant parish soon after the young bridegroom had fallen a victim to his evil destiny, and Alice believed that

there existed not one human witness of that long past scene in the "Lovers' Walk." Time had brought its solace to her changeful feelings. The remembrance of her early love had become to her but as a painful dream, for Alice had bestowed her affections upon another, and was *again a bride*. But not now in the loneliness of the twilight hour, and in the dim aisles of the greenwood path did she pledge her faith and troth. The old walls of Arnolds-beggin rung with the sounds of feasting, and the light of many a taper illumined the gloomy apartments in which were met the friends of the Arnold family, and those of him to whom Alice had given her hand—the son of Cromwell's dearest friend—John Lambert of Calton Hall. The formal puritanism of the Old Roundhead party had given way before the torrent of gaiety and licentiousness which swept over the land, and in the swashing gallants and painted dames who graced the nuptials, few traces of the straitlaced propriety of former times could be found.

It was a gay bridal, in despite of the stern and now imbecile old man who stalked among the company like a personification of time or mortality, marrying the mirth of all among whom he paused. It was a gay bridal in despite of the changing cheek and troubled glances of the bride. It was a gay bridal, and music lent its charms to enliven the hearts of all, yet in the midst of it, a sound like the rustle of the evening breeze amid the dried leaves of autumn—the sound which had mingled with the voice of the priest and the responses of the betrothed in the Lovers' Walk—ever came upon the ear of the bride, and the accents of mirth seemed to her troubled fancy blended with a whisper of death. Was it an echo of the past or a presentiment of the future which thus thrilled her soul with dread? Why did she feel as she looked upon her unsullied robes of virgin white, that the funeral pall would ere long be spread before the wedding guests? The consciousness of wrong had made her a prophetess. She had deceived the trust of a faithful and loving heart, and she felt that the sin of thus appearing before God to take the vows of fidelity to one whom her silence had already deceived, would not go unpunished. The shadow of coming ill was indeed upon her path, and it seemed to be her destiny ever to find the cypress bough twined with a nuptial wreath. Ere the morning light dawned upon the gay assemblage, the aged father of the bride—the imbecile old man who had long seemed rather to belong to the world of spirits than to the beings of this world—had yielded up the breath which was all that remained to him of life, and Alice arose from the bridal bed to look upon her father's bier.

Yet slight had this grief been to one who felt little of a daughter's love, had it not been for the consequences which resulted from it. Mr. Arnold's sudden death rendered an immediate examination of his effects and papers necessary. This duty devolved upon Alice and her husband, and faithfully was it performed. One morning they

sat together, lovingly and cheerfully, in the library at Arnolds-bigin, engaged in overlooking the contents of a worm-eaten cabinet which for many years had occupied a nook in the old hall. Old deeds, letters, whose faded characters were no longer legible, memoranda of military orders, and old account books were laughingly tossed aside by the gay searchers, until at length an unseen spring, accidentally touched, revealed a secret drawer. One single paper, whose snow-white hue contrasted strongly with the time-stained colour of those on the table before them, lay within the drawer. Both Alice and her husband, in their gaiety of spirit grasped the paper at the same instant—the eyes of both fell simultaneously upon the fatal contents—and the next moment the wretched Alice lay senseless on the floor. It was the certificate of marriage between Charles Nowell and Alice Arnold! How came it there? If such a paper existed it ought to have been found on the person of the bridegroom when drawn from the cruel waters. It was mystery all—a deep and as it seemed guilty mystery. One thing alone seemed clear. *He who had so long possessed the only testimony of the secret marriage must have known but too much of the untimely fate which doomed the newly wedded husband to a watery grave!*

Alice recovered from her long and death-like swoon, but it was only to learn that she was henceforth to be distrusted, and condemned by him whom she really loved. “I could have forgiven

your early indiscretion, Alice,” said the husband, mournfully, “I could have forgiven your clandestine marriage, and loved you not the less; but I cannot forget the false-heartedness which led you to conceal the error of your youth by the dissimulation of your later years. No, rather would I take to my arms the foul and spotted leper than her whose falsehood has tainted for ever the honour of womanhood. Henceforth we must be as strangers to each other.” He kept his word. Alice lived beneath his roof, but entirely estranged from sight and speech of her husband, who, withdrawing from all the active pursuits of life, devoted himself to the study of painting, and that he might have no temptation to indulge in idle conversation he employed a deaf mute to grind his colours, admitting no one else into his apartment. His eccentric habits won for his neglected wife the pity of many, while to none did he ever reveal the true cause of his estrangement. Alice dragged on a miserable existence in “helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart,” and it was not until her bright locks were braided with many a silver thread that she was relieved from the weary burden of existence.

NOTE.—The incidents upon which the foregoing tale is founded are to be found in Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven, but the curious reader would perhaps be puzzled to recognize the original legend in its present form.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

OR, THE HAPPY CHOICE.

A Tale,

BY JOSEPH I. MATTHIAS.

CHAPTER I.

"It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."—SHAKESPEARE.

The majestic king of light had descended from his meridian throne, and was just going down behind a tissue gathering of fairy tinted clouds that lay in golden clusters upon the western horizon, while his last faint, but still brilliant rays, flashed upon the glittering waters of the Schuylkill.

Tracing the margin of a thick-set forest, were two fair young girls, each with an arm clasping her companion's slender waist, and each bearing a basket filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers. The gentle breeze played sportively with their silken ringlets that flowed in graceful disorder from beneath small, neat "gipsies," and their laughing eyes sparkled with innate delight. To have gazed upon those bright faces, one would have readily imagined that their's was a life over which no cloud had passed to dim the bright hallucinations of their fleeting hours. No care was there, no doubt or misgiving, but all was fair and calm as the polished surface of the silvery waters that glided on before them. After wandering over the green lawn until they were nigh exhausted through their unusual exertion, they suddenly paused beneath the branches of a cluster of beautiful trees, whose leafy boughs appeared, like pyramids of light, as they caught and reflected back the rays of the setting sun.

"Is it not beautiful, Emma?" exclaimed one of the girls, with enthusiasm, as her sparkling eye met the glittering landscape.

"A resplendent view indeed, Ellen!" replied Emma, laying her basket upon the green turf, and seating herself beside it.

"Do you know, Emma, that such beautiful scenes always give me what you are pleased to denominate the '*romantics*.' Now, methinks, I could dwell forever in that little, neat, white cottage you see yonder on that cliff—there—just where old Sol is about to cast his last lingering rays, ere he sinks into a temporary oblivion beneath that gaudy envelope."

"Delightful," said Emma.

"Enchanting!" cried the romantic Ellen, while her countenance glowed with all the ardor inspired by so glorious a scene.

"Indeed, Ellen, you are two enthusiastic. The view, I grant, is charming. But how

much more so would it be were there the the frowning turrets of some ancient castle, or the glittering spires, domes and palaces of a Venice to add to the picture—"

"Really! pray who is the enthusiast now, Miss Emma?" said the laughing Ellen. "But, seriously, to my fancy there is more beauty, grandeur and magnificence in that sweet cottage, tresselled with the creeping vine and honeysuckle, than in all the palaces that ever graced your famous city."

"Mr. Stanley's opinion, I suppose," replied Emma, ironically; "it is well enough for him who never deems to rise above the common grade of a mechanic, to instil such ideas into a too susceptible mind."

"Emma!" replied Ellen, the indignant blood suffusing her flushed features, "Edmund Stanley is an honest man, and as such should be entitled at least to the respect of Emma Barton!"

"Nay, Ellen, I thought not to offend you—or to speak disrespectful of Mr. Stanley—"

"Why, then, that scornful expression! Edmund is not, I grant, one of those flippant, fawning, insignificant coxcombs, whose silly protestations are no more to be valued than the passing gale—but he is a candid, sincere, and sensible man, whose occupation, instead of lessening, should elevate him in the opinion of all, even including your own fair self."

"Well, well, Emma, I wish you all the success imaginable. And may you long continue to be thus ready to espouse young Stanley's cause."

"It matters not, Emma—I will no more be trifled with, nor—"

"Come, come, Ellen, cast aside that unbecoming frown. If what I have uttered has displeased you, I am sorry for it," and she gently put back the glossy ringlets of her companion, and affectionately kissed her snowy brow.

"It is all forgiven," replied Ellen, as she returned the fond caress, "but you cannot blame me, Emma, that I am thus sensitive. You are aware that to Edmund Stanley my vows were long since plighted, and, if Providence permits, next Christmas we will be united. Edmund's circumstances are now in a flourishing condition, and by that time will warrant the step we have decided upon."

"Well, Ellen, I was too hasty—rash, it may be—and, for the future, will avoid a repetition of the offence. But look—the sun has entirely sank, and the shades of night are gathering around us. Let us return."

"Willingly," answered Ellen, and they took up their baskets, adjusted their "gipsies," and were soon wending their way through the busy thoroughfares of the city toward their respective residences.

Ellen Harvey and Emma Barton were the only daughters of gentlemen in moderate circumstances, or families who made a "genteel appearance." Almost from infancy had they been associates—indeed, so inseparable did they appear, that they were generally recognized under the appellation of "the sisters." Their friendship was of too ardent a character to admit of any secondary influence, and their entire confidence was mutual.

Notwithstanding their terms of intimacy, the several dispositions of these happy beings were entirely opposite. Emma Barton was excessively fond of making a display, and affecting a show of wealth, which was entirely inconsistent with her father's pecuniary affairs; and nothing gratified her vanity more than to be made an object of attention for some score of those would-be fashionable exquisites, who generally make it a point to force their invidious presence into the social circles of society. However fallacious, this propensity appeared in Emma almost inherent. On the contrary, Ellen Harvey was a modest, unassuming creature, who made no effort to court the society of any save those for whom her feelings dictated a stronger regard than those actuated by the mere formalities which outward forms and ceremonies purport. Even in days of childhood, she had bestowed her young affections on the companion of her school days, Edmund Stanley—and while Ellen was ever happy in the undivided attention of Edmund, Emma was never satisfied unless she could deem herself the possessor of half the hearts in the school-room. In fact, even in those days, she was decidedly a young coquette, the torment of the boys, and the envy of her own sex, save and except her sincere friend Ellen Harvey. Thus passed their early years—on Emma's part, in one continual and varied round of flirtation—on that of Ellen's, constancy and devotion. It is almost needless to add that this "early love" suffered no diminution as she advanced farther into the vale of years, but what was then deemed but merely a preference of juvenile prejudice, was now the undoubted and unconcealed love of "sixteen."

Edmund Stanley was the only son of a poor, yet very respectable and much esteemed old gentleman, who had once occupied a high station in the mercantile world, but owing to unfortunate speculations, and other imprudent investments of his effects, he had become utterly impoverished. After Edmund had left school, his father placed him in charge of a valued friend, a printer, with whom he made rapid advancement in that difficult and justly honored art. At the period of our story, Edmund had been out of his apprenticeship about three years, and during that time, by means of industry, perseverance and fru-

gality, had managed to save sufficient to start him in a "business for himself." He had determined, with the acquiescence of Ellen, that it would add greatly to his interest if he were a married man, besides, as he often jocosely remarked, he thought that "two heads were better than one," and accordingly the 25th of December was decided upon as their wedding day. How far correct our young friends were in this very sage conclusion, we leave to the decision of our fair readers.

In a neat, retired street, in one of the most beautiful districts of Philadelphia, stood two splendid three-story brick edifices, and thither, as the great State House bell tolled the hour of eight, came Ellen and Emma, returning from their delightful afternoon stroll. With an affectionate embrace, and mutual assurance of meeting on the morrow, they parted.

CHAPTER II.

"Until our hearts have twin'd,
Roots, fibres, leaves, and all."

* * * * *

—"We met and parted."

It was the birth-night of Emma Barton. Her parental domain was brilliantly illuminated, sweet strains of music swept by upon the wind, mingled with sounds of joyous revelry. It was Emma's last party in Philadelphia. Her father had engaged in a lucrative business in one of the most thriving villages in the northern part of Pennsylvania, and the succeeding day the Barton family were to take leave of the city for their new home.

That night, while all other hearts were filled with mirth in the enjoyment of the festive scene, Ellen Harvey sat silent and abstracted, while even the presence of Edmund Stanley could not banish the sad and melancholy reflections that held possession of her ingenuous mind. Her friend, the companion of her youthful hours of pleasure, the sympathetic soother of her infantile sorrows, was about to bid her a long, perhaps a last farewell. She rose from her seat, and passed to an open window that she might imbibe the cool air, as she felt an almost suffocating sensation. The genial breeze, redolent with the perfumes of sweet flowers from the garden, gradually allayed the feverish pulsation that oppressed her, when she was aroused from her listless attitude by the anxious voice of Emma.

"Are you unwell?" she inquired, in a tremulous tone.

"No! that is—I am better," replied Ellen, as she looked up into the face of her friend. Emma understood her feelings, and the big tear trembled in her eye.

"Come, Ellen," said Emma, with deep emotion, "let us join the company, or we will be observed," and she gently took her arm, and led the unresisting Ellen to a seat in the centre of the room.

"Miss Bartwon!" at this moment chimed in a young exquisite, the lengthened locks of whose very ample cranium shone with "Macassar," and whose dialect bordered on the ridiculous, "Miss Bartwon, fawvor the cwompany with the wevy great pleasure of atwending to one of those twanscendwently sublime airs which you quoite rarely condescwend to perform in your magnificwnt voice!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared out a little urchin, who, till this moment, had sat very quietly in a corner, engaged in the agreeable task of testing his organs of mastication upon a huge pile of unshelled nuts.

The exquisite looked aghast, as he had just paused to listen for the murmur of approbation which he supposed would take place, as a matter of course, on his giving vent to so astonishing a burst of eloquence, when the little fat, chubby-cheeked fellow gave vent also to his feelings in his own peculiar manner. The child was forthwith ejected, but what it was that so tickled his young fancy, none of the company could divine, as none cared to question him. Be this as it may, they all appeared mightily pleased, save and except the exquisite, who looked very demure, and so many thought the child *might* have been thinking of *him*.

However, the request was immediately seconded by others in a less ostentatious manner, and Emma rose in compliance, and took her seat at the piano. After lightly passing her taper fingers over the keys, she sang a sweet and popular air. As her clear rich voice gave utterance to the music of the song, her feelings seemed in unison, and she rose from the piano amid a general murmur of delight.

"Will Miss Harvey favor the company with one of her choice?" politely asked a young gentleman.

Ellen hesitated.

"O, do—do sing, Miss Harvey!" echoed several young ladies.

Edmund Stanley rose from a seat beside Ellen, and replied—

"Miss Harvey, ladies and gentlemen, is somewhat indisposed this evening—she is therefore compelled to cast herself upon your generosity—at some future period, she will be most happy to oblige."

"Only one!" urged a young lady.

Emma approached at this moment and whispered—

"Ellen, if it be possible, sing!"

"I will!" uttered Ellen, and she tremb-

ingly rose from her seat, supported by Edmund, who cast no very approving glance toward that quarter of the room whence issued the last request, succeeding his apology. She seated herself, and commenced, "The Light of other Days," and ere she had completed the first stanza, she became visibly agitated—she paused—again commenced—her voice faltered—her hand fell from the keys, and she wept!

Edmund was instantly at her side. He gently led her to the open recess, where the invigorating breeze played upon her pale brow. When she had revived, the company dispersed—and the friends were alone. Sweet is the communion when kindred spirits meet—equally bitter when arrives the parting moment.

The next morning, at an early hour, the Barton family took their departure from the city, and many a lingering look did Emma cast behind, as she reluctantly left the domicile where she had enjoyed so many happy hours. Ellen witnessed their departure, and then retired to the solitude of her chamber, there to indulge in those feelings which no tongue can utter, or heart can feel, save those who have been placed in a situation akin to her's.

* * * * *

The 25th of December arrived, and Ellen Harvey became the wife of him she loved so well. Edmund had rented a small, neat house in V—— street, and caused it to be very genteely furnished. His business affairs, which before his marriage had been in a very prosperous condition, now became doubly so, and far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. He had already made arrangements for "building a house of his own," and one cold, blustering night, himself and Ellen were seated in their little parlour, beside a cheerful coal fire, discussing the probable benefits that would arise therefrom, when a little son of ebony thrust his sable visage into the room, holding in his hand a letter.

"What have you there, Sam?" inquired Edmund, mildly.

"Lettar!—Missus Stanbey!"

"Is it possible that the post can be out to-night?"

"Yes, massa! he be so cold he almos froze brack!"

Edmund took the letter, looked at the superscription, and handed it to Ellen. He then gave the boy the sum marked as postage.

"Invite him in Sam, that he may warm himself. Poor fellow! he must be almost perished."

"Yes, massa! it be too cold for little nigger! ha! ha!" chuckled Sam, as he closed the door.

Ellen opened the letter—it was from Emma

Barton—she gave it to Edmund, who read aloud:—

N—, Jan'y 20, 18—.

Dear, dear Ellen:—I received yours of the 1st inst., and was gratified to learn that you were "married, and doing well." I regret my not being present at the ceremony—indeed, I nearly cried with vexation, because father promised that I should visit the city a week before Christmas, but could not fulfil the promise on account of urgent business. We have delightful times here—such parties—such balls—and then such company. O! you would be fairly enchanted, if you were to spend a week with us. Now, if you could only persuade your "dear Edmund" to take a trip up to see us, I should be very happy. There are lots of beaux here—and a young planter, from the South, has just arrived in our little village, who has created quite a sensation—and I must confess he has some very commendable qualities; besides being handsome and accomplished, he has an immense fortune; he is very particular in his attentions at our house, and I think pretty well of him. My respects to all inquiring friends, and well wishes to your "dear Edmund."

Affectionately yours,

EMMA BARTON.

"Poor Emma!" said Ellen, as her husband closed the letter, "I fear she will yet engage in some luckless adventure, that will embitter all her days. I think we may infer that she is in love with the planter's fortune."

"Heaven forbid!" replied Edmund, "she has many frivolous frailties, but still a good heart."

"She has, indeed," added Ellen, "and it would grieve me if those frailties should lead her to the all-engulfing vortex of trouble."

"We will hope for the best!" said Edmund, and they resumed the conversation which the arrival of the letter had interrupted.

CHAPTER III.

"Poor flower!

So delicate and fragile in thy beauty,
The earliest blast that touched thee, blighted thee!"

In the aristocratic little town of N—, in the northern section of Pennsylvania, stood the mansion of Cornelius Barton, the respected sire of the light-hearted Emma.

It was night. Within that stately edifice, gracefully reclining upon a rich velvet ottoman, was the symmetrical form of the fair girl. Seated beneath the light of a magnificent chandelier, which hung suspended from the centre of the painted ceiling, his arm resting upon the marble surface of a beautiful pier table, and his hand clasping a richly embossed book, was the figure of a young gentleman of commanding appearance, reading

aloud the poetic effusions of a favorite bard, to which Emma appeared to listen with breathless attention.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed the thoughtless girl, as in a clear, rich, and almost feminine voice, he breathed forth the selected productions of the poet.

"They are indeed beautiful, my Emma!" he replied, as he softly laid the book upon the table, "and I know of none more so."

"None! can't think of none!" inquired Emma, as a shade of disappointment lingered for a moment upon her animated countenance.

"Yes! there is one!"

"Do—do recite it!" exclaimed Emma, as she rose from her couch, her beautiful features bright with eagerness. The young gentleman also arose, and with his arm circling her slender waist, and his hand clasped in her's, he gently led the unresisting girl to a rich tapestried window that looked upon a lawn redolent with rare exotics, whose trembling fibres glittered beneath the effulgent radiance of the queen of night.

"The subject is well illustrated before us," he said, "it is the lover describing to her who holds his heart in thralldom, the home to which, 'could love fulfil its prayers,' he would conduct her:

"A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate.

A palace, lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
In the midst of roses!"

* * * * *

Claudian Donay was a total stranger to the inhabitants of the town of N—, until a few weeks previous to the occurrence of the foregoing scene within the mansion of Mr. Barton. None knew his origin or his intentions, save from his own lips. In his manners he was polished and gentlemanly, in person dignified, yet full of grace—in fact, immediately on his arrival he was denominated by the belles of the town "a good-looking fellow." Many were the smiles lavished upon him by the young ladies, and many the kind glances

and sociable nods from ambitious mothers. He was decidedly the "lion" of the place—no evening company could be five minutes organized, ere Mr. Claudian Donay was the subject for discussion, and an inexhaustible theme it appeared to be. The young gentlemen frowned at this usurpation and monopoly, and the young ladies flirted.

Matters were in this very unenviable position, when Mr. Donay suddenly appeared to be very ardent in his devoirs to Miss Emma Barton, and it soon became whispered abroad that the "rich planter" and Emma were "engaged." Nor were these suppositions incorrect, as in less than two months succeeding Mr. Donay's appearance at N—, he led to Hymen's altar the fair Emma, a willing bride.

After the performance of the ceremony, and Mr. Barton had settled with his son-in-law his daughter's dowry, which was no inconsiderable sum, Mr. Donay announced his intention of leaving N—, for his "own home in the sunny South." With a light heart, Emma prepared to leave her parental home, for she had never even dreamed of her husband being aught else than what he appeared. Poor, deluded girl, she cared not for the future in the enjoyment of the ideal of her infatuated fancy.

After three days' journey, they arrived in the city of Baltimore, when Mr. Donay suddenly declared that he was compelled to take up a transient residence in that community, owing to urgent business which he was necessitated to transact. He engaged a room in one of the principal hotels, where Emma received every attention that a young bride could desire.

One afternoon, Emma was seated in their apartment, engaged in a favorite volume, when her husband entered, accompanied by a person whom he introduced as a very particular friend. Mr. Donay was very obsequious in his attentions to this individual. Emma wondered whom he could be, and why she had not seen him before, he being so valued an acquaintance. From her first impression, she formed an irresistible antipathy for this person, which it appeared impossible to eradicate. She knew that she had no obvious reason for this predisposition—it was a feeling natural, yet undefinable. She thought she perceived a coarse familiarity in him toward her husband—while Claudian appeared to be laboring under a restraint in his presence. It was evident the stranger had been falsely represented.

In a short time he took his leave, in a haughty and sarcastic manner; Emma questioned her husband concerning him, but his answers were altogether unsatisfactory and evasive. This was the first time he had ap-

peared unwilling to confide in his wife, and it deeply wounded the sensitive mind of the ingenuous Emma. Could her husband deceive her—was he aught else than what he appeared—were the interrogations which her feelings prompted, as she dwelt upon his recent conduct.

In the evening Claudian left her, saying he would return in an hour. Emma inquired not his destination, but when he had departed, she sat down to ruminate. While thus absorbed in meditation, a lady entered the apartment, and softly advancing, gently laid her hand upon her arm. Emma involuntarily started from her unconscious attitude, and gazed vacantly upon the intruder. Her wandering senses failed to recognize in the lady a very intimate acquaintance.

"Why, Mrs. Donay!" exclaimed the lady, in astonishment, "what has transpired to give rise to that melancholy countenance?"

"Nothing, my friend," said Emma, "methinks I must have been dreaming."

"Dreaming, indeed! 'Mark me! there's oft a prophecy in dreams!' So writes the poet, and who shall him gainsay. But come, Charles sent me to request your presence at a game of whist in our apartment."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Ball—Mr. Donay is not at home."

"Indeed! Well, then, it is business of some urgent import that forms the cause."

"Perhaps so!"

"Why, Mrs. Donay, your deal in enigmas, and fear to trust me with your confidence.—And yet, 'tis strange!"

"What is strange?"

"That Mr. Claudian Donay, who has been deemed an example for all good husbands, should so far forget himself as to leave his young bride in solitude."

At this moment they were interrupted by loud and apparently angry voices, proceeding from the street door, immediately beneath the chamber window.

"I tell you I must have the money!"

"Well, have but a little patience—"

"Patience! a man can't live on patience. No! you have carried on this game long enough—I must either have the money, or you go—" the words were lost in the distance.

Emma stood horror-struck—cold drops of perspiration hung upon her marble brow—her cheek turned to a livid, deathly hue—a convulsive spasm agitated her slight frame, as she wildly exclaimed:

"Have I been deceived? Sure it was Claudian's voice. I—his wife—it were impossible that I should mistake it! No! I could not! O, my father, would that I had never left thee!"

The chamber door opened, and Claudian

Donay stood within the room. His flushed face, glaring eyes, and staggering pace denoted a victim to the demon of intemperance. With a blaspheming curse, he fell reeling to the floor!

Agitated and bewildered, Mrs. Ball called loudly for assistance. The apartment was immediately thronged with anxious countenances, inquiring the cause of this unusual commotion—but it needed no explanation, the insensible form of Emma, and the intoxicated Claudian, was ample.

Again brought to a consciousness of her situation, Emma prepared herself to abide the result of the coming disclosure. There was a settled look of deep, melancholy despair upon her countenance, mingled with a spirit of determination. Her chamber being again vacant, she sat silently brooding over her misfortune.

Early the ensuing morning, the landlord of the hotel sent up a "notice to quit." Emma quietly received the message, and patiently awaited until her husband should awake from his drunken stupor. Bitter were the reflections that occupied her thoughts. How happy had she been to have taken Ellen Harvey's advice!

Claudian rose about eight o'clock, and Emma silently laid within his hand the landlord's notice. He glanced at the paper—a scornful expression passed over his features, and without uttering a word, he took up his hat, and left the room.

For full two hours Emma had been anxiously awaiting her husband's return, when, from her chamber window, she perceived a carriage drive rapidly towards the hotel, suddenly halt at the street door, and a lady and gentleman alight. The next moment she heard her own name pronounced by a voice whose sweet, familiar sound had ever been to her a messenger of comfort. Light footsteps were heard ascending the staircase—the chamber door opened—and "the friends" were locked in a fond, affectionate embrace.

Happy, indeed, was the meeting of the long estranged Ellen and Emma. Edmund had received information that Emma had taken up a transient residence in Baltimore, and having a desire to visit the "monumental city," he thought this a delightful opportunity, and one which would afford the greatest satisfaction to his affectionate wife.

Emma confided all her anxieties and troubles to Ellen, and found in her the same sweet fount of sympathy that had soothed her early sorrows.

The day and night passed, and still Mr. Donay was absent. Early the ensuing morning Edmund went out—but soon returned, with a morning newspaper, from which he read aloud:

"**Abandoned.**—Mr. Claudian Donay, alias Norton, suddenly decamped from the Hotel yesterday morning, and has not since been heard of. We learn that he was recognized yesterday, seated in the stage coach for ——. Doubtless, 'gone to Texas!'"

Emma listened to the paragraph with the deepest emotion. No cry of anguish spoke of her internal agony, as she piously murmured, "God's will be done!"

"Come, Emma," said Ellen, whilst a tear stole down her cheek, "we may now hope for happier days."

"No, Ellen," she replied, calmly, "the bright hours of my existence have passed—the remainder are left me for repentance. Had I early embraced the precepts of my friend, I had indeed been happy."

Emma immediately wrote to her father, and made known her situation. Edmund kindly invited her to accompany them to Philadelphia, as her depressed health would not admit of stage travelling—she gratefully accepted the offer, and returned to the city of her birth. But, alas, the familiar scenes of her childhood she had ceased to think of, but as objects that early glittered upon her path of life, even as the meteor substance of a dream. Daily, nay, hourly, she pined away, notwithstanding the affectionate attentions of the devoted Ellen. The bloom fled from her cheek, and her pale, wan, spectre-like features were but the shadows of her former self. Her father arrived, and with heart-rending anguish recognized in that emaciated form, all that remained of his beloved child. But her sufferings were short, even as had been her joys, and the grave was soon destined to close upon all her sorrows. The canker-worm of mental disease had destroyed the vitals of her existence, and in the spring-day of her being, she sank a victim to the erroneous and deplored opinion of the happiness of this brief life consisting in the world's wealth.

Kensington, 1842.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"*En quelque lieu que soit cette figure adorable, quelque corps qui la porte, quelque main qui l'ait faite, elle aura tous vœux de mon cœur. Oui, ma seule folie est de discerner la beauté; mon seule crime est d'y être sensible. Il n'y a rien la dont je doive rougir.*"—*(Pigmalion)* J. J. ROUSSEAU.

In the Rue Saint Lazare, at the corner of the Rue Laroche-foucauld, there is a large, very fine-looking house, with its upper apartments so arranged, as to be admirably suited for the studio of a painter. It was at the gate of this very house that toward the middle of March in the past year, an elegant carriage was observed to draw up. The carriage door opened, and a young lady instantly descended from it. You could tell by the first glance that she was in second mourning. Her robe was of pearl grey, and over it she wore a satin pelisse of the same color, bordered with chinchilla. There was, too, a black veil over her *chapeau de soie blanche*. In short, her dress displayed her wealth and her taste. Before quitting her carriage she had sent her footman to enquire if the painter M. Alfred Louval was at home, and if so to announce her. She was told that he was in his studio, at the top of the house. She proceeded thither, and as the Countess de Lucy was not much accustomed to this species of exercise, she mounted slowly, either to take breath, or to reflect upon the course that she should adopt. The lady was twenty-four years of age, she had a large fortune in her own right, and she was the widow of a *Ministre Plénipotentiaire*.

While she was deliberating, she encountered the artist upon the stairs. He had descended to meet her, and stuttered out excuses that his profession compelled him to seek the best light. Surprised at this meeting, and still more surprised when she beheld the features of the gentleman, the Countess de Lucy remained perfectly silent, and mechanically followed the young gentleman, who seemed to be still more surprised, and even still more agitated, than the lady.

It is not, however, for any considerable length of time, that a woman can be deprived of her presence of mind, and thus it happened that no sooner was the Countess in the sitting-room of the artist, than she recovered her self-possession, and thus explained the object of her visit.

"The motive, sir," she said, "that has induced me to visit you is one that would very probably induce many other women to keep away from you. I have seen your works at the exhibition. You are, I perceive, the pupil of M. Ingres, and you tread in the footsteps of your master. I have seen your portraits of the Duchesse de O——, and the Countess N——, both of whom

I know very well, and I was able to remark in their likenesses, even the minutest defects of the originals."

"I do not know, Madam, whether I am to interpret your words into an epigram or an eulogium."

"Do not take me, sir, as saying any thing else but what I think. In my eyes, a perfect resemblance constitutes the first merit of a portrait. You smile, and perhaps it is a heresy in the Catholic creed of painting. But then remember, that I speak as a woman, and do not pretend to judge as an artist. In fine, I am particularly glad to see my own features copied without any flattery, and with—all their imperfections."

"Imperfections! Madam I shall find it very difficult to discover them."

"A truce to compliments, sir; tell me, will your numerous occupations allow you to give me a few sittings?"

Louval replied that he was completely at the service of the Countess de Lucy; and that he would see her at her hotel any day she should choose to name. She then expressed a desire to see some of his pictures that had not been yet exhibited; and that she observed had all their canvas backs turned to the spectator. He turned the surface of them all *but one*. She praised all that she did see—and what delicious flattery was this for their author? At length she observed that there was *the one* not turned. She asked why it was not, and he seemed to be greatly embarrassed by the question.

"Is it," said she, "such a picture as that a lady ought not to look at it?"

"Not at all."

"Why, then, have you it so carefully concealed?"

"It is a mere study—a study that I made for myself—for myself alone."

"That is to say, that no one else is worthy of looking at it."

"Ah! Madam do not think me guilty of such vanity."

During this short dialogue her servant, thinking it would gratify his mistress to see the picture, turned it round; but on seeing it, the Countess shrieked with amazement, and then in an angry tone she said to the painter—

"Tell me, sir, how come you to be the possessor of that portrait—a portrait of me, for which I never sat?"

"It is not your portrait," replied Louval, greatly agitated.

"You blush, sir. For pity sake tell me—explain to me—how or by what means it is you have caught my resemblance so exactly—you, that I believe, have never, until now, in all your life, seen me."

"It is perfectly true, Madam, that until this day, I never had the honor of knowing you."

"Cease, I pray you, this dissimulation. It does not very well become a man of honor, and, I trust, a gentleman."

"I have said, and I still tell you the truth. It is not at all a portrait. It is the study of a Madonna, that I have made after a picture of the Italian school."

"But the costume is modern."

"It is pure invention."

There appeared to be such perfect candor in the manner of Louval, that the Countess began to think she had wronged him when she thought of asking, where the original of *his* study was to be found.

"In Paris itself," answered Louval. "It is in the museum of M. Aguado; and you can yourself ascertain the truth of my assertion."

The young portrait painter then assured the lady, that this museum, now one of the finest in the world, was open to the public every Wednesday and Friday, and that as she had expressed a doubt of his assertion, he would be happy in waiting on her next day, in order that he might see, that with her own eyes she could be convinced of the truth of his assertion. Now, there would be some rashness in affirming that this pretext for paying a visit, appeared to the Countess a very plausible one, but this it is sufficient to know, that the offer of M. Louval was not rejected. She seemed ill at ease, and soon left the artist's studio followed by her servant. Upon her return to her hotel she directed the strictest inquiries to be made as to the conduct, morals, manners, and family of Louval, and the result was that she learned he was a young man universally respected, that he was admitted into the best society in Paris, that his family were respectable, and many of its members had acquired a high name in different professions. Why did the Countess make these inquiries? Was it because she had promised to go to a museum in company with an artist?

Then, on the other hand, Louval was so taken up with the visit that he had just received, and particularly with his appointment for the next day, that he left his studio in haste, and immediately set on foot inquiries respecting the Countess de Lucy. He learned that she was the daughter of an old general of the Emperor's—that she was now more than a year left a widow, by the Count de Lucy, who had died in a foreign country, where he filled a high diplomatic office—that the Countess had passed the entire time of her mourning in retirement. These facts explained to the young painter why he had never seen the Countess de Lucy; but there were a great many other facts that he did not know, and that he was destined to be acquainted with.

We might dilate, if we chose, upon the visit paid by the Countess and the painter to the Museum of M. Aguado. It is sufficient to say that there the Countess saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte; she saw enough of resemblance in features to herself, to prove that the artist had been telling her truth. After some interviews

she told him, that she desired a proof of his skill in making ancient saints look like persons now living, and to his astonishment she showed him the portrait of a Spanish monk, in an attitude of the most fervent prayer, and the Spanish saint he at once saw had some resemblance to himself.

"Draw for me," said she, "from this, your own likeness; and if success crown your efforts, then I will be convinced, that you have not invented a fable for the purpose of justifying, in my eyes, your illegitimate possession of my portrait."

"I submit myself to your will, Madam," replied M. Louval,—“and may my obedience be to me as if it were inspiration.”

When the work was finished, it obtained the approbation, without the slightest reserve, of the Countess de Lucy. "He may know his own face thoroughly well," said the Countess, "from having so often looked at it—but how could he have divined mine. There is certainly predestination in it." And this suggestion made the Countess think a great deal. As to Louval he did not know how to speak or to be silent. In his perplexity, he retained a declaration that was on his lips, and to take him from his embarrassments, he eagerly pressed upon the lady permission to commence her portrait. But, notwithstanding, she declined doing so for a fortnight to come.

During that interval love was making rapid progress in the heart of Louval, and the Countess felt that the artist was not indifferent to her. Such were their mutual feelings when the lady's portrait was begun—but never yet was painter slower in his work. He had always something to alter—something to amend—something to change—and, at length, the Countess somewhat maliciously said to him—

"You are going on very well; but still you do not surpass—perhaps you do not equal, that *study picture* of yours, which you began and finished as if it were at a glance."

"I agree with you, Madam. The work that I then regarded as the mere production of chance, I am now disposed to attribute to destiny. Know, then, that when I first saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte, I was seized with an involuntary trembling, and I cried out—'Here is the very type of the female who is to decide my fate,' and never did I enjoy repose but until my hand had traced, after the same manner, that delicious head, the portrait that you considered as yours. A new Pygmalion, I became enchanted with my own work—and, like him, I have, too, seen it animated with the breath of life,—when you appeared before me. But this thought disturbs my reason—pardon, Madam, pardon an unhappy—"

"I excuse you, and I thoroughly comprehend you," replied the Countess with emotion. "All is now

explained—and I do not see in it any thing more strange than that which has happened to myself."

"What do you mean, Madam?"

"It is, really, a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Speak—I beseech of you to speak."

"Well, then—as to that Spanish painting, from which you have made your own portrait—"

"Go on."

"My father brought it from Andalusia, where he had been a long time with the army, and it was placed in the chamber where I was born. As I grew up, it attracted my observation; and it was before that head, so animated as it seems, with a lively faith, that my parents made me say my prayers every day. Little by little I took pleasure in gazing upon it; and at a later period, in my girlish illusions, I accustomed myself to think that Heaven would send me a husband whose face would be like to that in the picture."

"Well?"

"Alas! I was very much deceived. The man to whom my hand was given had neither the youth, nor the features of the holy monk, under whose patronage I had, in some manner, placed myself. My father, finding that his death was approaching, and having but a small patrimony to leave me, wished, before he died, to see me married. I was just eighteen when he proposed to unite me to his best friend, who was a man of high rank, and had an annual income of a hundred thousand francs. Ought I—could I refuse? I obeyed—I accepted the husband, as if he were my second father, and soon the only one. For six years we lived together, and his affection to me was paternal. Even in his last moments, it did not abandon him. 'Amelia,' said he to me, 'you made a great sacrifice when you espoused a man who was more than twice your age—whose youth had long departed from him, and whose constitution was broken down by the cares and anxieties inseparable from a political life. By your angelic sweetness, you spread a charm over a most ill-assorted union. Permit me, then, to give you a proof of my gratitude. I leave to you the entire disposition of my fortune, and I also engage you to divide it with a husband worthy of your choice. You are still young—you can still be happy, and you require a protector. When, then, the time of your mourning is passed, follow my advice—my last advice, and never forget your old friend.'"

Louval threw himself on his knees before the Countess, who told him that was not the precise moment for fulfilling the wishes of her husband.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is not for a poor artist that such bliss is reserved."

"Do not so express yourself, Louval," she replied, "for great talents are on a level with the very highest position in society."

In a few weeks afterward "the Spanish Monk," and

"the Italian Madonna" might be seen together in the collection of M. Aguado, where they still remain. As to those who so strongly resembled them, they were, about the same time married, and never since have they wished to be separated from each other.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, DOMESTIC DUTIES.

BY C. P. HALL.

NOT more than five miles from the city of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill, stands a princely mansion; and the traveller, as he approaches it, is immediately struck with the regularity and beauty of its outward appearance, and the taste that has been displayed by some fair hand, in the admirable arrangement of the flowers and various kinds of shrubbery, with which the space in front is ornamented.

It was one of those delicious mornings with which we are often blessed in early spring, that I was induced to take a walk along the bank of the Schuylkill. As I strolled onward, I was lured to proceed by the continued variety that presented itself to my view. At one side was Fairmount, the river laving its base—on the other side were the wooded slopes that skirt the western bank of the stream. One moment my attention would be drawn to some sail that moved majestically on the still waters: the next it would be called to the wood, where the many harbingers of spring were warbling their melodious notes. With such incentives I was led along, until I found myself in sight of the mansion that I have had occasion to mention. My curiosity became excited and I resolved to proceed. A few minutes walk brought me in front of the house, when my attention was drawn to a voice which I know to be that of a lady singing. Looking up, I saw a face so lovely, that, for a moment, I almost believed myself dreaming. The features were nearly hid from view, by the rich auburn hair which hung in graceful ringlets, and nearly covered her neck of snowy whiteness. Her cheek was slightly tinged with a roseate hue, while her rich, dark eye did not diminish her beauty. I saw, by a small watering pot which she held in her hand, that she was watering the plants. When she looked up, the second time, her eye caught mine. As soon as she saw that I was observing her she silenced her voice, and continued her occupation. At this instant a gentleman, whom I took to be her parent, approached; and imagine my surprise when I recognised in him an old friend, who had been extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and had now retired from the busy scenes of life to enjoy himself in the bosom of his family. I shall introduce him to my readers under the assumed name of Richardson. After the usual salutations, and an introduction to his daughter—for my conjecture had been right—I entered into conversation with him. A half hour was agreeably spent, when I took my leave, highly gratified with my visit. I soon became, as it were, a constant visitor at his house. The family consisted of himself, wife, and two daughters, Mary and Julia; and at the time of my story

they were at that age when woman's charms appear most brilliant. My readers have learned ere this that one was handsome; the other, if possible, exceeded her sister in point of beauty, but the qualities that were possessed by Julia, although she was not as handsome as Mary, made her seem more brilliant in the society in which they were both known. Being the children of wealthy parents, we should suppose, at least, that the mother would not choose to teach them domestic duties. Not so. This important female knowledge, she endeavored to instill into them. In the case of Julia she succeeded, but in that of Mary she failed. The delight of the latter was in popular music, in dancing, and in all the lighter and more ephemeral accomplishments. Julia, on the contrary, early became acquainted with those household duties which tend, more than all the fashionable accomplishments of the day, to educate woman for the province of a wife and mother. In vain the mother argued to Mary that riches sometimes take wings and fly away! Mary always replied, "I shall not learn, for I shall never marry a man, unless he is able to support me, and support me too without work, and what use is there in making a domestic of myself, when there are always plenty to be had. What! descend to the kitchen."

A few years passed, and suitors had offered and sued often the hand of each of the sisters, and had as often been rejected; until a person was introduced to Mary as Mr. Augustus Hamilton, a man possessed of considerable beauty, no small amount of information, extravagantly fond of every kind of amusement, and withal possessed of a fortune;—in fact he was what the world generally term a gentleman, and such a person as Mary had long been endeavoring to become acquainted with. After a courtship of about two years, he led to the altar the lovely Mary Richardson. All remarked what a happy couple they were, and how well matched, for both were handsome, both possessed of wealth. In a month they were settled in a splendid mansion on Chesnut street, and as the views of Mrs. Hamilton were what is called aristocratic, every thing must be in keeping with the house in which they lived, and also with the society in which they moved. The house was accordingly furnished in magnificent style; and large parties followed each other in quick succession. Mr. Hamilton, although possessed of ample means for their present enjoyment, was in a mercantile business, and subject, therefore, to all the fluctuations of commerce. He was little aware that the cloud of adversity was so soon to shroud him and the happy partner of his bosom in gloom. After living in the enjoyment of all that heart could wish for several years, it was ascertained that the liabilities of the house of Hamilton and Dresden were more than they could meet, and the feelings of Mr. Hamilton can be better imagined than described on the evening that

he related to his wife their circumstances, and added that they should have to leave the house where they then resided, and take up their abode in some more humble dwelling in a more retired part of the city. Accordingly a house was procured, in the district called Kensington, and Mrs. Hamilton left, although with great reluctance, her magnificent mansion where, a few months before, wealth and affluence had held unbridled sway. But she did leave it, and when she came, as it were, into a new sphere, and had personally to provide for her own house, she then saw the great advantage of knowing how to superintend it. But, as she could not do this, Mr. Hamilton was obliged to procure a servant, much against his own inclination; but it could not be avoided, and accordingly one was obtained. Mrs. Hamilton tried, in every way in her power, to contribute to her husband's happiness; but it appeared to her that she could not; for he would come home and appear depressed in spirits; and very seldom (as he thought) did he find his wife ready to greet him with a smile. Her sullen and morose disposition, coupled with the idea that she was not competent to take charge of her own house, made him feel unhappy. Often when he came home hurried, dinner would not be ready. It went on in this manner for some time; until, coming home one day, after having had more to trouble him than usual, and not finding dinner ready at the usual time, he broke out into a violent passion, and left the house. The first blow had been struck, and with it had gone their happiness. Alas! Hamilton could not enjoy himself in his wife's society, for he believed that she did not try to contribute to his happiness. He soon began to resort to the haunts of vice, and thence to the intoxicating bowl, for the purpose of drowning previous sorrow. The consequences soon followed. His crime was visited on his family, and they were discarded by their former friends and relatives. Here, we will leave them, and go back to the house of Richardson.

The hand of Julia, meantime, had been sought and gained, by a person who possessed the real qualities of a gentleman. He did not enjoy wealth, beauty, nor accomplishments, yet his good sense, sound mind, and forgiving disposition won him the good-will and esteem of all who knew him. About a year after the wedding of Mary, Julia was led to the altar by Mr. Charles Sebring. He moved, with his lovely wife, to a small town in the state of New Jersey, and entered upon a mercantile life. He procured a small, but neat house, and, as his wife was well acquainted with all domestic duties, his expenses were consequently quite small. When his daily labor was over, sweet would be his thoughts of meeting his lovely wife at the door, with a smile to greet him. His home was of all places the most dear to him—for it ever wore a neat and cheerful aspect. In the course of time his business increased,

and he had accumulated property. Then he resolved to remove to Philadelphia, and enter into a more extensive business. Accordingly, the following spring found them in a neat, and handsome residence in that commercial mart. By economy Charles Sebring became a wealthy man. For years, however, they had heard nothing of Mary or her husband, for after he had been discarded by his friends in consequence of his dissolute habits, Hamilton had disappeared, leaving no clue to his residence. Mr. and Mrs. Sebring had often endeavored to discover his retreat and that of his family, but in vain. At length, one night, as Charles was returning from his store, he saw a number of boys collected around some object, and, on approaching, he observed a person very much intoxicated. At first sight, he thought he would leave him, at the next moment he thought he might possibly render him some assistance; and accordingly approached him. Imagine his surprise on finding that it was his own brother-in-law, Augustus Hamilton. Yes! although that cheek had lost its roseate hue, although that voice had become harsh and brutal, there was still enough to tell that the inebriate was the once wealthy suitor of Mary. Charles raised him up, and conveyed him to his home, if home it might be called, which was a small hovel in a narrow, dirty alley in the suburbs of the city. But what a sight met his eye! The furniture of the room consisted of two old chairs, one or two wooden stools, a part of a bed, and scarcely covering enough to shelter them; while on the hearth there lay a few expiring embers. The inmates of the room were a woman about half clothed, with one small child earnestly imploring its mother to give it something to eat. In that wan frame he recognised his wife's sister. He could not refrain, but bursting into tears, turned and left the house. But the entreaties of that child still sounded in his ear; he stopped and purchased some necessaries, ordered them sent around; and then hastened home, for he was somewhat later than usual. His wife sat at the window, watching his return, and as he entered, and she pressed her lips to his, he thanked God that he had shown his mercy and loving kindness to him in providing him such a partner for life! He appeared solemn and melancholy, and as his lovely wife sat down beside him, she looked up, and, with a smile upon her face, said,

"Charles what is the matter? have I done any thing to offend you?"

He said "no," and promised that soon she should know all. When morning came he requested her to take a walk! She consented, and he bent his steps immediately to the place where he had been the evening before, resolved to know the worst. As they entered the alley, Julia remarked,

"Why, Charles, where are you going? there cannot certainly be any body here that you want to see!"

"Yes, there is," he replied, "I always want to help the poor and needy."

"Pardon me, Charles, pardon me," said she, "how glad I am that we have come." By this time they had reached the door. He resolved to enter without knocking, and accordingly taking his wife by the hand he walked in. As Julia entered she cast her eyes around her, and what a sight met her gaze! She stood for a moment, as it were, motionless; throwing her eyes on the woman, she exclaimed, "Charles—my sister—my sister—my only sister," and the next moment they were in each others arms. Many and bitter were the tears that were shed upon each others bosom. In a short time they relaxed their grasp; when it was found that Mary had fainted. Charles instantly procured assistance, had her and her daughter conveyed to his own home, where she had all the attention that was required. She soon regained her health. His next purpose was to find her husband. This, with some difficulty, he succeeded in doing, after which he brought him to his own home.

By the blessing of Providence Mr. Hamilton, in a few months, reformed. He then related to us, as far as memory served him, the sufferings of his family, and the history of his own career in vice since we left him in our story. In a short time after these events had transpired, Mr. Hamilton, now the husband of a happy wife, associated himself in business with his brother, and in a few years was blessed again with wealth.

Mrs. Hamilton will never bring up her lovely daughter except in habits of industry and economy, though she will not forget to instil into her those graces which shine so brilliant in woman, for a knowledge of domestic duties and all the graces of a lady are not incompatible. "Had I not neglected my household cares," Mrs. Hamilton was wont to say, "I should never have passed through what I have, and now I am thankful that I have a kind brother, a kind sister, and a kind husband. I have learnt this lesson—always bring up a daughter in such a manner that she may be competent to take charge of her own house, regardless of what may be her situation in life."

THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. M. V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

"How beautiful!" involuntarily exclaimed Edward Moreton, as he paused by a portrait at the annual exhibition of the —

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, painted in a style that was worthy of the old masters. She could not have been more than eighteen, for her face still wore that expression of sunny girlish happiness, which a few years' contact with the world changes into a more sedate, but not perhaps less lovely expression. The artist had handled his subject admirably, so that, at first, the eye saw only the face of the young girl, although on a closer scrutiny you noticed that she held a rose to her bosom, and that the drapery, hands and other minutiae of the picture were delineated with surpassing skill. But it was the face, after all, which riveted the attention. Beautiful indeed was that countenance—beautiful as a dream of heaven! The eyes were large and dark, and shone on you from the depths of her pure soul with an expression of the most winning softness. The hair was of the darkest brown, modestly curtained on either side of the face, and apparently gathered up behind into a Grecian knot. The forehead was smooth and polished like marble, and the chin and throat as delicately chiselled as if a Canova had modelled them. The whole character of the face was that of loveliness in its most winning form. Moreton stood, for a minute entranced, drinking in the beauty of that angelic face. At length he turned to the catalogue, eager to see to whom the portrait belonged. The artist's name was a new one, but the picture was for sale. Again Moreton turned to the portrait, and gazed on that bewitching face. Strange emotions took possession of his soul as he looked. Was he in love, and with a portrait? Whatever was the character of his feelings, an ungovernable curiosity to learn who the original might be took possession of him, and he determined to see the artist, and learn something of this beautiful unknown. But when he applied to the door-keeper to ascertain the artist's residence, he was informed that the painter had gone to Europe since the completion of the portrait, and that no one could tell who had been the original.

"There has been a general enquiry," said the door-keeper, "but no one knows. The artist was always a reserved man, and lived in New York. He took great care with this picture: I rather think it's altogether an ideal face."

Disappointed in his enquiries, Moreton was about turning away when he recollected that the picture was for sale, and resolving to possess himself of it, whether

the portrait was an ideal or a real one, he soon agreed for the price.

"The picture will be sent home," said the door-keeper, "as soon as the exhibition closes. I congratulate you on having become the owner of the finest piece this year on the walls."

It was strange what an ungovernable passion for that picture took possession of Moreton! Daily he visited the exhibition and spent hours before the portrait, gazing on it as a worshipper gazes on the face of a saint. To his eye, indeed, that countenance was the impersonation of all loveliness, and he never tired of looking on the smooth pearly cheek, on the white and classic forehead, on the bold sweep of the pencilled brows, and on those dark deep eyes so full of all the finest and holiest susceptibilities of woman. Awake or in his dreams that face was before him. Often, when far away, he would shut his eyes to call up to his imagination more forcibly that glorious countenance; and then would he dream, in many a wild reverie, of the possibility of meeting, at some future day, the living counterpart to this face. And when, at length, the picture came home, he would sit for hours, all unconscious of what was going on around him, gazing on the portrait. He seemed to live for nothing else. In that picture he saw expressed the ideal beauty for which he had thirsted from a boy; and he secretly determined that he would discover the original, if indeed one there was, or die worshipping a shadow. But all his efforts were unavailing. The artist had died soon after reaching Europe, and the letter of enquiry which Moreton had sent was returned unopened. No one of his acquaintance had ever seen a face bearing the slightest resemblance to the portrait. Moreton's friends, at length, began to regard him as suffering under a monomania on this point, and his persevering enquiries met thereafter only a pitying shake of the head or a contemptuous laugh.

CHAPTER II.

IN one of our eastern cities, on a cold and snowy winter night, a little group might have been seen gathered around the flickering embers of a fire, in a crazy tenement on the outskirts of the town. A somewhat aged lady, and a boy about ten years old, sat in front of the chimney-place. The third individual was a young girl, who might have numbered twenty years. She sat on a low stool, on one side of the fire, holding a piece of needle-work close to the dying embers, as if she was endeavoring to sew by their feeble light. The face of that young girl was one of extraordinary beauty. The eyes were dark and full; the brow had the whiteness of Parian marble; and the thick brown tresses were modestly curtained down either side of her face and gathered up in a knot behind. Her attire, though clean and neat, was of the coarsest character, as were also the

garments of the elder lady and the boy. The two latter, however, were far more warmly clad than the girl, at though—God knows!—none of them were sufficiently protected from the keen, biting blasts, that whirling around the rickety tenement, found an entrance through every cranny, and eddied the fading fire to and fro.

"Have you not done yet, Alice?" said the elder lady, in a sad tone, "you surely cannot work longer by this light without injuring your eyes, and if they are spoiled our last resource is gone."

"Fear not, mother," said the daughter in a cheerful voice, but without looking up from her needle, "I will take care not to hurt my sight. A few stitches and it will be done."

The mother heaved a gentle sigh, and a tear stole quietly down her cheek. She did not wipe it away lest her daughter might see the gesture; but the crystal drop fell on the cheek of the boy who knelt at his parent's feet.

"Oh! mother," he said, "what would I not give if I was a man; for then you and Alice would not have to work this way; but I would support you. How many years, mother, will it be before I shall be a man?"

The mother's heart was full, and the agitation of the sister, as the boy thus spoke, might be seen from the nervous velocity with which she plied the needle. But neither could trust themselves to speak. The boy saw all this, and did not press the question, although for a minute he looked curiously from one to the other. At length, however, he spoke again.

"I hope I shall be a man soon, for then I will get rich, and you and Alice, mother, shall live with me in a nice house in the country like the one we used to live in—you remember it, don't you, dear mother? oh! it was so beautiful. How I used to chase the butterflies over the green fields, and fish in the creek, or hunt wild flowers in the wood for sister's hair—were we not all happy, then? Don't cry, mother," for, by this time, the tears of the parent were falling thick and fast, "for some of these days I will get rich, and we will go back to the old place again."

That little family, as the words of the prattler indicated, had once seen better days. The father of it had been a prosperous merchant, and the world rightly reputed him to be rich. Mr. Beckett lived in a style commensurate with his wealth. He had a town and country-house, kept his carriage, and indulged himself and family in all the elegances, nay, luxuries of life; and a more happy family did not exist for each other in all this wide country. But at length there came one of those convulsions in the commercial world which periodically appear, producing a devastation which is looked upon afterward, as we would look on the path of a hurricane, when ruin has followed it on every hand. Mr. Beckett was one of the first victims to the storm.

Several extensive houses, which were debtors to him for a large amount, failed, and in their ruin dragged him down with them. The blow killed him. Unable to behold the utter loss of his fortune, to contemplate the poverty to which his darling wife and children were reduced, he pined away, suffering his misfortunes to brood on his spirit, until finally he took sick and died. His poor wife nearly sank under the loss of her husband, although she had borne the loss of fortune with christian resignation. In these trying circumstances utter ruin would indeed have overtaken the little family had it not been for the exertions of the daughter, who displayed an energy which was above her years. She attended to the closing of her father's affairs and nursed her mother through a long illness, as if she had been accustomed to these things from childhood, instead of being the offspring of luxury. When her father's estate was settled, a bare pittance of five hundred dollars was paid to her. On this paltry sum, with the aid of her needle, she managed to support the family for two years, during which her mother was ill for most of the time. But their means had at length failed, and although Alice had foreseen this with a heavy heart, yet she had endeavored to keep up and still maintained a cheerful aspect. On this evening they had consumed their last loaf of bread. Their fuel too was nearly gone. They had no means of replenishing either, until Alice had finished and been paid for the fine piece of fancy needle work on which she had been working. At length she rose up.

"There it is done," she said, "and now I will run home with it. In an hour I will be back."

"What through the storm, my child?" said the mother.

"Yes! but it snows very little now, and besides I promised to have the work done by to-night."

The mother looked on her child and sighed, but made no farther answer; and Alice, putting on her bonnet and wrapping a thin shawl around her—for alas! she had no cloak—started forth into the storm. Her brother would have accompanied her, but she would not suffer him to leave her invalid mother.

CHAPTER III.

THE wind roared wildly around the rich mansion of Mrs. Templeton, as she and her nephew Edward Moreton sat talking by the drawing room fire. The sofa had been wheeled in front of the grate, and the whole apartment had that air of comfort which is so peculiarly appreciable on a tempestuous winter night. As the aunt and her nephew sat listening to the shrill whistle of the gale as it swept down the street, and then heard the low roar of the massy grate glowing with its load of coal, their situation and feelings were in striking contrast with those of the little group we have just left shivering over their scanty fire.

"Why, Edmund," said the aunt, continuing their

conversation, "you are crazy. Refuse Miss Oxley's hand, with two hundred thousand dollars, when you know you can win her—and all on account of this strange whim. In love with a portrait! I used to think, my dear nephew, you had sense; but this is a proof of your utter insanity."

"But would you have me marry where I do not love?"

Now Mrs. Templeton, although a woman of the world, and placing perhaps too great a value on riches, had a good heart. This question for a moment staggered her. But at length she answered frankly.

"Certainly not. But then Miss Oxley surely is a loveable girl, and one any gentleman could love."

"Here you mistake, my dear aunt. Miss Oxley is a very sweet creature, I confess; and yet she does not approach my beau ideal. I cannot, therefore, love her. But, in this mysterious portrait, I behold every thing I could look for, since, not only does the mere physical beauty of the face equal my beau ideal, but there is all that evidence of a pure and sensitive, yet lofty soul stamped there, which I should desire. The original of that portrait, I *know*, is the noblest of her sex."

"Why what a rhapsody!" said the aunt with a quiet smile, "but seriously, I should like to see this portrait. Why," she asked a little archly, "didn't you bring it with you? It's not quite two hundred miles betwixt city and city; and then, you know, I could have hung it up in my parlor, and advertised all my friends to search for the original—"

It is impossible to say how long Mrs. Templeton would have continued in this half teasing way, but at this instant the street bell rang.

"Who can it be, at this hour and on such a night?" said she, breaking short off in her conversation.

"Miss Beckett has brought her work home," said the footman, "and she would prefer hearing your opinion of it, if you can afford her the leisure."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Templeton, in a tone of commiseration, "send her up at once. She doubtless wants the money," continued the lady, "or she would scarcely have walked here through all this pelting storm. And she has seen better days too, or I am mistaken. Keep your seat, Edmund," she said, as her nephew rose to leave, "you can throw yourself in that chair where you won't be noticed; and besides I wish you to see my pretty sempstress," she continued in a gayer tone, "for I'll stake my new ponies against your hunter that she's quite as beautiful as your portrait. Indeed I know no one who equals her in loveliness, and you are aware there are not a few pretty girls among my acquaintance."

Edmund sank to his seat just as the door opened. Not wishing to intimidate the visitor, he did not look up until she had taken her seat and began conversing with Mrs. Templeton. At length, however, he cast his

eyes toward her. The young lady wore a close cottage bonnet, and as her side was turned toward him he could not see her face. But he noticed that her form was one of exquisite proportions, and that her foot and hand were of the most delicate mould and size. He thought too that he had never heard a voice half so musical; and when he noticed the thin shawl which she wore, he could scarcely restrain his feelings. At this instant the young lady, not aware that a third person was in the room, turned her face in his direction. He started and uttered involuntarily an exclamation of delight; for there, exact in every feature and in the expression of the face, was the living counterpart of the UNKNOWN PORTRAIT! Yes! it was indeed the beautiful original who sat before him in her surpassing loveliness, seeming more lovely to Moreton's eyes from the obvious penury against which she so nobly strove.

We leave our readers to imagine the sequel. The agitation of Moreton forbade concealment, and his words, apparently so extraordinary to the young lady, but which were quickly understood by Mrs. Templeton, soon brought matters to a crisis. She took on herself the explanation, and with the tact and delicacy of her sex, acquainted the agitated girl with sufficient to account for her nephew's conduct.

We may suppose that the little family slept, that night, under a warmer roof than they had been accustomed to for many a long day; but in this matter, with an equal regard to tact and delicacy, Mrs. Templeton only appeared.

Alice could not long resist the earnest pleadings of Moreton. One who had loved her so long and faithfully in secret could not fail to make her happy; and besides her own heart, when she began to see her suitor's good qualities, pleaded powerfully in his favor. Before spring had ushered in her flowers, Alice was the happy wife of Moreton.

The portrait, which had first made her known to our hero, had been painted just before Mr. Beckett's failure, and when he became bankrupt he had been unable to pay the artist for the picture. It was sent to the exhibition to be sold; but as this was in another city no one knew who was represented by the UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

Showing what a misfortune happened to him in his early infancy.

LOT WYMAN was a smart boy, an industrious boy, and an honest boy, and he turned out to be an honest and industrious man. But he experienced a great many ups and downs in life, a circumstance which was predicted even from the day of his birth. For old Mrs. Green, who was present on that memorable occasion, and who was always considered high authority in such matters, said, if a baby had a fall on the day it was born, it would be sure to have a great many falls all the days of its life. Therefore, when little Lot was handed to the nurse to receive his first suit of clothes, old Mrs. Green, as was her custom, on all such occasions, gave her strict charge to be careful, and see that the baby didn't get a fall.

In less than an hour after this injunction was given, Mrs. Green was hastily summoned to the other room by the nurse, who was walking the floor in great agitation, carrying the child in her arms, and blowing violently in its face.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Green, catching the child out of the nurse's hands, and thus rescuing it from a suffocating death, which must have followed in a very few minutes; for the nurse, in her fright, imagined that the child did not breathe, and therefore fell to pouring her own breath into its face with such power, as effectually to prevent its carrying on that important operation in its own behalf. "What is the matter?" said Mrs. Green; "is it in a fit, or has it had a fall, or what is it?"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the nurse, "what shall I do? it fell out of the chair, Mrs. Green, and I couldn't help it; what shall I do? I laid it in a chair on a pillar while I was fixing some of the clothes, and little Carlo come along, and I s'pose he wanted to see what was in the chair, and he jumped up on to the pillar and tipped it a little one side, and the baby slid right off. I see it a-going, and sprung to catch it, and I believe I got hold of it before it touched the floor, for it didn't hit at all hard; but when I caught it up, it didn't seem to breathe."

"Well, it breathes now," said Mrs. Green, examining the child carefully; "it seems to breathe easy; I don't think it's hurt much. But, oh, dear, to think it should have a fall to-day; I'm so sorry. Poor thing, there's no knowing what it's got to go through in this life, now; but it'll have hard trials, no doubt. Pray don't let Mrs. Wyman know any thing about it; it'll worry her life out."

"Oh, I wouldn't have her know it for all the world," returned the nurse, growing more calm, and gaining assurance from the last suggestion of Mrs. Green.

All apprehension that the child had received any

material injury, was soon removed, for it slept well and ate well during the day, and the following night, and awoke bright the next morning. All which was a great consolation to Mrs. Green; for she said, although the fall indicated that he would have a great deal of trouble, and fall, as it were, a good many times during his life, and run a good many narrow chances, yet, his receiving no injury, showed that he would, in the end, have a good deal of good luck before he died.

It is not designed in these memoirs, to give a full and minute history of the life of Lot Wyman, going into all its details, and arranging all the particulars as they occurred, year in and year out; for however valuable such a work might be to the world, it would be a labor of too great magnitude even for this magazine and book-making age. The reader, therefore, may as well understand in the outset, that what he is to expect from this undertaking, will consist merely of sketches, taken up, to be sure, generally speaking, in the order of time in which they occurred, and going mainly to show the truth of Mrs. Green's prediction—not *the* life, but *specimens* of the life of Lot Wyman.

Hence it will not be inconsistent with the plan adopted for this work, to pass over a whole year, or even half a dozen years, should occasion require it, leaving them a perfect blank. And the reader must be cautioned against falling into the great error of supposing, that where nothing is related, there was nothing to relate; for oftentimes the blank pages, could they be faithfully written out, and spread before the world, would be found to contain some of the most instructive and extraordinary passages in the whole life of the individual.

Having, therefore, in this connection, assured the reader that the child received no essential injury by the fall—that he was a healthy looking, and promising boy—that he received the name of Lot, much against the mother's will; but the father, whose name was John, was very partial to short names, and declared he would have one, if one could be found, that could not be clipped or nicknamed, and therefore called him Lot—that Mrs. Green, who was a most excellent woman, and one of the kindest of neighbors, staid with Mrs. Wyman a whole week, and left her as comfortable as could be expected; this history will now take a silent leap over precisely four years of time. And as the period of infancy is generally that portion of life least likely to furnish startling incidents and instructive reflections for the use of the historian, this hiatus will be the less regretted. Indeed, it may be a matter of question whether any of these skipplings in the course of these memoirs should be the cause of so much regret as might, at first thought, be supposed. For what is written, is written, and may not always suit the taste of the reader, and certainly cannot be expected to suit the taste of all readers. Therefore, the unwritten portions of the history will, in one respect, have a decided advantage, inasmuch as they leave free scope for the imagination of the reader to fill them out at leisure, and each reader to suit his own taste.

In which is related a perilous occasion of his early childhood.

Essay writers, and manufacturers of light literature, are licensed to use the pronoun of the first person in the singular number. Not so with the grave historian and biographer. In them it would be unlawful and undignified to say any thing but we, and our, and us. We would therefore respectfully invite the reader to walk with us, for a few minutes, to the top of this high hill, and take a survey of the surrounding landscape. This nice little New England farm, away here to the right, belongs to Mr. John Wyman. It is rather new and rough yet, for the reader will please to consider himself as having gone back, in point of time, to the early part of the present century. But the rich dark green of that field of corn, and the tidy stone wall that surrounds it, bear testimony at once, to the lustiness of the soil, and the thrift and industry of Mr. Wyman. The small, one story house, half a dozen rods from the road, with a huge woodpile before it, is the house of Mr. Wyman; and that bare headed man, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, sitting on a log in the door-yard, and smoking his pipe with such an air of easy comfort, is Mr. John Wyman himself. The little fellow, apparently about four years of age, in jacket and trowsers, strutting back and forth before the door, like a fat corporal of the guard, carrying a little stick in his hand, and chasing the old rooster, is none other than little Lot Wyman, the hero, or, rather, to keep more strictly within the limits of modest propriety, the subject of this history. The woman in a long loose-gown, with a handkerchief upon her head, tied under the chin, a little beyond the house, feeding chickens, is the mother of little Lot; and the old lady in a sun-bonnet, with a staff in her hand, leaning over the bars, and talking with the other, is the excellent Mrs. Green. The old lady has grown old fast within the last few years, and now generally walks with a staff. There is a man coming up the road. His straw hat, and his firm, independent tread, are very like Peter Wyman. Now he comes over the little hill; yes, it is Peter, the brother of John. His farm lies here to the left. You see it exhibits a higher state of cultivation than John's, and has a greater variety of crops. But Peter is an older brother, and had four or five years the start of John in commencing his farm. The next farm beyond, still farther down the road, belongs to old Mr. Green, the first settler in the neighborhood. His boys are young men now, and some of them have already gone out into the world to act for themselves. Peter has turned into the lane that leads up to John's house, and has taken a seat on the log by the side of his brother.

One view more before we descend from the hill. Just look off to the right, a little beyond the barn, and see that bright and beautiful sheet of water gleaming up from the forest. It is about a mile in breadth, and three miles in length. That is Bear Pond; and the origin of its name may perhaps find some elucidation before the conclusion of this chapter.

"Come, Mrs. Green, go into the house," said Mrs.

Wyman, on the occasion we have been describing "it's little Lotty's birth day, to-day; he's four years old, and you must stop and take supper with us."

"Do, wife, for gracious sake, call the child by his name," said Mr. Wyman; I picked out that name on purpose to have one that couldn't be nicknamed, and here you are foreverlastingly calling him Lotty; I do wish you would leave it off."

"Well, Lot sounds so hard, Mr. Wyman," said the wife, with a look that showed she felt hurt at the remark, "I can't bear to call him clear Lot, and nothing else. It would do well enough for a man's name, but I don't think it was ever meant for a child's name; it is too hard."

"I don't know where you can find a softer name, or one that's easier to speak," said Mr. Wyman; "but if it was as hard as a grindstone, I'd never allow it to be nicknamed. Here, Lot, come here and see your uncle Peter," he continued, not so much for the sake of having the boy come, as to show his unalterable determination to call him Lot, and nothing else.

The child came upon the run, in answer to the call, and Mr. Wyman took him in his arms, and patted him on the head, and called him Lot about twenty times in the space of three minutes, and then set him down, saying, "Now, Lot, go and make the old rooster fly again." And away went little stub with whiptick in hand, to have another race among the chickens.

"Come, Peter," said Mr. Wyman, "let us go in and have some supper."

"Oh, I don't know," said Peter, "I guess I must be getting along home. It's near sundown, and I've got some chores to do yet, to night."

It may not be inappropriate here to remark, that the primitive New England customs so far prevailed at the time here spoken of, as to bring the supper-time an hour before sunset, especially in summer, when the days were long, so that the housework could all be done up, and the household ready for bed before dark.

"No, you must stop to supper," said Mr. Wyman; "wife's got some gingerbread, and an extra punkin pie to-night, because it is 'little Lotty's birth-day'" At that he called Lot very loud, speaking his name short and full, three times over. The little fellow came up, and Mr. Wyman took him by the hand.

"Come, Peter," said he, "of course you must stop to supper. You'll have time enough afterwards to go home and do half an hour's work before sundown."

Accordingly, they all went in, and were seated at the supper table. A few minutes after they had commenced discussing the substantial fare prepared by Mrs. Wyman on this joyful occasion, Isaac, the young man who was hired to work on the farm during the summer months, came in, and said the cows were in the yard; whereupon Abigail, the hired girl, started with a pail in each hand, to go to milking. At this signal, little Lot started too, and said he wanted to go with Abby and see the cows and calves.

"Well, go," said Mrs. Wyman, who was determined little Lotty should enjoy all he could on his birth-day.

"But I don't think it's exactly safe," said Mr.

Wyman, "for Lot to be out there among the cattle; he may get hooked or run over."

"Well, don't let him go into the yard," said the mother. "See that the bars are all up, and let him stand on the outside, and look through and see you milk."

With this, Abigail went out, followed by the little boy, and went to the cow-yard, which was in a corner of the pasture, about a hundred rods from the house. Isaac took his seat at the foot of the table, and joined the supper party.

"I see a bear in the edge of the woods," said Isaac, "when I was after the cows."

"A large one?" said Mr. Wyman.

"Yes, a real stout old feller, as big as a fat yearlin'."

"Bears are getting rather plenty about here this summer," said Mr. Peter Wyman; "one got into my corn-field last night, and knocked down as much as a hundred hills of corn."

"Well, I think it's more than as likely as not, this old feller'll be into our corn-field before morning," said Isaac.

"I think we better watch to-night, or set a trap," said Mr. Wyman. "I'd set a gun if I wasn't afraid of shooting somebody with it."

"I wouldn't do that," said Peter, "there's so many accidents happen in that way. I think the best way is to watch; and if you're a mind to watch to-night, I'll take my gun and come up and watch with you."

"Well, I will," said John Wyman; "there's my old king's arm, now, hanging on the hooks behind the door, well loaded with a brace of balls."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Wyman, "if you find one of the lambs missing in the morning."

"Oh, they are all in the inner pasture," said Isaac, "I guess he won't venture so near as that."

"I don't know," said Mr. Peter Wyman, "they are pretty bold, sometimes. One came clear down to Jacob Sumners' barn, one night last week, and carried off a stout lamb."

"Hark! what's that?" said Mr. Wyman, dropping his knife, and turning his head toward the window.

In a moment a wild and piercing scream from a female voice, struck the ears of the whole company.

"Mercy on us! what is it?" said Mrs. Wyman, as they all instinctively sprang from the table. Another loud scream followed, and by the time they were all on their feet, and looking wildly in each other's faces, Abigail burst into the door, her eyes staring as though they would drop from their sockets, and her whole features exhibiting signs of the wildest terror.

"Oh, he's gone," she uttered faintly, and fell upon the floor.

"The cattle are killing Lot, little Lotty, the child," were the exclamations of three or four voices at once, and the two Wymans and Isaac ran for the yard with their utmost speed, followed at no mean pace by Mrs. Wyman. Mrs. Green turned her attention to Abigail; dashed cold water in her face, rubbed her temples and hands, and the girl soon began to revive. The party who were out upon the race, reached the yard, looked

over into it; the cattle were all standing perfectly quiet; they looked round in every direction, but nothing could be seen of little Lot, and they turned and ran back to the house as fast as they came out.

"Where is Lot?" said John Wyman, as he reached the door, two or three yards ahead of the others.

The girl, who had so far recovered as to be able to speak again, replied,

"I was as careful of him as I could be. I stood him outside the bars, and I looked up every three minutes to see if he was safe."

"But where is he?" said Mr. Wyman; "what's become of him?"

"And the first I knew," said Abigail, "when I looked up, a great bear had him in his arms, and was walking off with him, standing up straight on his hind legs, as straight as a man could walk."

"Heavens and earth!" said Mr. Wyman, "why didn't you tell of that afore?"

"I did, as soon as I could," said Abigail, whose extreme fright had now subsided into a copious flood of tears.

Mrs. Wyman, who had arrived at the door in season to hear all that was said about the bear, now reeled and fell to the floor herself.

"See to Mrs. Wyman," said her husband, turning to Mrs. Green, and then rushed from the door and sprang up on to the highest part of the wood-pile, and sent his eager glance round in every direction. Peter Wyman grasped the old gun that was hanging behind the door, and followed his brother.

"I can see nothing," said John, and he ran to the door again and questioned Abigail.

"Which way was the bear going?" said he, almost bursting with impatience.

"Well, I don't know," said Abigail, "but it seemed to me he was going towards the mowing field."

By this time, Isaac, who had mounted the wood-pile with a long hay-fork in his hand, exclaimed, "I see him, there he is! almost to the further side of the mowing field, close to the woods."

At this, John seized an axe, that lay in the door-yard, and ran off in the direction pointed out. Peter with the gun, and Isaac with the pitch-fork, both jumped from the wood-pile, and followed close at his heels. As the bear was walking somewhat leisurely with the child in his arms, occasionally touching one fore-foot to the ground, and then standing up as straight as a soldier, and marching on his hind legs, his pursuers gained fast upon him, and were within about a hundred yards of him when he reached the confines of the woods. They were so near they could distinctly see the boy hugged up very close in the bear's arms, but apparently uninjured. They heard him cry, and once or twice when they caught a view of his face, the father thought he could see a strange agonizing wildness in his eyes. Peter raised the gun as though about to fire.

"For Heaven's sake, don't fire," said John, "you'll kill the child."

"But he'll be in the woods, and out of sight in a minute more," said Peter, "and then it's ten to one if

we don't lose him. I think I can bring the bear down without hitting the boy."

"Not for the world," said John, "you'd as surely kill him as you're alive."

Peter yielded to the firm remonstrance of John, and lowered the gun from his face, for he had already taken aim, and they continued to run with all their might in the hope of coming up with the bear before they should lose sight of him in the woods. The bear had by this time observed the pursuit, and began to quicken his pace. But, instead of dropping the child, he only seemed to hug him the tighter.

"There he goes!" said Peter, "into that thick clump of trees," and in a moment more the bear and boy entirely disappeared from their sight.

"You ought to have let me fired before," said Peter; "if I hadn't killed the bear, I could a made him drop the boy."

John was too much agitated to reply, but sprang like a tiger toward the clump of trees where the bear had disappeared. He dove through thick briars and underbrush as though they were but cobwebs. Peter and Isaac followed swiftly, and but a short distance behind him. They ran several rods into the woods, but could see nothing of the bear, and nothing of little Lot. They separated, in order to explore a wider range, Isaac going a little to the right, Peter to the left, and John keeping the centre. They had gone but a few rods farther before Isaac screamed out, "Here he is, I see him! jest going over this little hill, up here." Then all three strained every nerve to gain the top of the little eminence before them, but Isaac, being the nearest, gained it first, and called again, "Here he is! going down towards the road." In a moment, all three were upon the summit, where they had a view of him. The huge animal was dashing through the bushes and leaping over fallen trees with a facility and carelessness, that showed he had very little regard for the safety of the child, which he still continued to hug very closely in one arm. The party in pursuit, rushed on with great impetuosity, but the bear having become alarmed by their proximity, and the ringing of their shouts through the woods, had quickened his movements so much that they found it impossible to gain upon him at all.

"There he goes, across the road!" said Isaac. At this moment, a loud and wild shriek from a female voice was heard. It was from Mrs. Wyman. She had recovered from her fainting under the careful hands of Mrs. Green, and was running up the road in the direction where she had heard the hallooing in the woods, and had just reached that point as the bear ran across the road within two rods of her. The face of little Lot was turned towards her, and his eyes, strained half out of his head, seemed to be staring right at her. There was no fainting on her part this time; her boy was before her, and there was life in him; and she dashed into the woods after the bear with all the fury of a maniac. She was but two or three rods behind, and she flew with such speed, that in a race of a dozen rods, she was up almost within arm's length of him. She had no weapon, offensive or defensive, nothing but her bare naked hands.

But this made no difference to her; if there had been forty bears there, she would have laid violent hands on them, could she but come within their reach. Just as Mrs. Wyman was upon the point of clenching her hands into the long hair upon the bear's back, she struck her foot against a stick and fell. In consequence of this the bear gained a rod or two ahead of her. She immediately regained her feet, and continued the pursuit with unabated ardor.

The Wymans and Isaac were fast coming up, for they were now in a more open wood, where there was but little underbrush, or other obstacles to impede their progress.

"Hullo! mother," said John Wyman, as he came up within half a dozen rods, "keep away from that bear, he'll tear you all to pieces."

But the fears of being torn to pieces never entered the head of the good woman; she only thought of little Lotty in the arms of the bear, and how she might best get hold of him.

"He is niming for the pond!" said John Wyman, anxiously; "spring, Isaac! head him off that way from the pond, for if he takes to the water, the child is gone as sure as you're alive."

They were now but a short distance from the pond, and the bear seemed to be making directly for it. Isaac, who had come up a little on one side, was the only one who seemed to have any possible chance of heading him from the water. At last he got before the bear, and turned upon him with his pitchfork. He prepared to plunge it into the creature, but hesitating a little, lest he should hit the boy, the bear struck the fork with his paw, and knocked it out of his hands as though it had been a feather. Isaac had not the courage to grapple with the monstrous animal, but sheered a little and let him pass by. He seized his fork again, however, and renewed his pursuit. The pursuers now were all within half a dozen rods of the bear, and the bear was within half a dozen rods of the water, and there seemed to be no possible chance of heading him from it. All made up their minds that he would plunge into the pond, and that the child would be drowned. The thought now struck Wyman, that the only possible chance of preventing it, would be to stop the pursuit. Accordingly, he suddenly called upon all of them to stop immediately, and keep perfectly still; which they all did, except Mrs. Wyman, who was so bewildered that they could not induce her to stop 'till they held her by main force. As the pursuit ceased, the bear slackened his pace, and looked round several times, but still moved steadily on towards the pond. He reached the bank, and all were trembling, and expecting the next step would carry the boy to a watery grave. Instead, however, of descending the bank, the old bear leapt on to the trunk of a large tree, which had been partially uprooted by the action of the water upon the soil, and hung over the pond at an angle which brought its top within about twenty feet of the water. The bear walked deliberately out the whole length of this tree, and rested himself among the branches. Here Mrs. Wyman screamed again in the greatest agitation, and said, "The old bear was going to set there

and go to eating little Lotty." The company all hastened to the water-side, and looked up at the bear, and the bear looked down at them, sitting very quietly with the boy in his arms.

"Lotty, dear Lotty, can you see mother?" said Mrs. Wyman, trying to get a position, where she could see the boy's face.

"Lot, my son, has he hurt you?" said Mr. Wyman, his chin quivering, as he spoke.

They could hear the child sob, which told them he was alive, but he was too much exhausted to make any answer.

Peter Wyman was for shooting the bear at once. He said, now he was at rest, he could shoot him down just as well as not, without the least danger of hitting the boy; and when they fell into the water, they could run in and take the boy out. But John was peremptory, he would not have the gun fired, for he felt sure the child would be killed by it; and Mrs. Wyman was frightened half to death at the idea.

"Well, something must be done," said Peter, "and that very quick, for it's sunset now, and if we wait a few minutes more, it will be dark; and then there'll be no way under heavens to save the child."

"How would it do to cut the tree off?" said Isaac, "and let it fall into the water."

"It would be sure to kill the boy," said John, "to go down thrashing among the branches. I'll go into the tree, and see what I can do with him. Give me the fork, Isaac; that'll be the best thing to drive him with, and to keep him from tackling me."

With this, he seized the pitchfork and went out upon the trunk of the tree. He got in among the branches and climbed along 'till he came within a few feet of the bear. The animal growled and showed his teeth. Mr. Wyman ascended a limb a little above the bear, and a little farther out from the shore, to see if he could not drive him down the tree where they could meet him with the axe as he reached the ground. But the moment he applied the pitchfork to him, the bear, with a sudden brush with his fore-paw, knocked it violently out of his hands and it fell into the water. Mr. Wyman was then obliged to retreat to the shore. They could now think of no way to get the bear down, but to cut the limb on which he was resting, and let him into the water. But the water where he would fall was too deep for wading, and Isaac was despatched a short distance round, where a cove made up to the road, to bring a boat. When he arrived at this spot, he met old Mrs. Green, leaning on her staff, and Abigail with another axe in her hand, both looking and listening to try to find the company.

"Have you found the child? Is he alive?" said the old lady.

"He's alive," said Isaac, "but whether he is hurt much or not we don't know. The old bear has him in his arms up in a tree, hanging over the water."

"Well, he'll be saved alive," said the old lady, "I'm sure of it; he'll be saved alive, and not much hurt neither."

Isaac took the old lady and Abigail into the boat and hastened round to the scene of action. All things still remained as when he left. It was agreed that Peter and Isaac should station themselves in the boat to pick

up the boy, and that John should go out upon the tree and cut off the limb upon which the bear was resting. It was difficult to restrain Mrs. Wyman from going into the boat, or into the water, or out upon the tree, or somewhere, that she might seem to be getting near the child. But by the quiet persuasions of old Mrs. Green, and her repeated assurances that the child would be saved alive and well, she was at last prevailed upon to stand upon the shore while the fearful operation was performed. The boat being properly stationed, John Wyman took his axe and went out upon the tree, and with a few well-directed strokes of the axe upon the upper side of the limb, it began to crack and bend gently towards the water, and the bear, with little Lot still in his arms, slid off, and plunged in entirely out of sight. Mrs. Wyman gave a wild shriek and would have jumped into the water had not Mrs. Green and Abigail held her back. The bear immediately rose to view and began to swim from them; in a moment more, the little boy floated slowly to the top of the water, and lay like a person drowned. The boat was instantly by his side, and he was taken up and carried ashore, and laid upon the green bank. He breathed, but seemed very much exhausted. They examined him carefully, but could find nothing that appeared like a deadly wound, though there were many scratches and bruises upon him, and his clothes were torn nearly off.

While the parents, with Mrs. Green and Abigail, were employed in resuscitating and nursing the child, Peter Wyman and Isaac jumped into the boat, with the gun, and axe, and pitchfork, and followed the bear, which was swimming across a cove to a point of land half a mile off. When they came up within half a dozen rods of him, the old fellow turned towards the boat and showed his teeth.

"Now," said Peter, "I'll have a chance to fire at him, I know."

Saying this, he levelled his old musket, took good aim, and blazed away. The bear's head at once dropped into the water. They rowed up to his side, and tried him with the pitchfork, to be sure that he would not turn upon them; but he lay perfectly quiet. The ball had entered his head, and despatched him at once. They fastened a line to him and towed him ashore. Old Mrs. Green thought it was the largest bear she had ever seen. Mrs. Wyman could never be thankful enough that the ugly creature was killed. John Wyman said not a word, but after looking steadily at the bear a minute or two, he took his axe and stepped along and struck him upon the head with a tremendous blow, that would have been sufficient to kill the stoutest ox.

"How is the boy?" said Peter Wyman.

"Oh, he begins to brighten up considerably," said John; "I don't think he's hurt very bad after all."

"But only to think what a narrow chance he has run," said Mrs. Wyman; "I don't feel as though I should ever get over it as long as I live."

"Well," said Mrs. Green, leaning thoughtfully over her staff, "the Lord be praised, that it is no worse; but I'm afraid the dear little soul will have to see a good many such ups and downs in life yet."

From the Christian Family Magazine.

CLARA: OR POETRY AND HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY MRS. S. W. COOKE.

There are little quiet nooks in our varied population, around which the great thoroughfares of life seem to wind, and leave to the undisturbed enjoyment of their primitive habits and associations; and even, as we might imagine, within the influences of city life, or not a hundred miles from its borders, whole communities are found, who seem as ignorant of every thing beyond their own little circle of action, as if in no way connected with this world of excitement and progression.

Every day has its accustomed associations, and change of season alone brings with it change of employment. Death, or marriage, seems almost the only era in their quiet history, and thus as manhood succeeds to youth, and age to manhood, life moves quietly along its beaten path, and at sun-set throws by its load as calmly, and with as much apparent indifference, as if it were to resume its journey on the soul's morrow, lighted by the same hopes, and cheered by a like employment.

The excitement of a more active and enterprising life, diffuses itself with them, over a whole life-time; not that they are unaffected by the agitating passions of our nature, but necessity is their task-master, and keeps those passions, like the Hebrew bond-men, constantly directed to emergencies, nor leaves them at leisure to accomplish other than the provision for their daily wants.

Yet they seem happy—that is, in their way: the old folks chat, and enjoy their tea, when they go a neighboring, and the younger gossip, and make love at their rustic balls and quilting frolics. I of course speak of the majority; here and there one can find that kind of refinement, which adverse life often gives to character. Good common sense united with religion, and, as a matter of course, with purity of intention, filters as it were through circumstances, and purifies itself from the grosser associations that surround it. Such is dear Aunt Polly, the Aunt Polly still of the whole country round, and who can love her better than I? Aunt Polly, though age has brought with it its infirmities, is yet the darling of the whole neighborhood; even now I can spend hours with her in her little garden, set all round with pinks and roses, with the hollyhock peeping through its white-washed fence: for though the best part of the ground is always well filled with the essentials of a good garden, yet side by side with the coarser vegetable, the potent onion, and the unmannerly potato, grows the dulce of her labors. The fragrant balm, the dark green myrtle, the delicate lily of the valley, and the blue eyed

violet, mingle with an innumerable quantity of annuals, which Aunt Polly has sown as a kind of rural hem-stitch round her border.

Sunday, in this little community, was indeed a day of rest, and here might the educated read a lesson the world seldom teaches. The fatigues of the week, nor indeed any other plea, ever hindered its observance. The wagon was ever at the gate on a Sunday morning, to bear the inmates of the dwelling to the different churches that were scattered, miles asunder, through the valley. One minister not unfrequently supplied three parishes, and though it sometimes puzzled the horses to know which road to take, yet the driver generally found his way there before the beginning of the sermon.

It was a pity their steady observance of the Sabbath did not influence more frequently the six intervening days, and teach a gentler lesson of charity and brotherly kindness, but alas! their better feelings were too often laid aside with their better coat, and Monday again found them fully involved in all the detail of their employment.

It was during a summer excursion through one of these quiet valleys, that Mr. Wilmot, wearied with the anxiety and care incident, as he reasoned, most peculiarly to commercial life, resolved on the purchase of a farm that lay in the bosom of the quiet settlement. The farm had long been vacated by the death of its former proprietor; and though its principal dwelling was shattered and weather-beaten, the fences prostrated, and all the interior arrangements uncomfortable and desolate, yet in itself the situation was so beautiful, the stream so picturesque, rushing through the heart of the valley, precipitating itself over a huge barrier of rocks, and thus forming one of those beautiful cascades that sometimes breaks suddenly upon the traveller, and flings a freshening influence over the surrounding landscape—the luxuriant foliage of the woods, and the utter air of seclusion and peacefulness around it, was too grateful to the world-tired eye of the citizen to be rejected.

Here then Mr. Wilmot brought his family, and there seemed indeed from the arrangements that preceded their approach, a remote suspension on his part of the inconveniences of this isolated spot. Although not the slightest reason existed for the homespun animosity of the neighborhood, few can imagine the sensation with which they gazed on the preparations, that preceded the approach of the family. First came the wagon, with the servants of the household; then followed sundry others, laden with wines, groceries, farming utensils, and boxes of furniture, which the good folks said, as they passed the different tenements on the route, were laden with gold! then came the governess and children,

and lastly Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, with the smaller and more costly arrangements of a drawing room, too delicate to endure the rocky roads in a rougher conveyance. How Mrs. Wilmot felt when she passed through the dilapidated gate, fell through the broken piazza, and gazed for the first time on the utter desolation of every thing around her, I leave to conjecture. I doubt, however, if the picturesque situation that had fascinated her husband, was equivalent to the entire absence of comfort she was doomed to feel. Soon, however, every thing assumed a more cheerful aspect: the house was enlarged, and refitted, with almost the celerity of Aladdin's palace. Wonder for awhile shut them from the intrusion of the neighborhood, but curiosity at length conquered, and at all hours of the day and evening the good folks were seen buzzing about in all directions, to and from the farm, with the latest information they had gathered. The impression made on them by the usurpers, was evidently unfavorable; the common courtesies of life were irksome; if they chose to be civil, it must be in their own way, and with their hats on to enter the house at all hours without the ceremony of a knock, and in their shirt sleeves if it so pleased them. The first insult Mr. Wilmot unintentionally inflicted was in the shape of a large knocker on the front door.

But it would be in vain to attempt to portray half the causes that produced his unpopularity; the slightest offence, however unnecessary on his part, was resented by the whole community; for they had married, and intermarried, and the party offended was always second cousin, or second cousin by marriage, to the whole neighborhood—the touch was electric, and sent a shock to the farthest remove of consanguinity.

Poor Mr. Wilmot was literally at war with a hive; and there seemed indeed no way of remedying the evil but by adopting the school-boy philosophy of flight. Yet he continued to brave it; perhaps he became accustomed to it, after the manner of his nearest neighbor, who actually kept a bevy of his winged contemporaries close to the well, where his family drew their daily supply of water—and why did he not move it? "O, his family were almost used to the sting now—it always stood just there—and if grandfather's folks didn't mind it, and got used to the sting, he was sure they could!"

But what was all this to the happy children of the family; there were the green fields rich with the clover blossoms, the beautiful woods where the wild grape climbed to hide its purple fruit in the dense shade of their luxuriant foliage; there were birds and sunshine and all the changing sports of the changing season, and their happy governess.

after the school-hours were over, to mingle with their pastime—what then was all this care and perplexity to them?

The first encroachment on their enjoyment, was in the form of a tutor, to take the place of their dear governess; for too young, and too gentle perhaps to control the noisy urchins who frolicked even in the school-room, she was content to resign her station, and take the place of an elder daughter or companion to Mrs. Wilmot.

I was a daughter of an old friend, and passed my summers principally with the happy group, and I too had my desk in the little school-room, and next to Clara Wilmot. O Richard Bookstaver! sit still in the corner, which you occupied for two years as our tutor, until I recall the picture; and if your eye should ever rest on these pages, and my memory is incorrect and the portrait untrue, remember the philosophy of Addison, when severely treated by his critics—who viewed his own name in the affair but as one given to a fictitious personage, to whom he bore no resemblance, and felt no other feeling than transient regret that his name was so unfortunately convenient. Well do I remember the old school-room with its low ceiling, and small-paned windows, the cherry book-case in the corner, where sundry matters, such as quills and writing books, geographies and histories, Latin Grammars, Greek Testaments, were deposited, together with various modes of enforcing obedience, in the shape of black medals, a fools-cap with his written denunciation, and other inventions to subdue the refractory. The long bench, too, with its desk prefixed, slanting and ink stained; the gloomy old globe in the corner, a pretty good representation of this gloomy world, and the maps of his own drawing that pictured the white-washed walls with their blue and white divisions, whiskered mountains, and scrawly rivers, the immense Latin and Greek folios, and that awful edition of Euclid that lay on Mr. Richard's table, and Mr. Richard Bookstaver himself, with his demure and stern physiognomy, whose inflexible expression seldom yielded to a smile—all are again before me. That he was a student no one could deny; day and night, every moment not occupied by his school, or sleep and meals, was devoted to books, and yet I can't tell why, reading never seemed to improve him; the ideas rested on his mind like type on paper unchanged; you might have them as received, as you could by opening a volume, but the material was no way improved, it was but paper after all—his books were marked and remarked, whether any remarkable passages occurred, or all was common-place. Clara and I used to call them land-marks, showing the extent of territory over which he had travelled.

It is delightful to wander over pages where the slight pencilling betrays to us the pause the mind has made, the foot-prints, as it were, of the spirit, on some bright resting place. It is akin to the enjoyment of perusing it together; but Mr. Richard's volumes were literally covered with these hieroglyphics of sensation, I will not say feeling, for the book-worm seemed literally to have crawled over the whole page.

But he taught the boys Latin and Arithmetic; if he could not teach Clara and myself English, we were more to be blamed than he. Clara would write verses and I would read them from her slate, "and thus we played double when he thought us engaged in the rule of three;" but we did not love him, and there was the secret—and Clara loved poetry better than Euclid, and I loved Clara!

At length Mr. Richard's engagement was completed, and sunshine again broke in upon our hearts. The boys were sent to a distant school, and in the interim between his departure, and Boarding School for us, Clara and I were as happy as happy could be. She wrote, and talked, and dreamed, I believe, in poetry, for her mind was overrun with it—an exuberance that bade fair to crush the more valuable in character, and allow its better and more useful energies but a stinted growth. Our favorite walk led to a mossy rock near the water-fall, hid from observation by the projecting rock, and hung all around with the wild vines that fell over its rough sides. Indeed there was every thing around Clara's home—its utter seclusion from the world—the entire dependence on one's self for enjoyment—to foster her imagination; there is a necessity too of mind that seems to call for sympathy, and rejoices when it is found—and all around us answered to the appeal—the sweet scenery—the unbroken stillness of our solitude—the peacefulness of our own hearts—all contributed to give the false coloring to life, that after years has denied. Yet there was a happy influence drawn around Clara's heart by those early impressions. It was as yet untouched by religion. But when the death of her mother and subsequent trials came—among which, I believe, self-discipline, was the most difficult—then, when God's blessed spirit, in the still small voice of conscience reminded her of duty,—duty in all the departments of her little sphere, as a friend, as a sister, and last and dearest, as a daughter—when the necessity of controlling her feelings of educating her heart, was enforced upon her, then came back those peaceful recollections of childhood, and hung their soft drapery around those blessed emotions as a shadow and refuge from the glare of too bright a world.

Clara had mingled with that world, and

perhaps enjoyed fashionable life, yet it was but for a season. Its novelty, its excitements, are all attractive to the uninitiated. Many years passed by and Clara again became an inhabitant of that still beautiful spot; though the farm had then merged into a flourishing village, and the busy manufactory mingled its sound with the water-fall. A few of the old settlers still lingered in their homesteads, but the younger and those who had sold out, retreated a little from the scene of so much excitement, some miles distant, present the same code of good-breeding, illiberality and ignorance their forefathers instilled.

"What do you mean to do with poetry, Clara," said I, "now that you are married?" "O, put it by," said she, laughing, "as too pretty for every-day wear. My husband is practical and sensible, and I use the word in contra-distinction to poetic—and I mean to be sensible too—they say a poetess should never marry, and I think so, unless the feeling be most wisely disciplined."

And Clara was right: it matters little what a woman's accomplishments are, when called to fulfil the important duties that devolve upon her at her marriage—she may converse like Plato, and sing with the sweetness of an Eolian harp, and yet, if she cannot preside over her family with prudence, economy, and dignity, she is as despicable as an experienced general, who understood the whole science of war, and yet was a coward.

Well, thought I, what kind of a house-keeper will Clara make? when I heard my poetical friend was actually preparing for that great event in woman's quiet history, and had already taken the pretty cottage, we had so often admired in our rambles together. There was something ominous in the choice of that cottage—situated in the most romantic part of our romantic village, upon a bluff, close by the water-fall; so close that I remember, on a bright spring morning, as we paused to look upon it, the spray-cloud rising from the torrent almost folded it from sight until the sun touched it, and the vapor literally became

"A crown and mantle of living flame."

"I think, Fanny," said Clara, "it would be something like living in a rain-bow, to live in that cottage—how I would like to live there."

And he, said I, smiling—

"One of those bright creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play in the frightened clouds."

And now Clara was to live in that cottage, and literally embody with herself, child, and husband, that beautiful sentiment of Milton. Tying on my bonnet I soon reached her pretty home. "What a place for poetry!" I exclaimed, as I stood on its broad piazza, em-

bowered in honey-suckles and white roses, while the acacia and catalpa spread their flowery branches around one, and gave but a partial view of the fall. "Come in, Fanny," called Clara, who was peeping at me through the window,

"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

And on entering—There was Clara, with her sleeves tucked up to her elbow—a checked apron on, with a hammer and tacks, busily employed in putting down the carpet she had just finished; her infant was playing on the floor, and the little nursery-maid was alternately employed in beguiling the one, and assisting the other.

"You must dine with us to-morrow, Fanny; Charles returns from New York in the morning; and at our first dinner, in our own house, I think we shall both feel as you and I did when children, and we played 'go to see,' a little bashful at first."

The next day I formed one of the trio at Clara's table; the steak was well cooked, and the apple-pie delicious; I congratulated her upon having so good a cook.

"She has not yet come," she replied, "but takes her place to-morrow. Am I not growing practical, Fan, as I promised?"

"Indeed you are, dear Clara—yet, in so sweet a home, if one of the 'Nine' should occasionally visit you, you will certainly welcome her?"

"O, of course; but she must wait until I have darned my husband's stockings, sewed on every button, and lulled my baby to sleep. My poetry shall be something like your songs, Fanny; you sing and charm your friends, and amuse yourself; I, less fortunate, perhaps, may write to amuse my friends, and I alone be charmed."

We have so long laughed over the effect of a letter written six months after she had commenced house-keeping, to her brother-in-law—a great favorite with Clara, and who was on a visit to his parents in a neighboring State—that I will subjoin it.

Unfortunately, the letter found no one at home but his parents, as he was absent with some friends, on a fishing excursion. The old gentleman, as was customary with him, walked over to the post-office in the cool of the evening; and well did the old lady know that he was the bearer of a letter, as he entered the gate, moved rapidly over the gravel walk, and deposited his hat and cane in the wrong corner.

"It is addressed to Samuel," said he, "my dear; but it is Clara's hand-writing; and as her letters are family property I shall break the seal."

"O do!" said the old lady, as she laid down her knitting, "I quite want to know how the

dear children get along with house-keeping."

The old gentleman wiped his spectacles—and carefully adjusting them, read as follows:

"It is evening, dear Sam, Charles and Fanny are home,
And the bright lamp is cheering our dear little room;
My basket is near, but I'm tired, and can't sew,
So needles and muslin, this evening adieu!
And as Charles has one paper, and Fanny the other,
I'll cheat a sad feeling by writing my brother.
I've been striving to-day, like an excellent wife,
To blend the 'utile et dulce' of life;
I've been pickling, preserving, and quite in a stew,
Now bothered by baby—then thinking of you;
For hee-like, a thought has stole over my brain,
That you care very little to see us again;
A stinging thought, Sam, which I'll crush if you'll come,
And bring back the honey of hearts to our home.
O, don't stay any longer! for poor Carlo* lies
On the door-mat, with naught to amuse him but flies;
And pen, ink, and books, undisturbed on the shelf,
Refuse to be social with one but yourself.
And paper looks blank and our cheerfulness's flown,
For it seems as a link from our heart's chain had gone.

In this dull town of ours I have little to tell,
I've seen none of your cronies, but Mr. Udell,
And he at the last evening's lecture I saw,
Intent upon Solomon Southwick and law.

O, I loved that old man! for reverend's the form,
That can meet wintry age, unbowed by its storm;
Though Time stood on his brow like a tyrant, and told
A withering tale!—that such men could grow old—
Yet mind grappled with years, unscathed by a care,
For the greenness and beauty of wisdom was there.
Tho' the music of Milton flowed sweet from his tongue,
He proved that more sweetly Isaiah had sung;
That Dante a rapture to sense might impart,
But that David alone swept the strings of the heart;
And so calm was the flow of the lecturer's mind,
His reasoning so lucid, his thoughts so refined,
That I rose from Philosophy's ocean imperial'd
With the gems of a purer and holier world.

Give my love to dear father and mother, and say,
I don't write such episodes every day;
But you know, Sam, when Nature and feelings are
tired,
The mind in reaction is sometimes inspired—
But the Pythian draught is exhausted, and now
Dull slumber is passing its wand o'er my brow;
My pen and ink fail me—my senses are dumb,
So I'll go to bed, Samuel, and dream you have come.

Yet one word at parting—a blessing—a prayer!
That life may be sprinkled so lightly by care,
Like dust on the butterfly's wing, every wo
May soften, not shadow, the brilliance below—
But memory is with me—a tear's in my eye!
For my heart's with my childhood—dear Samuel, good
bye."

The old gentleman closed the letter with
an evident expression of disappointment—
"Well,"—said he, after a pause—"I think
we may infer they are all well, as Charles
was reading the paper, and Clara's thoughts
were unoccupied."

"I don't know that," said the old lady—
"if Charles has a wife that writes poetry, I
guess he has to take care of himself."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "we will
hope for the best, she may, after all, be a
sensible woman."

* A favorite pointer.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

'Tis sad to weep o'er the memory of departed friends, with whom we have sojourned, hand in hand, through this vale of strife—sad for the cold, keen, feeling hand of death to plant the dread impress of his seal of dissolution upon ties which naught but it could sever. *Memory's* keen vision then fondly traces in sweet communion the joys of the past—gone, to return *no more*—as with the tear of sorrow she weeps o'er the clustering hopes which the green sod has buried in their silent grave: but *Hope* cheers the drooping heart, while with soul-inspiring intonations she speaks comfort to the Christian's heart, and points to heaven above for its fruition.

Weep not as those who have no hope. If clothed with a Redeemer's righteousness, when relieved from the bondage of doomed humanity, they left far below this phantom world, nor paused till they gained the portals of uncreated bliss. There bright unnumbered hosts o'erspread the celestial plains of the New Jerusalem, through which flows crystal waters from the unfailing fount of Life Eternal; amid the glorious ranks of radiant seraphim and cherubim, they strike the victor harp o'er sin and death.

Clothed in robes of surpassing white, once dipped in the streams of Calvary, they no more shall wear the unworthy garments of frail humanity; no withering sorrow there shall fade the heart's fond hope, or plant the furrow of care upon the brow, nor yet shall sin or death ever enter there, while with eyes undazzled they gaze upon the throne of God. Peace be to the memory of the departed good; although the hand of death has withered the flower, yet its fragrance is sweet, which the chilling atmosphere of earth's fading memory will not blight. When the scroll of life is finished, then, Christian mourner, shalt thou with a thrill of rapture greet thy parted friends—then, for the dirge of human wail and the tear of bitter sorrow, shalt thou make a happy exchange for the choral anthems of redeeming love, while *no tear shall bedim* thine eye.

'Tis well, amid the din and strife of this weary vale, with the eye of faith to penetrate beyond the reality of the present—for the mind, with an unsealed eye and tireless wing, to roam where reality has no chart, to catch a glimpse, to win some whisper of the joys of that deathless heritage where a foe never entered, and from whence a friend never went away: then

"A few short years of evil past,
You reach that happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last,
Shall meet to part *no more*."

Christ. Intelligencer.

EFFIE JEAN MONRO.

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death."

ON no spot, in our beautiful country, did the warm evening sunshine fall more bright and cheering, than on Woodlawn, the house of Mr. Warren, one of the wealthy sons of Louisiana. Indeed, it was a spot on which we might suppose even a sunbeam would love to linger and gaze; so fairy-like, yet so warm and sheltered did it seem, with its wealth of roses and gay spring flowers, backed and bounded by a forest of old primeval trees. I love those old forest-trees—love them when winter has robbed them of their leafy honours,—when they stand spreading abroad their naked arms, as if imploring that the reign of their tyrant might be shortened—and love them, when their prayer seems more than granted, by their receiving a new and glossy robe, in return for the faded, and storm-soiled vestments of which they had been despoiled. But, most of all the forest I love the pines—those giant sentinels of the woods, which stand unchanged for centuries, like monuments which "time hath raised to count his ages by." And there were many seemingly keeping guard over this quiet spot, and the low murmur of the sweet south wind through their branches, seemed the spirit of peace whispering "all's well."

A tributary of the Red river rolled its clear waters at the foot of the eminence, on the side of which rested the mansion, and a rude bridge which served to connect the lawn with the wide fields beyond, completed the sweet picture—completed it as far as inanimate objects were concerned. But all these were forgotten, or at least unobserved, when the eye rested on the figures of a very young man, and a still younger maiden, pausing on that wild old bridge. The maiden—for as our tale is most nearly connected with her, we name her first—was not one formed for the glitter of gay crowds, or the glare of midnight assemblies, but once to look upon that lovely face, was sufficient to fix it in the memory and heart of many. She had the fair skin and dimpled cheek of her Scotch paternal ancestry; while from her mother, one of the graceful daughters of a French emigrant, she inherited the dark eyes and jetty ringlets of her native land. But the beautiful *temple* was unnoticed, when the more beautiful *spirit* shrined within, looked forth through those dove-like eyes, telling of "Charity, which hoped all things," and love to all mankind. The father of Effie Jean Monro had died in her childhood, but the deep grief of her mother made a

lasting impression on her gentle feelings, and even when, many years after, Mrs. Monro gave her hand to Mr. Warren, the shade of sadness, sometimes deepening almost to melancholy, passed not away from Effie's brow.

Long had they stood there,—that fair girl, and that tall noble youth, for Albert Barry was one of nature's nobility, and proud, high resolve flashing from his dark blue eye, made him a splendid specimen of the future statesmen of our land. Mr. Monro had been his guardian, and almost father, from the early period which deprived him of both parents, until his own death, and when Mr. Warren was received into the family, he fully supplied the place of his first benefactor to the young orphan. Thus the *affection* of childhood was strengthened by daily intercourse, till it ripened into the *love* of later years. Long had they stood there, with her hand clasped in his, and many were the bright anticipations of the future which they indulged in, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "And is it indeed so, Effie, and must we part to-night for so long a time!" and even as he spoke, he pressed that delicate hand to his lips—"oh, why can I not go with you! but I know it may not be, and the weary hours of your absence must be passed in redoubled attention to my profession, to atone for the many hours stolen from it, when I could not tear myself from your side, dear Effie, my own one,"—and the fair hand was clasped with an almost convulsive grasp.

"Yes, Albert, my aunt has sent to inform me that she must commence our journey to-night, but you must not attempt to lessen my fortitude by unavailing regrets, nor grieve for me too much, for you well know how hard it has been for me to consent to go. And indeed, nothing but the hope of escaping for one summer that dreadful fever, which for so many of the last years has prostrated my strength, could induce me to leave you and dear mother. But you must come often to see her, Albert, and cheer her, for much I fear she will pine for her child."

"That request was not needed, my Effie, to ensure to our dear mother at least a daily visit, but as your parting wish it shall be faithfully complied with. No duty which a son can pay a mother shall be neglected, for nothing can repay the debt of gratitude I owe her, for the care she has bestowed on me, since the time when she clasped

me, a desolate orphan, to her bosom, and bade me call her *mother*. But every lengthened hour will be counted till October, which is the longest period of your visit, you know."

The wild carol of one of the early mocking-birds burst forth so near them, and was continued and prolonged with so sweet a cadence, that it disturbed their sad thoughts and words, and they involuntarily turned to leave the spot, when they found the sunny landscape becoming rapidly overcast by a heavy, dark cloud, rising in the west, and Effie shuddered as she thought it might be an omen of evil, for when they commenced their walk, all nature was bathed in golden sunlight, and now a gloom, like the shadow of a pall, was passing over it. She was about commencing a long journey with her aunt, to some seaport town, with the hope of finding health through the summer, and though she *went* full of life, and hope, and gay anticipation,—when should she *return*?

Another glorious and gorgeous sunset,—another wild *voluntary* from the hidden musician, whose home must be in that clump of Titi! But it is all unseen, unheard, by the sorrowful student who stands gazing down into the depths of that dark stream, and almost fancies that he again sees the lovely image he saw reflected there but yesternight. And every evening for many weeks, was the old bridge crossed, and the anxious Mrs. Warren cheered by the presence of young Albert Barry, while the name of Effie Jean, was a talisman to bind the links of affection yet closer. One darling boy had been given his name, and little Albert Warren would occupy no seat but "Tuzzin Albert's" (as he lispingly called him) knee, while "sister Effie's" name was mentioned, but would sit with his cherub face upturned, and his ruby lips parted, while now and then you could hear a low murmur of "sister, tum home." Even the old household servants would contrive to cross his path, to express in their uncouth way their kind sympathy, and he often heard himself addressed with "God bless you, Massa Albert, Miss Effie soon be home."

But a few weeks had passed, yet far, far away from the home of her childhood, surrounded by strangers, was that gentle girl, winning, by her peculiar grace and charm of manner, the hearts of all. Her aunt had selected for their summer residence a city on the Gulf of Mexico, famed for its salubrious climate, promising an exemption to Effie of the dreaded fever, as well as renewed health to herself; besides possessing a charm in her estimation by being a Naval station.

It was a gala night. A French frigate lay moored in the bay, and a splendid entertainment was given to all American officers in port, and to the citizens of the town. The gallant vessel was transformed into a floating palace, having its entire deck enclosed and roofed with snowy canvass, festooned with evergreens, while innumerable transparent lamps—the work of the tasteful hosts of the evening—were suspended in the arches formed by the

wreaths. In the centre stood the most striking ornament, being the insignia of battle,—a cluster of muskets and bayonets, a pile of cannon-balls, and a few sheathed swords, the whole surmounted by the united and entwined standards of France and America. And fairy forms and bright smiles, gentle maidens and gallant cavaliers were thronging that novel saloon; while the light foot bounded to the spirit-stirring strains of music, and the yet lighter heart leaped high at the graceful compliments of favoured ones. All the beauty and pride of the city were there, and many strangers; but in all that gay and glittering assembly, none could pass unheeding by the gentle Effie, who, with no jewels decking her young beauty, and clad in the simplest muslin robe, with her luxuriant dark hair parted above her snowy forehead, looked the emblem of innocence and purity; yet some there were who said, that even *there*, a shade was o'er her, as if Azrael's wing was *then* fanning the bloom of health from her cheek.

Raise high the curtain,—let in the cool, fresh land breeze, which comes so refreshingly! Lift up the drooping head of the weary sufferer which lies throbbing on the uneasy pillow! Perchance the cool air and the bright moonlight may soothe the aching brow.

It had been decided by the physicians, that the dreadful scourge which devastated all the Southern cities in 1839, had at last reached even this healthy spot, and several cases of yellow fever had occurred. And many anxious eyes were now turned on a patient sufferer, whose hard breathing, glittering eye and crimson cheek, told but too truly that disease was triumphing, and that death would soon claim another victim. Yes, there, even there, lay Effie Jean Monroe, the lily of Woodlawn, the idol of Albert Barry, the loved of all! For several days it was not known what would be the result, but the worst fears of her numerous friends were too soon sanctioned by her physicians, and in many houses in that city, was heard the sound of sorrow, a wail for the young and beautiful being who was leaving them for ever, for

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her, but to praise."¹

The holy man of God, whose step was ever in the path of duty, knelt often at her bedside, and soothed her by his counsels and prayers, and when, in his appointed time, her Heavenly Father took her to himself, he cheered her passage through the dark waters.

"Oh! let me once more upon my bended knee, supplicate my Father in Heaven to hear me!" and they granted the petition of that low, plaintive voice, and gently lifted the dying girl from her couch, and placed her in her familiar and favourite attitude. Who may say what thoughts came thronging into her heart at that solemn moment! To leave the bright and beautiful earth in the glowing spring-time of life—to lay her young head

in the silent grave, in darkness and *alone*,—far from the dear mother who cherished her in infancy, and who must go sorrowing all her days, for *her*, the first-born,—from the chosen one of her riper years—from all that could make life desirable! Who may say what bright visions of eternity opened to her view as she knelt for the last time before the Hearer of Prayer!—"Mother, brother, Albert! would, oh, would that Effie could see you

all again, but the will of God be done, and to Him I commend you! Hear me, oh, Father! and grant,"—and the gentle spirit went up with that last half uttered petition.

That same evening a long train of mourners followed a dark hearse to the churchyard, and there, in the land of strangers, they made the last resting-place of Effie Jean Monro. J.

Pensacola.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

ELLEN CARLTON, OR, THE CAPRICIOUS BRIDE. A Tale,

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM,

Author of 'Lafitte,' 'Burton,' 'Kyd,' 'The South West,' &c.

"The little capriciousness of some wives is more unendurable than the right down angry temper of a virago. The one is "a continual dropping of a rainy day;" the other a smart April shower, heavy while it lasts, but soon over."—J. Taylor.

Louis Carlton was a young and happy husband. He had been married some months to a very beautiful girl, five years his junior, he being now twenty-seven, or little past. He had married her for love, but had loved her for her beauty, which is pretty often the case in these matrimonial affairs. She proved, however, to be sensible as well as beautiful, and he as good a husband as he was devoted a lover. The first six months of their married life glided by as smoothly as a summer's stream winding through green meadows. Not one angry word had passed between them—not an angry glance exchanged! Louis felt himself to be the happiest of men—but it was because his honey-moon chanced to be six months long! He congratulated himself every where he went, and triumphed over his friends who still remained in the bachelor ranks.

"You have not been married a year yet, Louis," said Fred Turner, a young lawyer, who had long been looking out for a rich widow, or an old entailed estate with a flaw in the deed, he cared little which.

"Wait till you have differed from her in the color of her new hat," said Charles Amesly, an M. D., thirty-seven years of age, seventeen of which he had spent like a moth fluttering about a candle, trying to muster courage to give up his independence to the management of a woman.

"You have had no little responsibilities yet, Carlton," said Col. Thornton, a bachelor beau of a doubtful age, old townsmen asseverating that he would never see sixty again, while young men made him their companion. But the Colonel had put his grey hairs in mourning, not that any person had *died*, save himself.

"Ah, mine goot frient, Monsieur Carlton," said the *attaché* to the French legation, "you have nevaire let your voife, Madame de Carlton, go to de gran assemblée at Vashington, ma foi! Ven she sall see herself dere, an you sall see her dere, and she sall see every bodie dere—wid all de foin gentilmen, she sall 'ave to see dere—den you sall be jealous, Monsieur Carlton, mine goot frient, eh! Den coom de pretty curtain scene—de lec-

ture nuptiale—de tear—de cross—de scold—de-de-devil, altogedder! Eh, ah, you sall see, Monsieur Carlton!"

Louis laughed at his friends' prophecies, and, happy in the love of Ellen, he believed he should always remain so. He went home, and his wife met him with smiles, and he told her laughingly what his bachelor friends had said.

"And do you believe them, dear Louis?" asked the lovely bride with an insinuating smile, and captivating look, as she gracefully poured cream into his tea.

"Believe them! No, dearest! The barbarians! they envy me my felicity, and would destroy it if they could."

"I am sure we shall always love each other as well as we do now," said the bride.

"And never quarrel," responded Louis.

"Nor look cross."

"Nor sour."

"No."

"No."

"And you will always indulge me, won't you?"

"To be sure."

"And let me do as I please?"

"Certainly."

"We shall be so happy!"

"Won't we!" and Louis buttered a huge piece of toast, and swallowed it.

After tea, Ellen came down dressed for an evening party. Louis gazed on her with pride and admiration.

"You look divinely, Ellen!"

"Do I, Louis?" and the pretty wife turned to the mirror and surveyed her person with a smile.

"But I would suggest one alteration, dearest!"

"What, Louis?"

"That purple ribbon about the neck! I don't think purple becomes a brunette!"

"Why purple always became me, Louis!"

"Cherry colored would be most becoming, decidedly."

"Indeed I don't think so. Captain Mortimer, of the Navy, told me I looked truly charming in purple."

"Confound Captain Mortimer of the Navy," exclaimed Louis, angrily; "I tell you, Ellen, I like it now less than before. You shall not wear purple."

"I will wear it; you are jealous, Louis!"

"I am not."

"You are."

"I tell you, Ellen, I am not."

"Well, have your own way. I will wear the purple ribbon, or I won't go to the party."

Here was a matrimonial climax! Louis looked upon his wife with perfect astonishment. She had not spoken a sharp word before since their marriage; but then her

tastes had not been crossed! He was thunderstruck! He did not know she possessed the least bit of spirit. She now had openly rebelled. On his part he had never spoken so to her before. She was astonished, and began to tremble for the first time at a husband's authority. But Ellen Carlton was naturally spirited, and opportunity was only wanting to draw her out. She was a spoiled beauty, capricious, and very fond of having her own way. Her parents had never thwarted her inclinations, nor before had Louis done so. She now internally resolved, much as she loved Louis, not to yield to him. She had imbibed certain notions she had learned in girlhood of woman's rights, and that if a bride yielded the first time to a husband's temper, she was henceforth his slave. Now, thought she to herself, the crisis and the hour has come, and I will not submit. Louis shall yield. Such a weak resolution as this has been the means of producing much of the connubial unhappiness that exists in this world.

When Louis saw that Ellen was determined on wearing the purple ribbon, he quietly gave up to her; for he was naturally of a yielding nature. But this discovery of temper and wilfulness in the bride of his bosom, grieved him to the heart. He went with her to the party, but during the whole evening he was sad and absent in mind, while Ellen was gay as usual.

The ensuing morning Ellen, who really loved Louis, and felt proud of his love, came to him, and putting her arms about his neck, affectionately kissed him. He returned the caress, and smiles once more took the place of sadness. But the bright crystal vase of their wedded love had received a flaw, and from that day their happiness was chequered and unsteady. The current of affection was interrupted by many of Ellen's caprices, and each day she seemed to be more and more reckless of her husband's domestic peace. The least incident would cause a quick frown to form between her eyebrows, and a sharp reply. Her temper grew sour as she gave indulgence to it, and poor Louis felt that all the happiness he had believed in store for him as a husband was destined to perish.

A year elapsed, and Ellen became a proud and happy mother. In the full tide of her maternal love and happiness, all lesser streams of discontent were swallowed up. Her temper became cheerful, her disposition gentle, her voice affectionate. He hailed this change with joy, for he had begun to believe that the capriciousness of Ellen's temper had ruined her own and his happiness forever. Three months passed after the birth of their little girl, and not one unkind word or look had been interchanged between them. One morn-

ing Ellen appeared in the parlor dressed for the street, the nurse following her with the infant.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked Louis, lifting his eyes from a book on seeing her come in, and then rising and going towards the babe to give it a proud paternal kiss.

"To give little Mary an airing in the square. Don't she look sweet?" and Mrs. Carlton turned and gazed upon her infant with a look of maternal delight.

"A little cherub, Ellen! It's eyes, Captain Mortimer tells me, are just like mine."

"Confound Captain Mortimer, Louis," said Ellen, laughing; "I tell you every body says her eyes are exactly like mine!"

"Why your's are jet black, Ellen, and the babe's are hazle, and so are mine!"

"How you do love to contradict, Louis," said Mrs. Carlton, pettishly. "Come, Jane, let us go out before he quarrels with us."

"Are you not ashamed, Ellen, to speak of me in this way before and to a servant? I had no intention of quarrelling. I merely said the babe's eyes were hazel."

"They are black."

"Well, black, then."

"Well, black, then,—I say they *are* black."

"What is the matter, Ellen?"

"You are as cross as you can be! I declare I never could have believed this. I did hope, after my confinement, you would have treated me a little differently;" and Mrs. Carlton suffered tears to come into her eyes, and threw herself into a rocking chair.

"My dear—I really did not mean to—" began Louis, approaching her.

"Go away—I don't want any my dearing," and her cambric handkerchief sought her eyes—*sob*.

"But, Ellen"—

"You are always finding fault!"—*sob, sob*.

"Indeed"—

"I can never please you!"—*sob, sob, sob*.

"What a scene we are making before the nurse."

"You began it."

"I did."

Mrs. Carlton did not expect so candid a confession, and was at a loss to go on. At length she rose up, and without looking at Louis, left the house, followed by the black eyed, hazel eyed little infant in the nurse's arms. Louis soon after followed, and went to the United States Hotel, to forget his domestic discomforts in the society of his bachelor friends, and in the excitement of a glass or two of brandy and water. If pettish wives knew how often they drove their husbands to the brandy bottle, they would pause ere

they gave way to a capriciousness which would bring forth to them such bitter fruits.

"You don't seem in good spirits, Louis," said his bachelor friend the lawyer, whom he met there; "I suspect you are on the stool of repentance."

"I—I have a—that is—I have a toothache."

"Oh, ah," said Charles Amesly, with a look of well feigned sympathy; "that is bad, Louis! Toothaches are *very* bad things, especially *double* teeth!"

"You look as if you were jealous of your baby, Carlton," said Col. Thornton; "married men tell me they sink into insignificance as soon as a baby is born."

"No, no, Messieurs," said the attaché to the French Legation, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and shrugging his shoulders till they met his ears; "Monsieur Carlton, my friend, is disciplined! He carry de eye down—de head droop, de hand cross behind de back, and looking so triste as if he lose all de friends he ever sall 'ave! He feel de chain—de bondage, eh, mine goot friend, Monsieur Carlton!"

Louis endeavored to laugh off the raillery of his friends; but the ill success of the effort only served to assure them of the truth. So when Carlton left them they followed him with several ejaculations:

"Poor Carlton, he sighs for freedom!"

"Unhappy Louis, he envies us and feels sad!"

"What would he not give to be free, like ourselves?"

"Pauvre jeune! He vill nevaire be like himself, no more nevaire!"

That evening Louis sat in his library alone and gloomy. He was reflecting upon the probable wreck of his matrimonial hopes. He thought of the sweet hours of courtship, when Ellen seemed all that a lover could desire, a husband hope for. He recalled the first six months of his married life, and dwelt with pleasure upon its uninterrupted bliss. He thought of their first difference about the color of a ribbon, and groaned at remembering how many had followed it. He could not question the deep and devoted love of his wife; but not much skilled in the female heart, he marvelled how pure love could exist where there was so much capriciousness. He felt that if Ellen loved him, she would hesitate to make him unhappy, as she did do, twenty times in a day, by her little petty bursts of temper. To be sure they were transient, and always followed by a smile, but nevertheless the wound of his heart rankled long after she seemed to have forgotten that she had given cause for offence.

While he was thus engaged in thinking, an old married friend called in. He was twenty years older than Louis, and had a grown up

family. He was attached to Carlton, who returned his friendship with his confidence.

"So, you are alone," he said gaily; "where is Madam?"

"Ellen has retired, I believe," said Louis; "I have not seen her since morning."

"Not seen her since morning, and not been two years married! Why, man, now I look at you, you appear sad or ill. What is the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"That is to say something. What goes wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Your business prosperous?"

"As I could wish."

"Ellen and baby well?"

"Quite so."

"Are *you* sick?"

"No."

"Then *what* is the reason of this long face?"

Louis faintly smiled, and then rose and walked across the room. His friend followed him and took his arm.

"Louis, something is wrong! You and Ellen have quarrelled again!"

"You have hit it," answered Louis, smiling, yet looking unhappy.

"It is your fault. You let her govern you by her caprices and tears! If she frown, you are ready to speak and notice it! If she speak quick, you resent or reprove it! If she is in ill-humor, you make it worse by trying to put her into a better."

"But what shall I do? I can't live and have her constantly frowning. If I look up from my book it is a chance if I do not see her looking cross; it has got to be habitual to her. She can't speak without a petite scolding key. Absolutely she keeps me in hot water all the time. I can't endure a frown on her face. It should be all smiles, gentleness and love!"

"All fudge! Women are like men; they have their feelings, and must express them. If they smile, thank Heaven! if they frown, endure it in silence. Don't mind them. It only spoils them, and makes them worse. Their faces are April skies, and he who looks to them for constant fair weather, has his trouble and disappointment for his pains."

"But what shall I do when Ellen answers me in a cross tone?"

"Say nothing."

"She will get angry.—"

"Let her."

"She will shed tears."

"Offer her your pocket handkerchief."

Louis could not help smiling at his experienced friend's matrimonial philosophy; and he promised to follow his advice.

"Do so, Louis," he said to him as he left

him; "and I assure you you will be a great deal happier. So soon as she sees that you are indifferent to her caprices and pretty sulkinesses, or finds that you can endure them with philosophy, she will put an end to them. Don't let her think you care so much about her as to be made miserable if she contract her eyebrow, or speak in an octave. Good bye."

The judicious friend of Louis had not been long gone before the library door opened, and Mrs. Carlton stole in, in her night dress, with a neat ruffled cap tied beneath her oval chin. Louis saw without seeming to see her. He knew she was coming to *make up* with him; for such was her disposition, that though she was careless about hurting Louis's feelings, she was as ready to atone for them. So it was falling out and falling in again with them twenty times in a day. Louis therefore expected her.

She advanced softly to him and stole her hand into the grasp of his, and bending down kissed his forehead.

"You will forgive me, Louis?"

He replied by pressing her to his heart.

"Oh, Ellen, if you were always so kind and gentle—so full of all that commands a husband's love. I wish you would *try* and please me."

"I will, Louis. Come now to bed! I could not sleep, knowing you were displeased with me."

"Why, then, do you so often anger me?"

"I cannot help it. I don't mean it."

"We will speak no more of this to-night. May this peace be permanent, is my fervent prayer."

"It shall be, Louis?"

Several days passed, and Ellen seemed really trying not only to avoid giving Louis offence, but to make him happy. But this calm was of short duration. At dinner she insisted on giving the babe a chicken bone to suck, and Louis contended for the impropriety of it, as the child was scarcely four months old.

"It will not hurt him," said Mrs. Carlton, sharply.

"It will, indeed, it will, Ellen. I—I—"

Louis remembered his experienced friend's advice, and was silent.

"What was you going to say?" asked Ellen, seeing he paused.

Louis commenced deliberately to mix dressing for salad.

"The child *shall* have the bone," and Mrs. Carlton looked to her husband for contradiction.

"I say he *shall* have it."

Louis scientifically mixed the oil and mustard, and seemed so absorbed in the process, that he appeared to notice nothing around

him. Mrs. Carlton looked at him with angry surprise.

"Why don't you *speak*, Mr. Carlton?"

Louis salted the amalgam, and then peppered it. Mrs. Carlton's beautiful complexion was heightened. Her fine eyes grew dark, and her lip compressed. She *could not get* her husband to quarrel with her! the worst situation for a wife to be placed in in the world. After watching him for a few moments with a steady look, she rose quickly from the table, threw the chicken bone at the nurse's head, and "exit in a passion."

An hour elapsed, and finding Louis did not come to her chamber to see if she had taken laudanum, or cut her throat, she went down—for she could not bear this suspense. She entered the dining room! The cloth was removed and there sat Louis, with one leg over a chair, his wine* beside him, a cigar between his lips, and the evening paper before him, which he was reading. This indifference to her displeasure cut her to the heart! She was angry, yet trembling for his affliction. She feared he had ceased to love her! She entered the room and walked to the window. He paid no attention to her, nor seemed to notice her presence. She rustled the curtain; she tapped nervously on the glass; she even hummed a few notes of an air—yet he kept on reading his paper, and alternately sipping his wine and puffing his cigar. She could endure it no longer.

"Louis!" she said in a low tone, without looking round.

"My dear!"—*puff—sip—the news.*

She approached the table and stood near his right shoulder. "Louis!" in a still lower tone.

"My dear!" he replied, in a tone of inimitable nonchalance.

She sat down and burst into tears. He took no notice of her. She sobbed much louder, and he puffed the harder. She put her kerchief to her eyes, and he the wine-glass to his lips. She got up and rapidly walked the room, and he knocked off the ashes of his cigar into the spittoon. At length she came and laid her hand hesitatingly upon his shoulder

"Louis."

"Ellen."

"You are displeased."

"No, my dear."

"Why do you act so?"

"How?"

"Not to speak."

"When?"

"At the table."

"I was silent for peace. I was afraid of you, Ellen."

* We feel called upon to enter our disapproval of the wine-drinking by Louis. It's a bad habit to fall into.
—ED. GAR.

"*Afraid* of me. My husband afraid of me!" she repeated, distressed.

"I was, in truth. I am afraid to speak before you now."

"Are you speaking the truth, and as you feel?"

"Most solemnly," he answered, impressively.

"And you *fear* me—*me*—the wife of your bosom?"

"I do, Ellen!"

"Then am I a wretch, indeed! Is my temper so hateful—have I been but two years married, and yet Louis Carlton fears me—fears to contradict me! Is it possible that I have fallen so low!" she cried, with feeling. "Louis, can you forgive me?"

"For what, Ellen?" he asked, deeply moved by her distress.

"For my evil temper—my capricious disposition—my recklessness of your peace—my indifference to your wishes—my utter selfishness! I see now all my hateful character in its true light! Oh, how must I have appeared to you? How do I appear to you, Louis?"

"As an angel of light—a seraph of peace, bearing love and joy upon its wings," he cried, his eyes filling. "You are forgiven! Henceforth I feel you will be the sweet, gentle, loved and loving Ellen, whom I loved and wedded ere an angry passion marred our bliss."

"Indeed, Louis, from this day you shall never have occasion to complain of want of affection in me. You shall never find frowns where you look for smiles, nor hear sharp tones where you listen for the gentle accents of love."

And Ellen Carlton kept her promise. Made to see the hideousness of her moral failings by their effect upon the manners of her husband towards her, she had saved from wreck, ere it was too late, the fair and richly freighted bark of their domestic peace. Let all capricious and pettish young wives who read this tale, but reflect for a moment how hateful they appear in their husband's eyes, and that they irresistibly inspire *fear* where their labor should be to inspire love, and let them follow the wise example set them by the repentant Ellen Carlton.

Original.

EMILY; OR, THE ORPHAN.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

THE attentive observer will find the above sentiment, penned by one of nature's sweetest poets, exemplified through all the vicissitudes of our mortal career, from its commencement unto its final close. Circumstances apparently the most adverse, as if by some unseen agency, resulting in the full fruition of all our hopes, affording us even more real happiness than our most ardent fancy could devise. As a paraphrase on the above, and a preface to this narrative, we must introduce our readers into the family circle of a venerable Revolutionary patriot, bearing the name of Hubert. This little group consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert, two sons, Augustus and Edward, and their adopted daughter, Emily. The latter, descended from poor, but respectable parents, was, at their decease, kindly selected by the benevolent Mrs. Hubert, to fill the void in their domestic relation occasioned by the death of a beloved child, bearing the same name. Their magnificent residence was unrivalled in costly grandeur, or exquisite taste, and rose majestically amid a cluster of neat but far more rustic dwellings, all of which appeared to the passing stranger to form a boundary line to the southern margin of our lovely Rhode Island. Mr. Hubert inherited from his ancestors an ample fortune, which large investments in commercial enterprize had increased to princely opulence. At the age of forty-five he found himself a *millionaire* and the admiration of the community in which he lived, for his correct deportment and moral worth. Not only was he distinguished for just dealing and rectitude of conduct among his business contemporaries, but in all his intercourse with society, which was necessarily very extensive, he manifested an untiring zeal for the promotion of its best interests. Unlike many of his rank and fortune, he fearlessly adhered to the unerring principles of the word of God, which had been implanted in his memory and enforced by the example of pious parents in his early years. The poor ever found in him a benefactor, the sick and afflicted a comforter, the erring a counsellor, and the humble, devoted follower of Jesus Christ, a brother and a friend. In short, he was considered by all who were blest with his acquaintance, a paragon of excellence. We would not be understood as ascribing infallibility to his memory, for in common with us all, sin and imperfection marred his best attainments. Mrs. Hubert was the exact counterpart of her husband. Her humane exertions and christian charities were not limited to her own sphere, but extended to every object her philanthropy could benefit. Her's was not the heartless gift of a few pence, coldly bestowed to lull a reproving conscience, but like her divine redeemer she went about doing good. No tottering mendicant went unrefreshed from her gates; no lonely dying pillow but her hand smoothed, while her tender sympathies alleviated the woes of the suffering, and with a prayerful heart and a tearful eye she warned the im-

penitent to flee from impending wrath, or "in strains as sweet as angels use," imparted heavenly consolation to the ascending spirit of the dying believer. The little orphan, Emily, and their own dear offspring, afforded Mr. and Mrs. Hubert an ample field for the development of their christian character. At the first dawn of intellectual day, these little immortals were placed in the Sabbath school, or week-day seminary for the acquisition of useful knowledge, while their parents manifested the most untiring assiduity in confirming, by precept and example, the rudiments of education imparted unto them by faithful teachers. Emily Wharton's parents died when she was only two years of age, but their last moments were cheered by the kind assurance of Mrs. Hubert, that the little friendless Emily should be adopted into her own family, not as an inferior being, but sharing in all respects with her children; and accordingly on her admission to her new home, she was taught to call her benefactors by the endearing title of parents, while the same mode of treatment was pursued in her education, as with their sons. Emily soon learned to cherish an almost filial attachment for her adopted parents, while her artless prattle, added to extreme personal beauty and amiability of disposition, won their warmest regard. Sometimes while gazing on her brilliant face, they almost imagined their own lost babe restored to them, but soon the thought would forcibly recur, that that loved one was far beyond the reach of mortal ken, her soul enlarged to angels size, and clothed in spotless purity, while her infant voice, attuned to celestial melodies, warbled anthems of praise unto him who "taketh the lambs in his arms, and carrieth them in his bosom." It was to this afflictive dispensation of Providence, through the mercy of God, that Mr. and Mrs. Hubert attributed their conversion to christianity. Possessing naturally an affable temperament, added to refined taste and highly cultivated mind, it was not surprizing that they were already regarded as models for imitation. Like most children of pious parents, they had frequently been the subjects of religious impressions, but these soon passed away, like the "morning cloud and the early dew." A few years after their marriage a family of three interesting children presented an object on which to lavish the energies of their immortal minds. Three years after the birth of their youngest son, their hearts were gladdened by adding a lovely daughter to their little number, another idol, at whose shrine they unconsciously worshipped. After passing two years of unalloyed happiness, this little gourd of their own rearing was seized with sudden illness, which, in the course of a few hours, terminated in her premature death. These agonized parents were now utterly inconsolable. The world appeared entirely changed to them. Society in which they had mingled so freely, was bereft of all its charms, and their former course of gaiety and pleasure, tasteless and insipid, while their awakened, inquiring minds called imperatively for more enduring happiness. Now they felt their fabric of good deeds and innate righteousness totter and fall, while the long neglected bible and almost forgotten parental prayer, rose as swift witnesses against them. At this important crisis, a cir-

cumstance occurred which, to the casual observer, would appear scarcely worthy of notice, but of what momentous import the countless ages of eternity alone will disclose. A few days previous to the death of their little one, Mr. Hubert had employed James Wharton, (the father of the little Emily whom they afterwards adopted) as a gardener, where he found constant employment in decorating the ornamental lawn which surrounded their tasteful abode. James was consequently a frequent caller at the house, in order to receive directions relating to his daily avocation. During one of these visits, when he was admitted to the presence of his employers, he was led to appreciate the vital piety which glowed in his own bosom, by contrasting himself with these broken-hearted, comfortless parents. Although of rustic appearance, he could boast of noble alliances, for he felt the peaceful assurance that he was an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ. He could look abroad upon the varied field of nature, teeming with verdant beauties, and exclaim, "My father made them all." On entering the drawing room he beheld these bereaved ones gazing with intense interest upon an exact portrait of their babe, which had been recently completed, the outlines of which were taken when she was in perfect health, therefore it presented an almost speaking resemblance. As James first viewed this memorial of his little favorite, he felt the tear of sympathy rush quickly to his eyes, and for some moments not a word was uttered, but at length, as if drawing a simile between his employment and his thoughts, he calmly and sweetly said, "Oh, sir, she is only transplanted from the cold atmosphere of earth, where she shone the convolvulus of a day, to bloom a perennial in the paradise of God, she cannot come to you, but you can go to her." This unpretending remark fell as a balm of heavenly consolation upon the wounded spirit of the sufferers, and regardless of the barrier which society had placed between themselves and the humble laborer, they mutually requested him to guide their darkened minds to the same unseen source from which he seemed to draw such unspeakable comfort. It was delightful to look upon this little assembly, convened under such novel circumstances. Master and servant now stood upon a common level, while the latter in broken accents pointed to the word of God, which he said would ever prove to them a safe directory, and serve as a lamp to their feet and a light to their path through all the changing scenes of time. After a few moments the gardener withdrew. The family bible was soon taken from its resting place, where it had remained unmolested for a long period, and as our students first beheld the untarnished beauty of its crimson and gilding their hearts were smitten with deep remorse, but this only inspired them to more assiduous study, which their seclusion from society gave them ample time to pursue. It was not long ere they trusted they had found the pearl of great price, and could "read their title clear to mansions in the skies." They now felt how sinful had been their idolatry, and saw the justice of God's dealings towards them. From that time they exhibited the christian character decked in its most attractive charms. The humble gardener and his wife were soon removed

by death, which circumstance, connected with all that we have related concerning him, accounts for the adoption of Emily Wharton by these benevolent persons. As their three children grew in years they became the subjects of anxious solicitude, but of the most judicious parental discipline. At a proper age the boys were sent to the most popular universities, while Emily was placed under the care of suitable instructors, who constantly attended at her own house. At this juncture the war of '76 commenced. The energies of the indefatigable Hubert were now directed to the welfare of his injured country. Not only did he aid her cause by personal influence, but his purse was ever open to administer to the wants of her suffering defenders. His active benevolence soon gained him enemies among the haughty subjects of British despotism, and ere long his sumptuous residence, with all its attendant beauties, was completely demolished by a deputation of English soldiery. Although much attached to Rhode Island, Mr. Hubert resolved to remove to a southern metropolis, which he effected the following year; and though his pecuniary losses had been considerable, his circumstances were but little affected, so ample was his fortune at the commencement. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert were soon extensively known in the city where they resided, as well for their philanthropy and exomplary deportment, as the vast amount of their worldly riches. At the age of seventeen Emily was introduced into society, the beau ideal of all that is interesting, lovely, and beautiful, and far exceeded the most sanguine wishes of her friends. To a matured intellect, richly stored with every useful and ornamental acquirement, she united a person of matchless beauty, while her bland and courteous behavior won the hearts of all who knew her. Augustus, the eldest son soon returned from college, laden with its honors, the well earned laurels which his close application had procured; but his stay beneath the parental roof was to be short. During his collegiate course he had been taught the insufficiency of temporal good to satisfy an immortal mind, and had thus early consecrated himself to the service of the redeemer. He now wished to gain his parents' approbation previous to entering a theological seminary, with the intention of preparing himself to proclaim the "glad tidings" of salvation to his benighted fellow men. He received the sanction of his parents, joined with their most ardent prayer for his success, and soon commenced his preparatory course. Edward returned a finished scholar, and a proficient in fashionable life. To him religion was gloomy and unattractive, and he soon engaged in the profound study of the law with all the ardor of his natural temperament. Augustus became an approved clergyman, and was early established as pastor of a flourishing church, where his services were in constant requisition, and his labors duly appreciated by the people of his charge, among whom he shone a star of the first magnitude. It was observed by the ladies, those scrutinizing observers of the movements of unmarried gentlemen, that Emily Wharton often accompanied the youthful pastor in his parochial visits; and not unfrequently was she seen on the Sabbath leaning on the arm of Augustus, wending

their way towards the church where he officiated in "holy things." As she gracefully entered its venerated walls, many an anxious, if not an envious glance was exchanged throughout the large congregation, while very many suspected, and perhaps not erroneously, that Augustus cherished more than a brother's love for her. Unknown to any individual, and almost unconsciously to themselves, these persons had regarded each other with reciprocal attachment from early youth. Augustus now saw the propriety of choosing a companion to share with him the arduous, but delightful work in which he had engaged, but he was at no loss to make a selection. Ere long all rumors respecting them were confirmed by the announcement of their bans of marriage. In a few days he led his lovely bride to the sacred altar, before which they pledged their hymeneal vows. As their parents bestowed upon them their heartfelt benediction, and beheld their daughter, now more closely allied to them, they fully realized the truth of the promise "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days." As they gazed upon her intelligent countenance, beaming with heavenly radiance, they felt amply rewarded for their parental solicitude, as well as every pecuniary aid which had been profusely bestowed upon her. The union of this happy pair proved a lasting blessing to the people of their charge, and the community in which they lived, where they shone as "lights in the world." We feel that it is impossible to close before endeavoring to deduce a moral from this little essay. How eloquently do these events, trivial in themselves, plead the importance of early religious instruction, and how cogently do they enforce the truth of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," which, if parents fully realized, how soon would the vacant seats of our Sabbath and week-day institutions of learning, (which, in our happy land, are gratuitously provided for the humblest individual,) be filled by attentive occupants, intent on acquiring useful instruction? But, under present circumstances, how reversed the picture! which clearly proves a painful deficiency in the moral culture of our rising generation. The Sabbath school teacher leaves her home, where she could pass the interim of public worship far more pleasantly, in the retirement of her own room, and goes forth to seek her class, composed indiscriminately of little immortals from the mansions of the rich and the hut of the way-side traveller, whom her own personal exertions may have induced to turn aside from the haunts of vice, to spend an hour in acquiring the elementary principles of learning and religion. After every nerve has been exerted to its utmost intensity in endeavoring to impart information adapted to the abilities of her pupils, what recompense does she receive for all her self-denying efforts? She requires none, yes, wishes none, and often returns home weary and dejected, feeling herself amply rewarded, if at most she gain an approving smile or a well-rected lesson from her youthful audience; but she does not entirely despond. She remembers the biblical injunction, "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages;" and

every returning day of "holy rest" finds her bestowing her voluntary labors upon her little charge. Perhaps after passing years of anxiety and apparently of unrequited exertion, one after one of her scholars are separated from her, and enter upon the duties of active life, but the seed which has been sown in their hearts has taken deep root, and exerts a powerful influence upon their conduct. Often when the syren voice of wordly pleasure allures to vice, the well remembered warning of their Sabbath teacher, whose voice may then be silent in death, restrains their sinful course, and as they arrive to maturity, and become parents themselves, they are generally proverbial for aiding, by every laudable effort, all institutions which have, for their object, the well being of society, by the advancement of morality and religion. Although much depends on scholastic instruction, far more devolves upon parental influence, and though we have discoursed so freely respecting the former, we would not detract a single iota from the weighty obligation resting upon every parent to train his infantile charge in "wisdom's way." In early years, our pliant minds easily imbibe lasting impressions, which no future events can effectually eradicate. Thus, every child draws an inference from example. The little prattler, early inured to the contaminating atmosphere of vicious parents, will assuredly addict himself to the same course, unless restrained by the mighty machinery of moral and religious instruction. In like manner, one reared amid the prayers and Heavenly example of christian parents, will, in the same ratio, follow in their footsteps, thus yielding an invincible argument, in confirmation of our theory—

Though seed be buried long in dust
It shan't deceive our hope,
The precious grain will ne'er be lost.
For grace ensures the crop.

A RHODE ISLAND LADY.

SUNSET.

*Ladies' Garland and Family Wreath Embracing Tales, Sketches, Incidents, History, Poetry, Music, e...*Feb 1842; 5, 8;
American Periodicals
pg. 190

S U N S E T .

How beautiful is the setting of the great sun, when the last song of the birds fades into the lapse of silence, when the islands of the clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day!

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THE AFFAIR AT TATTLETOWN.

BY EPES SARGEANT.

It is very questionable whether the reader has ever heard a true and impartial account of the affair at Tattletown. So many exaggerated versions have been put forth—so many garbled and malicious reports in regard to it, have been propagated—that the world is likely to be either unduly prejudiced against one of the parties, or wholly in doubt as to the merits of both. It is with an emotion of pride, that I take up my pen with the consciousness of being able to throw light upon this interesting, but mysterious subject.

There have been many changes in Tattletown during the last twenty years. Of this fact I became assured the last summer, when, by the way of a parenthesis in a tour to the White Hills, I branched off from my prescribed route to visit the little village where I had spent so many pleasant days in boyhood. What a change! It used to be one of the quietest, greenest, most sequestered nooks in the world, with its single wide street, bordered by venerable elms, and its shady by-roads radiating in every direction, and dotted with white cottages embosomed in clouds of verdure.

And then its inn! its single, unpretending inn, with its simple flag-staff, its modest piazza, and its cool, clean parlor, with the vase of asparagus upon the freshly reddened hearth-stone! Its sleeping-rooms with their snow-white curtains and coverlets, and the rustling foliage against their windows—what a temptation it was to enter them of a warm summer afternoon! Now, forsooth, the respectable old tenement is replaced by a hotel. I beg pardon—a *house*, built after the style of the Parthenon, its sides painted very white, and its blinds very green. The bar-room is floored with tessellated squares of marble, and there is a white marble counter, behind which presides a spruce young man with long dark hair plastered over his right ear, and an emerald breast-pin on his shirt bosom. Nay, it is rumored that the landlord has serious designs of introducing a gong in the place of the good old-fashioned bell of our forefathers. What is the country coming to?

Within my remembrance, the people of Tattletown were the best natured, most industrious and contented people alive. Every evening in summer their patriarchs might be seen sitting in front of their woodbine-covered porches, smoking their pipes and talking over old times, while groups of ruddy, riotous children, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, danced to the strains of some village Paganini. Poor, deluded, miserable

Tattletonians! What a sight was it for the philanthropist to grieve at! Little knew they, of the errors and vices of the social system! They had not read Miss Martineau's tracts; knew nothing of Owenism, nothing of Grahamism, nothing of transcendentalism, nothing of Fourierism, nothing of Mormonism. The "Society for the promotion of every thing," had not established a branch among them. They were benighted, uninitiated; contented to live as their fathers had lived before them; to pluck the rose and leave the thorn behind; to keep their linen and their consciences clean, and to remain at peace with all mankind.

Then the belles of the village—how beautiful they were! how artless! how adorned with every sylvan grace! Now they all seem to have lost the heritage of loveliness. They look didactic, sedentary and precocious. There is not the same bloom on the cheek—the same sparkle in the eye—the same ruby mischief on the lip. Instead of cultivating their music and their flower-gardens, working flags for the Tattletown "Guardians of Liberty," and teaching the children their catechisms on Sundays, they are meddling with matters that they have not the means of comprehending, establishing *anti-everything* societies, and fussing over phrenology and other new-fangled heresies. Instead of a vase of freshly gathered flowers upon their shelves, you are now greeted by a vile plaster bust, with the skull phrenologically mapped out, and figured. I never encounter one of the odious things, without putting my fist in its face.

A religious revolution has, of course, been introduced among the other mutations. Instead of one well-filled church, where all the villagers may meet as members of one family, Tattletown can now boast of half a dozen sectarian societies, which are eternally at war with one another. Poor old Dr. Balmwell, who is still the meekest of God's creatures, and whose annual salary would not equal the one night's wages of a second-rate theatrical star, is denounced as a "haughty, over-fed prelate," "the advocate of an established church," and a "vile minion of the aristocracy." Many a fair maiden is content to go with holes in her stockings, in order that she may contribute to the "society for the support of indigent young men intended for the ministry!"

"Dear smiling village! loveliest of the lawn!
Thy joys are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn."

As for politics—but here I approach the subject which was uppermost in my mind at starting. All

the world knows that there are, or rather used to be, two rival newspapers published at Tattletown, the editors of which manage to keep the poor people in a perpetual ferment. There is the Tattletown Independent American, edited by Mr. Snobb! and the Tattletown Free and Independent American, edited by Mr. Fobb. The former is the longer established of the two, and, as the public are well aware, is conservative in its tone. Fobb's hebdomadal, on the contrary, is characterised by the spirit of innovation. If a doctrine be new, startling, incredible, abrupt, violating all preconceived notions and prejudices, it commends itself at once to Fobb's acceptance. He will urge it with a boldness and pertinacity that confound the unthinking. To incur his opposition, it is only necessary that a principle should be old and well established. His morality would seem to resemble that of the tribe, with whom it is a custom to kill all their old men and women. Age is with him the worst of crimes, and the most penal. Novelty is the first of charms.

Strange as it may seem, Fobb has his devoted admirers and active supporters. As for Snobb, I am credibly informed, that, disgusted with the supineness of the Tattletonians, he had at one time resolved to relinquish the publication of the "Independent American," when, unexpectedly, the field was invaded by Fobb with his "Free and Independent." Then it was that the patriotism and disinterestedness of Snobb's character shone conspicuous. He was, to use his own vigorous expression, determined to stand to his guns, and however great might be the pecuniary sacrifice, to remain in the village to combat the pernicious influence, which, "like the Bohon Upas," I quote Snobb's own words—"would spread poison and desolation among families and communities." Snobb wound off his appeal, by calling upon all, who valued their liberty and their lives; who would save their country from intestine confusion and slaughter; who would keep unstained the altar of domestic felicity, and transmit unimpaired that glorious fabric of constitutional right, cemented by the blood of martyred ancestors—to rally round him and the Independent American. "Any person obtaining five subscribers," said he in conclusion, "shall receive a sixth copy gratis."

It is difficult to conceive of the degree of excitement produced in Tattletown by this fulfilment, on the part of Snobb, and the subsequent establishment of the "Free and Independent American," on the part of Fobb. Such a thing as neutrality could no longer exist. Great and vital principles were at stake; and from the squire to the tinman's apprentice, it was necessary that every man should take one side or the other—should be either a Snobbite or a Fobbite. Both journals were benefited by this agitation. New subscribers poured in daily, and a fund was raised by the partisans of each establishment for the more effectual prosecution of the war. And what was the war about? To this day nobody can tell.

Personalities now began to be interchanged. Snobb gave Fobb the lie direct, and defied him to prove a statement which had appeared in the "Free and In-

dependent," accusing Snobb of highway robbery, arson and other little peccadilloes. Fobb treated Snobb's defiance with an easy irony, which bewildered the good people of Tattletown, who began to think that Fobb must know a good deal more of Snobb than other people. The following answer appeared in the "Independent American:"

"We must apologise to our readers for again polluting our columns with an allusion to the reckless traducer, whose journal of yesterday came forth reeking with slanders against ourselves. It would be charitable, perhaps, to attribute to a diseased intellect, rather than a malicious temper, these ebullitions of mendacity, but the motive is too obviously bad. We can assure this poor creature, this beggarly reprobate and unwashed scribbler, that mere declamation is not proof, and that assertion carries no weight when unsustained by evidence. If he can keep sober long enough, let him reply to the question which we once more reiterate, 'where are your proofs?'"

It was with intense anxiety that the citizens of Tattletown looked for the next number of the "Free and Independent." Never before had Snobb been so severe, so savage. Fobb's rejoinder excited public interest in the quarrel, to a painful degree. It was as follows:

"The guilty fugitive from justice, whom it is with shame we acknowledge as our contemporary, attempts to invalidate our charges by clamoring for proofs. We beg him to reflect a moment before he repeats his call. If he has sincerely striven to make reparation for past misdemeanors, by a life comparatively guiltless—if there be any hope or prospect of reformation in his case—most reluctantly would we be instrumental in re-consigning him to the State-prison or the gallows. Before, therefore, we come out with any statements, that shall be universally admitted as final and conclusive as to the character of this man, we will put a few questions which he will understand, however enigmatical they may be to others. Did Snobb ever make the acquaintance of Miss Amanda W —? Did he ever see a white crape scarf that used to belong to that ill-fated young lady? Does he remember the circumstance of an old pruning-knife being found beneath a cherry-tree? Has he still got *that red silk hankerchief?*"

I must leave it for some more graphic pen—to the author of "Jack Sheppard" or "Barnaby Rudge," to depict the consternation and horror produced among the Tattletonians by this publication. Could it be that Tattletown harbored a murderer? What other interpretation could be put upon the diabolical insinuations in Fobb's paper? For a week and more nothing was talked of but this article. At the post office—the tinman's shop—the grocer's—on the steps of the meeting-houses, no other topic was broached. With unprecedented eagerness the next number of Snobb's paper was looked for and purchased. The only allusion it contained to Fobb's ferocious attack was in these simple lines: "As we shall make the insinuations contained in the last number of the Tattletown Free and Independent the subject of a judi-

cial investigation, it is quite unnecessary for us to bestow any farther notice upon the miserable calumniator, who is striving to get into notice by means of the attention he may provoke from ourselves."

Tattletown was disappointed in this rejoinder, and began to entertain its suspicions as to the truth of Fobb's intimations. The old women of the place began to shake their heads and look wise, when the subject was broached. "They *must* say they always thought there was something wrong—something not altogether *easy* about Mr. Snobb. They hoped for the best, but there *were* things—however murder will out." The fate of the injured "Amanda" was a topic of endless speculation among the more youthful of the feminine inhabitants; and there was a delightful mystery about the "white crape scarf," which afforded an exhaustless pabulum for curiosity. Snobb must certainly clear up his character. He must explain the circumstances in regard to that "ill-fated young lady." He must tell the public what became of "that red silk handkerchief." Above all, he must satisfactorily account for the horrible fact of the old pruning-knife being found under the cherry tree.

In the meantime Fobb declared that he was daily and hourly envired with the perils of assassination. He was obliged to go armed, to protect himself from the minions of the culprit Snobb. His fearless devotion to the cause of truth and justice had "sharpened daggers that were thirsting for his blood—but what was life compared with the proud satisfaction of having maintained the cause of the people,

'Unmoved by flattery and unbribed by gain?'"

In the midst of the excitement produced by this war of words, Tattletown was electrified one fine morning in December, by the report, that Snobb and Fobb had gone over to the neighboring village of Bungville to settle their differences by mortal combat. Two spruce young men from New York had arrived in the stage-coach the night before, and put up at the Tattletown house. *They had brought guns with them*; and early that morning the two editors, similarly armed and equipped, had started off with the strangers in a wagon belonging to the latter, in the direction of the village already named. As these facts became currently known among the Tattletonians the sensation was prodigious. A meeting of the "select men" was instantly called, and a committee of five, consisting of Mr. Fuzz, the retired "squire of the village," Mr. Rattle, the tinman, Mr. Ponder, the celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general, Mr. Rumble the auctioneer, and Mr. Blister the apothecary, were appointed to proceed on horseback to Bungville, and prevent if possible the duel—or, if that had transpired, to arrest the survivor and the seconds.

Headed by Mr. Fuzz, the cavalcade started off in gallant style, followed by the prayers and anxious entreaties of the gentler sex to prevent if possible the "effusion of blood." Miss Celestina Scragg, the poetess of the village, and the author of the cele-

brated ode to that beautiful stream, the Squamkeog, came very near being thrown under the hoofs of the squire's horse, as she appealed to Mr. Fuzz, and besought him to rescue Albert, as she tenderly designated Mr. Fobb, or "perish in the attempt."

After riding hard for about an hour, the committee approached the Bungville house, where they determined to make their first inquiries as to the fate of the editors and their seconds. Mr. Buzz, the landlord, was a brisk, officious little man, who always knew before you spoke what you were going to say, and rarely listened to more than the two first words of any question you might put to him. He was, moreover, a little deaf, so that the habit of anticipation was, perhaps, as much a matter of necessity as of choice.

"Have we arrived too late?" asked Fuzz.

"Oh, by more than an hour. It is all over," replied Buzz, who supposed that the inquiry had reference to the dinner hour.

"It is all over, gentlemen," said Fuzz, in a magisterial tone, turning to his awe-stricken companions. "Has any one been killed or wounded?" continued he, addressing the landlord.

"Killed, indeed? I guess you would think so," exclaimed Buzz. "They have shot one fine, plump fellow."

"It is probably Snobb. He is the plump one," said Fuzz, contracting his lips, and looking sternly round at the members of the committee. "Did he fall dead on the spot?" he rejoined.

"Dead as Julius Cæsar—I may say very dead," replied Buzz.

"Serious business this, gentlemen," said Fuzz, dilating with importance.

Here Mr. Rattle, the tinman, was seen to mount his horse and gallop off in the direction of Tattletown. He was determined to be the first to communicate the news of the catastrophe.

"There will be no need of your services, Mr. Blister," said Fuzz, bestowing a patronizing glance upon the apothecary. "Have the seconds escaped, Mr. Buzz?"

"Yes, the second one escaped, but with a bullet in his neck. They tracked him a mile or two by his blood."

"Dreadful!" muttered Mr. Blister. "So Fobb is wounded! I will just ride back and inform Miss Scragg of the fact. She will go into hysterics, and I shall get a job." And so saying, the apothecary mounted his horse, and followed in Rattle's track.

"What have you done with the killed, Mr. Buzz?"

"Oh, we have skinned him, and hung him up to dry, to be sure. One of the gents *would* have a slice of him for dinner, but he found it rather tough eating I suspect; not quite equal to the ducks."

"What!" exclaimed Fuzz, turning pale and starting back with horror. "Are they cannibals?"

"Yes, to be sure," responded Buzz, who did not fully comprehend the question.

"Gentlemen, we must pursue the guilty fugitives," said the squire. "What direction did they take, landlord? No equivocation, sir. The law will

bear us out in adopting the most rigorous measures. Where are they?"

"Bless me, they are cosily seated at dinner in my little back parlor. I wouldn't interrupt them now. It may make them mad."

"Landlord! Lead us to them at once—at once, I say," exclaimed Fuzz, turning very red about the gills.

"Well, squire, don't talk so loud. I will show you the way, but mind that I say I shouldn't wonder if they resented it."

Buzz led the way through a long entry to a door, which he pointed out to the squire as communicating with the apartment where the "young gentlemen" were assembled. It needed not his words to convince Fuzz and his two remaining companions of this fact. A noise of uproarious mirth, mingled with the jingling of glasses, the clash of plates and the stamping of feet, plainly foretold the state of things within. Fuzz buttoned his coat, and tried to look undismayed.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "stand by me. Don't flinch."

He made a bold step forward, but as his palm approached the door-handle, an explosion of laughter, loud and long, made him recoil like a man who has barely saved himself from falling over a precipice. He looked at his associates, puffed out his cheeks, and seemed to be gathering energy for a renewed essay. Again he stopped suddenly, and assuming a look of unwonted sagacity, remarked that it was best to proceed gently and craftily about the business. Then motioning the bystanders to keep silence, he cautiously turned the handle of the door, and, opening it an inch or two, stealthily looked in upon the convivial party. It consisted of four nice young men. They were seated at a round table, which was plentifully covered with bottles, decanters, glasses, and the remains of a dessert. Two of the party were strangers to Fuzz, but the other two were, marvellous to behold, no other than Fobb and Snobb, not seamed with ghastly wounds, but quaffing champagne and clapping each other on the back with the affectionate familiarity of old friends.

At this spectacle, Fuzz was no less amazed than he would have been, had he seen one of the editors trussed, spitted and "done to a turn," served up in a big dish on the table, while the other was flourishing his knife with the savory anticipation of making a meal of him. Cautiously shutting the door, Fuzz communicated the astounding fact to his brethren of the committee, and then reopening the door so that they might hear without seeing or being seen, they listened "with all their ears."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the voice of Fobb in tones of mock solemnity, "you behold in that abandoned individual, my unworthy brother Zeke Peabody, otherwise known as Simon Snobb—you behold in him, I repeat, the ruthless, unhung murderer of the unfortunate Amanda W——."

Here a roar of obstreperous laughter, in which Snobb's lungs seemed to crow like chanticleer, interrupted the speaker for a moment. He continued:

"If you ask me for proofs, consider for a moment

the fact of the red silk handkerchief—the white crape scarf—the old pruning-knife that was found under the cherry-tree. If these circumstances be not enough to convict that cowering culprit—then pass along the champagne, and fill to my toast."

"Fill to Fobb's toast!" exclaimed three voices amid shouts of laughter.

"My toast," said Fobb, "is one that cannot fail to be appreciated by this intelligent company. You, my dear Timms, will drink to it with a tear in your eye, for are you not the immortal inventor of the world-renowned Tricogrophpophplogidion, that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficiently-commended preparation for the hair, by merely spreading which over a wig-block, you find there the next morning, a beautiful, curly wig, redundant and glossy? And you, O modest and retiring Jones, are not you the man that, by your grandfather's celebrated pills, have rejuvenated suffering humanity? Have you not 'floored consumption,' and broken the back of dispepsia? Isn't it a man's own fault now if he is sick? Do not children cry for your incomparable lozenges? Are they not a blessing to mothers, and a curse to the doctors? Cannot a hand-cart-man, with your powerful 'poor man's plaster' on his back, draw fifty times the weight that he could without it? Estimable, philanthropic Jones! Posterity will do you justice. And you, brother Zeke, in Tattletown known as Snobb, where shall we find an editor in the country who can fight windmills and make people think they are devouring despots with a better grace than yourself? My own accomplishments modestly forbids me to speak at length; but I flatter myself, that the story of Amanda W—— and the pruning-knife—and my eloquent denunciations of the monster, Snobb—are not unworthy specimens of those talents which entitle me to rank myself in your fraternity, and to participate in the emotions, which the sentiment I am now about to offer is calculated to excite. I will give you, gentlemen: *Vive la humbug!*"

Hardly had the peals of laughter consequent upon this prolonged sally subsided, when Fuzz, who was holding on to the door by the handle, being pressed upon from behind by his own companions, and two or three bar-room loungers, whom the sound of speech-making had attracted to the spot, suddenly let the handle slip from his grasp, whereupon the whole body of eaves-droppers, preceded by the squire, were precipitated into the room, where the two editors and their friends were at their revels. Imagining it to be a hostile invasion, the four friends, whose tempers had been pretty well primed with champagne, immediately "squared off," and showed their "science."

Fuzz was greeted by Timms with what the latter was pleased to call "a settler in his bread-basket," which had the effect of lifting him from his feet, and spinning him into a corner of the room with a most unmagisterial celerity. Mr. Ponder, the "celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general," was attended to in the most prompt manner by Jones, who, as he technically expressed himself, "punished

him by a dig in his dice-box," meaning that his blow took effect somewhere in the region of his teeth. As for Rumble, the auctioneer, he was knocked down by a bottle in the hand of Snobb, like an old remnant of goods disposed of under his own hammer. The rest of the invaders met with due attention from Fobb, who broke two chairs over as many heads.

The battle was speedily fought and won. The committee sent by the select men of Tattletown returned home that night in melancholy disarray, and imprecating vengeance upon their assailants. There was an immediate demand in the village for brown paper and vinegar, court plaster and lint. It was long be-

fore Mr. Ponder could deliver another lecture at the new Lyceum, owing to the disfigurement of his countenance. As for Snobb and Fobb, who were in fact the originators of the whole mischief, they issued no more numbers of their sprightly papers. The "Independent," and the "Free and Independent" were abruptly stopped. The two brother editors were never more seen in Tattletown. The last I heard of them; one was lecturing on Animal Magnetism, while the other accompanied him as a subject for his experiments. Their wonderful feats in clairvoyance have been so trumpeted by the country press, that it is unnecessary for me to allude to them more minutely.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany.—He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and hump-backed. What wonder that he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and that he was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez? But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humor or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day-break, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being, of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp.

But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning, Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence

THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was cursed with a better half so zantipical in temper, that she was the torment, not only of his life, but those of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves, by conciliating the common tyrant—but wo to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation.—Even the wiser ones were spared, by having their offences visited upon a scapegoat.

created much remark—and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this—another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile, the object of their fun was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had had his dreams, as all artists, poor or rich, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day. Now—alas! however, even that hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them.

At length, the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could

he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other end of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain, for it, sufficient to furnish him with the necessities of life a week longer.

Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burthen. On his way, he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered the wearied Duhobret, that here would be market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sorrowful hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

'What do you call your picture?' at length said he, carefully looking at it.

'It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape,' replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth!

'Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring,' answered Duhobret.

'Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers.'

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent, on that piece, the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered, would give him bread for a few days. He nodded his head

to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

'Who bids? at three thalers? Who bids?' was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. 'Will it find a purchaser?' said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at public sale. 'What will become of me?' was his mental inquiry. 'That work is certainly my best;' and he ventured to steal another glance. 'Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!' That was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity.—The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

'Twenty-one thalers!' murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

'Fifty thalers!' cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation. 'One hundred thalers,' at length thundered the picture-dealer.

'Two hundred.'

'Three hundred.'

'Four hundred.'

'One thousand.'

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other, with eager and angry looks.

'Two thousand thalers!' cried the pic-

ture dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate.

'Ten thousand!' vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—

'Twenty thousand!'

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. 'Fifty thousand!' exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, 'One hundred thousand, and the devil take the dog of a salesman!'

The crest fallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, 'After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!'

When the contest ceased, he rose up, bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

'May it please your honor,' said the supposed beggar—'I am the painter of that picture!' and he again rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped: took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

‘Take it, friend,’ said he; ‘it is the check for your money. Adieu.’

Duhobert finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of the castle; sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

THE BACHELOR'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THERE are some persons in the world who seem born to evil fortune; they grow up under the shadow of care, and misfortune dogs their footsteps like a sleuth-hound eager for his prey. Reversing the old fable of King Midas, every thing they touch becomes valueless. Their best efforts are rewarded with disappointment,—their life is a perpetual struggle,—troubles come not in a host which might be confronted at once, but in slow and sure succession, one evil being overcome only to make room for another, until at length the energies of the worn spirit are all exhausted, and patient endurance is the only trace which still remains of the high capabilities with which it was originally gifted. But there are others who are decidedly born to good luck. (Poor Power! how do we check the career of laughter with a sigh, when some passing word recalls the inimitable skill with which he ruled the chords of mirth!) There are people to whom success is a sort of natural inheritance,—who never put forth a finger to beckon fortune onwards, and yet find her following in their track, dropping her golden favours in their way, and smoothing with obsequious care the asperities in their path of life. Such an one was the hero of the following sketch.

Mr. Simon D. Waldie, or rather S. De Courcy Waldie, (for thus he always wrote it; having rather a leaning towards aristocracy even in the trifling matter of names,) was the son of a highly respectable merchant, who, conscious of the defects in his own early education, determined to bestow on his child all the advantages of scholarship. As young De Courcy exhibited evidences of talent, and indeed was looked upon as a remarkably precocious boy ere he attained his fifth year, he was early banished from his paternal roof to the residence of a private tutor in the country. This plan was adopted in order to rescue him from the temptations to idleness which exist in large schools, and, so far, it was very judicious. But to a constitution naturally delicate and a temper exceedingly reserved, a public school offered some advantages which were not to be found in the home of a secluded student, and the want of which had no small influence on the future life of young De Courcy. Shut out from other companionship than that of his pedantic tutor, he devoted himself to study with most indefatigable zeal, and his close application was rewarded by the attainment of the highest honours, when called to pass through the ordeal of a collegiate examination.

Of course all those who were interested in his future welfare anticipated great results from this early development of mind. But in the education of the young student one most material point had been forgotten. He had been taught to labor but no object

had been offered to his future attainment:—he had learned to delve the classic mine but he knew not how to coin the fine gold he there discovered:—he had been trained to run a race without having any fixed goal to direct his steps. His life was a perfectly aimless one,—he had no definite end in view. His father's competent fortune placed him above the necessity of seeking a livelihood, and nothing short of absolute want seemed likely to drive the solitary student into the haunts of men. When desired to choose a profession he was utterly confounded. The various claims of Law, Gospel and Physic were placed before him in every possible light; but they were exhibited after his habits of desultory thought and profitless study had become too deeply rooted. At first he was inclined to adopt the law; but a few days attendance on court, (where he heard the finest powers of reasoning and the noblest gifts of eloquence exerted in behalf of one of the vilest criminals that ever stood before the bar of Justice,) sickened him of this profession. "I cannot spend some of the best years of my life" said he, "in learning to make the worse appear the better reason." The delight with which he sometimes listened to the gifted preacher, who spoke as if his lips had been 'touched with a live coal from the altar,' tempted him to the study of divinity. But his delicate sense of duty checked the impulse ere it became a wish, for he dared not assume the 'form' without the 'spirit of godliness' or enter into the 'holy of holies' with the soil of earth upon his garments' hem. The study of medicine attracted him by the facilities which it afforded for relieving the sufferings of mortality; but the illness of a young friend showed him the darker side of the picture also. He beheld the weeping relatives looking up to the medical attendant as if he were an angel endowed with the power of life and death. He learned how fearful is the responsibility of him who ministers at the bed of sickness, and how deeply it is felt by the honest and conscientious physician. He was disgusted with the heartlessness of those (and there are such) who calculate a patient's means of payment ere they enter his sick room; and he was intimidated by the remembrance of the wear and tear of feeling which is necessarily suffered by the man of science who puts heart and soul into his duties at the couch of suffering. Commerce, De Courcy abhorred, for the details of its busy scenes were little suited to his reserved habits and refined tastes. Viewed in its fairest light he recognised it as a noble calling, but those who pursued it were but too apt to wander with idolatry and bow down before the golden calf.

So the youth hesitated, and deferred his decision,

passing his days amid his books in the seclusion of his study until his habits of reverie were rather rudely broken by the sudden death of his father. This startled him from his torpor and had he been then called to enter upon the active duties of life, might have aroused him more effectually. But the elder Mr. Waldie had been one of those careful bodies who trust nothing to chance. Every thing was in such perfect order, his business was so admirably arranged, and his will was so precise in its directions that De Courcy had nothing to do and little to reflect upon. The head clerk assumed the business and purchased the stock in trade,—the income of the property was bequeathed to mother and son during life with a reversion of the whole estate to the survivor, and after the legal forms had been properly attended to, every thing went on in its usual manner. The only perceptible difference was that when rents, or interests on bonds and mortgages became due the bold and flourishing signature of S. De Courcy Waldie was appended to the receipts instead of the cramped and queer hieroglyphics which were formerly presumed to designate the name of his parent.

There was something in the mode of life peculiarly calculated to cherish the secluded habits of De Courcy Waldie. Their abode was situated in one of those narrow gloomy streets, where the sun is only visible at noonday,—a street which formed, in old times, a portion of the ‘court-end’ of the city, but which is now occupied principally by elderly proprietors or decayed gentlewomen, who, compelled to live on a small income, yet unwilling to appear shorn of their former honors, haunt the scenes of their youthful gaiety, and affect to despise the upstart ‘nobodies’ of B— Street and — Place. The tall, dusky houses stand wedged in close array, looking upon their opposite neighbors like a row of their old time-worn spinsters in an old fashioned contra-dance; in one of these sleepy-looking mansions, resided the Waldie family. Every thing in the house bore evidences of Dutch neatness in housekeeping. The faded but unworn carpets were the same which had been the wonder of the neighborhood when the parents of our hero were first married; the carved chairs belonged to that perpendicular race now rarely to be found except in rubbish rooms; the narrow necked china jars on the high chimney-piece were relics of a by-gone age; and the tall clock, standing in the very spot where it had been placed thirty years before, rolled its Ethiop eyes, and ticked its monotonous warnings in a most drowsy and slumber-inducing voice. Dark heavy curtains in winter, and yellow Venitian half-blinds in summer, added to the gloomy appearance of apartments in which the sun never shone. The sound of the clock, the low purr of the cat as she stretched her overgrown body on the soft hearth-rug, and the dull clinking of Mrs. Waldie’s knitting-needles, which she plied with unceasing assiduity, alone broke the deep silence of the apartment, and the most sincere votary of indolence could scarcely have imagined a more comfortable sort of domestic “sleepy-hollow.”

Here would Mr. De Courcy Waldie sit hour after hour, pondering over some learned treatise, digging out Greek roots, exhausting his ingenuity in patching up some mutilated fragment of antiquity, and occasionally, by way of light reading, amusing himself with the Latin Poets, but never condescending to look into any thing which could not boast the musty flavor of past ages, except the daily newspapers. It is not strange that a man of such habits should soon learn to mistake *reverie* for *reflection*, and *feasible projects* for *good resolutions*. There was always something which he meant to do at some future time. He would tilt himself back in his chair, plant his feet against the chimney piece, and, with a cigar in his mouth, indulge those vague and pleasant but idle dreams, which such men are apt to dignify with the name of thoughts. The household went on with a kind of mechanical regularity. The important affairs of indoor life were managed by two old servants, who, before the abolition of slavery in New York, had been the property of Mr. Waldie, and had been carefully trained in all the duties of their station, (a class, by the way, who make the very best domestics, but who are now almost extinct; thanks to the spirit of philanthropy, which has thrown them upon their own resources and left them to die by want, vice and intemperance.) Mrs. Waldie walked into the kitchen every morning, and gave, or fancied she gave directions for the day; but Dinah needed no such watchfulness,—she knew her business and went about it as regularly as if she were wound up like the clock every Saturday night.

In the early part of his life it had been suggested that De Courcy ought to look out for a wife. But the idea of returning into a throng of giddy giggling girls, was quite too trying to the poor youth’s feelings. He was sometimes conscious of an emotion of pleasure when, as he sat at the head of his pew in church, his eye fell upon the rosy cheek and bright eye of some fair damsel. Yet he only admired at a respectful distance, for a single word from a lady, or even the necessity of touching his hat to her in the street, would crimson his face with the painful blush of most officious modesty. If perchance he did venture to play the agreeable to some female less volatile than her companions, his constrained manner and pedantic compliments evinced a much more intimate acquaintance with the Daphnes and Chloes of antiquity, than with the luring, breathing, captivating beauties of the nineteenth century. By degrees all hope of taming the shy young student was relinquished. His female contemporaries married less intractable individuals, and long before he had made up his mind as to the propriety of assuming the responsibilities of wedlock, a second race of giggling girls was springing up around him. However he seemed quite contented with his celibacy. Perhaps some of my readers may consider this as a very integral portion of the good fortune which had fallen to his lot, and this I will not venture to dispute, for to a man of his dreamy temper and indolent habits, a wife would have been a positive annoyance—unless indeed, he could have found a sister to the inimitable “*fat boy*” of Pickwick.

Matters went on very smoothly with De Courcy Waldie until he had attained that awkward corner in man's life, which must be turned, and the pathway from which leads rather down hill. Mr. De Courcy Waldie reached his forty-fifth birth day, ere he had decided upon a profession or concluded to take a wife, but his time had glided away so calmly, that he scarcely noted its loss, till a second domestic bereavement aroused him. Quiet old ladies, who do not trouble themselves about their neighbors and never talk scandal, generally spin out life to its most attenuated thread, and thus Mrs. Waldie dozed away until she had completed her eighty-fourth year, when she fell into a sound sleep from which she never woke. It was not until the bustle attendant upon the funeral, had subsided, that the son had time to think of his loss, and then, when left to the utter solitude of his home—for the first time in his life he was sensible of actual profound grief. He did not know how essential his mother's presence had become to him. He was so accustomed to see her in the warmest corner in winter, and by the recess of the window in summer, that the apartment seemed to have lost, not only one of its inmates, but part of its furniture. Her tiny work-table and easy chair still held their wonted place, but she who was almost a part of them, was gone forever, and a feeling of loneliness took possession of his heart. He knew not, until the form of that revered parent was hidden from his sight, how often his eye had wandered from the page of his favourite book, to rest on her placid face. He remembered how carefully she had studied his tastes, how scrupulously she had obeyed his wishes, how well she had adapted herself to his peculiar habits; and when he reflected upon the different degree of his grief at the loss of his father, he began to think that there was something in the nature of woman particularly calculated to make man happy. This thought was followed by regret at not having secured a continuance of womanly tenderness for his future life. In the natural order of events, he must long outlive his mother, and who would have suppl ed her place, like a devoted wife. Mr. De Courcy Waldie began to wish he was married.

The longer he dreamed over this new idea, however, the more his difficulties seemed to increase. He thought of the pretty delicate girls whom he had admired in his college days, but he recollected them now as fat comfortable matrons, or thin, withered spinsters; and he looked in his mirror as if to discover whether age had made the same havoc with his appearance. But the daily use of the said useful appendage of the toilet had rendered him so gradually habituated to time's changes, that he could discern little difference in himself. He had never possessed much of the bloom of youth, and his face had early worn the pale student-like 'cast of thought,' which years had only traced in deeper characters. His dapper little figure, still trim and upright, was not spoiled by the obesity so much dreaded by elderly gentlemen; his teeth were still perfect—his incipient baldness—but this was an exceedingly delicate point—we will draw the veil of silence over his

reflections on this painful subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. De Courcy Waldie came to the conclusion that he was yet young enough to think of matrimony.

It was necessary for him to proceed with great caution however, for he knew that he was reputed rich, and he heard that society contained such anomalies as mercenary young ladies. While thinking over his new project, he was one day called upon for a subscription to some benevolent association, by one of those charitable persons who relieve the real or fancied distresses of their fellow mortals, by a free expenditure of *their own time* and their *neighbor's money*. With his usual generosity, Mr. Waldie handed her a liberal contribution, not sorry perhaps, to buy off her garrulity at such a price. But the lady dropped some words ere she departed, which set him off upon a new track. She had suggested the propriety of his adopting some orphan boy and educating him as his own. This was quite a new idea to him, but he viewed it in rather a different light from that which his visitor had intended. "Adopt a son," said he to himself, in a tone that seemed strangely like disgust, "no indeed. I should go crazy with a rollicking boy ransacking the house, and turning every thing upside down. Besides, boys have always got dirty faces, and they are forever cutting their fingers with their penknives, breaking their heads against horseposts or cracking their skulls on skating ponds; then they always tear their trousers, lose their gloves, and stump their toes through their shoes. Faugh! I can't endure great rude bearish boys. If she had said a daughter now, I might have thought better of it; there is certainly something very pleasant in a nice little quiet girl."

The more he reflected upon this fancy, the better he liked it, but the idea of adopting a daughter soon gave place to a more eccentric scheme. He determined to make an experiment. He would 'train up' a child in the way she should go; he would *educate a wife*.

Whether it was the loss of his mother which had awakened him from his apathy, or whether the long latent affections of his nature were now only developing themselves, cannot be determined, but, certain it is, that before he had dreamed over his project three months, Mr. De Courcy Waldie actually applied to the managers of the Orphan Asylum for permission to adopt *three* of the female inmates. He engaged to educate them according to their different capacities, to furnish them with the means of obtaining a future livelihood, and to settle the sum of two thousand dollars on each, when she should either marry or attain her majority. His character for probity and honor, was as well known as his eccentricity, and as no doubt existed of the fulfilment of his promises, his proposition was accepted. He was allowed to select his three protégées, and however ignorant he might be of female character, he showed himself no mean judge of female beauty, for his choice fell on three of the loveliest children in the institution. He wished them to be about twelve years of age, and there was but the difference of a few months between them. They were poor, friend-

less orphans, destined to a life of hardship if not of want, and he knew that if his experiment terminated unsuccessfully, the girls would be better provided for by his means, than if they were apprenticed to some hard task-master. He determined to bestow on all the same care, to educate them after his own peculiar notions, and when they should have attained a proper age, to decide upon their individual claims to his affections.

The old servants shook their heads in ominous silence, when they learned the sudden increase of family. Old Dinah went so far as to hint that his mother's death had touched Mr. Waldie's brain, and indeed wiser folks than she came to something like the same conclusion. But your quiet people, who are so amazingly slow in waking up to any purpose, pursue it with wonderful perseverance, when once fairly placed on the track. Mr. Waldie engaged an elderly governess to take charge of his young wards, and an apartment in the upper part of the house was appropriated to her use as a schoolroom. It was agreed that the privacy of Mr. Waldie's sitting room should never be violated by the intrusion of the females, except when he invited them to enter its hallowed precincts. His old-fashioned politeness regulated the etiquette of the table at their daily meals, and very soon the household assumed its usual regularity, notwithstanding the presence of three little girls. Mr. Waldie did not consider them old enough to deserve his particular attention for the present, and he therefore left them to the care of their very competent governess: only stipulating that they were never to be allowed to read poetry or fiction—never to wear any other dress than a calico frock, white apron and cottage bonnet,—and by no means, to form an acquaintance with other children. Having made these rules he returned to his former abstract studies, until such a time as he should deem it proper to undertake the instruction of his young protégées.

He had chosen the little girls rather on account of their personal beauty than with any regard to their mental gifts, for of these he determined to judge for himself, and it was not surprising, therefore, that he should discover great diversity in their characters. Fanny Morris, the elder of the three, possessed that regular and classical beauty which ever charms the eye in the remnants of Grecian art. Her features were perfect, her complexion exquisite, her form symmetry itself, but unfortunately, she seemed born to verify the oft-repeated criticism on that paragon of ideal beauty, the Venus de Medici, of whom it is has been said that "if a woman exactly resembling her could be found in this breathing world, she would in all probability, (judging by the rules of physiognomy and phrenology) be an idiot." Fanny's small and beautifully shaped head was utterly destitute of brains—her soft dark eyes were never lighted up with any loftier expression than that of pleasure at sight of a box of sugar plums—and her lovely mouth gave utterance to none but the silliest of speeches. She could learn nothing, and after a year spent in fruitless attempts to impart more than the mere rudi-

ments of knowledge, she was given up as incorrigible. But mindful of his promise Mr. Waldie gave her the choice of an avocation, and finding her only capable of the most mechanical employment, he apprenticed her to a fringe and fancy-button maker; at the same time he purchased, in her name, bank stock to the amount of two thousand dollars, as her future dowry. Fanny seemed to have as little heart as mind, and parted from her benefactor with no regret. As we shall not have occasion to allude to her again, it may be as well to satisfy the reader's curiosity by stating that her beauty afterwards attracted the attention of a young artist, who wanted just such a model. Finding that her quiet stupidity rendered her a most untiring *sitter*, while her two thousand dollars added weight to her other attractions, the painter married her, and much of his present celebrity is owing to the matchless loveliness of his silly wife.

Of the two children who now remained under Mr. Waldie's roof, Emily Rivers was by far the most strikingly beautiful. Her blonde hair fell in rich curls upon her fat, white shoulders, while her delicate features, and large clear blue eyes gave an infantile grace to her lovely countenance. There was a frank joyousness in her expression, which was very attractive, and, at that time, few would have hesitated in giving her the preference over her young companion. Celina Morley was one of those children whose personal characteristics develop very slowly. She was short in stature, and slightly inclined to stoop, while her gray eyes, whose hue was deepened almost into blackness by the shadow of the fringed lid, and a small mouth filled up with pearly teeth, formed her only claims to admiration. Her face appeared out of proportion—her forehead was so immensely high, her brows so thick and dark her cheeks so colorless, that her countenance seemed like some modern engravings, all *black and white*, without tints of light and shadow.

Nor was this difference in their personal appearance the only one which existed between the two girls. The shy, quiet demeanor of Celina, contrasted strongly with the frank, bold manner of her companion. Emily would run to meet Mr. Waldie with a gay laugh, and throwing herself on a footstool beside him, would beguile him with her merry prattle, without seeming to care whether he were annoyed by her intrusion. But Celina would stand timidly awaiting an encouraging word from her benefactor, and thus it often happened, in the little household as in the great world, that modest merit was overlooked in favor of obtrusive importunity, and Celina was forgotten for the more clamorous Emily. Yet it was Celina who brought the dressing-gown the very moment it was wanted, and drew the easy-chair into the accustomed corner—it was Celina who laid the slippers just where his feet would be sure to find them without giving the head trouble to think about them; it was Celina who, when he was confined to his bed by sickness, watched in his room through the long day, and listened at his door in the silent hours of the night. But the caresses of Emily had opened a fountain of tenderness in Mr. Waldie's bosom, and

after they had been inmates of his family for rather more than two years, he felt that the time had come when his course of instruction must commence. What that course was it is needless to specify ; let it suffice to know that he destined them to pursue a series of studies which would have appalled the most zealous aspirant for college honors.

The true character of the two girls began now to be exhibited. They were approaching their fifteenth year, and the fresh, glowing beauty of Emily Rivers had already excited the notice of strangers. She had observed the stolen glance of admiration, she had even heard the sudden exclamation of delight, as some ardent youth peeped under the close cottage bonnet, while she walked demurely beside her benefactor or her governess, in their daily promenades, and the latent vanity of her nature had been fully aroused. The calico dress and white apron annoyed her sadly. She was full of projects for making Mr. Waldie sensible of the folly of his restrictions, and while he was busied in teaching them to solve algebraic problems, she was as busy in devising schemes for eluding his vigilance. She had no taste for study, but she had tact and quickness of comprehension and thus it often happened that her adroitness stood her in the stead of application and industry. While Celina devoted herself to the performance of her required tasks, Emily exerted her ingenuity in evading them, or in skilfully applying to her own use, the industry and talent of her young companion. But Emily had a most decided love for dress. She was wonderfully tasteful in trimming bonnets and furbelowing dresses and debarred from any such pleasures for her own account, she amused her leisure hours by furbishing up old Dinah (who was particularly fond of a fine spreading knot of ribbons) and regarnishing the head gear of all the dingy dame's dressy acquaintances.

At length her vanity would no longer be controlled. The girls received a regular allowance of pocket-money, which it was expected they would spend in charity, and this sum Emily hoarded up until she was enabled to purchase some of the long-coveted finery. Determined to try the strength of Mr. Waldie's rules, she came down to the parlor one Sunday morning, prepared to accompany him to church, clad in her new attire. For a few minutes he looked at her in stern silence, while, with a beating heart but resolute spirit, she awaited his reproaches. The little cottage bonnet had given place to a tawdry pink silk hat, flaunting with streamers of lace and ribbons, and instead of her simple white cape her shoulders were now covered with a bright yellow gauze scarf. She had certainly not improved her appearance by her new display, but she wished to try the effect of a little rebellion, and she was fully satisfied. Mr. Waldie quietly desired her to change her dress,—she remonstrated,—he insisted,—she grew angry and exhibited a degree of fiery passion, which, though by no means strange to the other members of the family, had hitherto been carefully concealed from him ; until at length, irritated by her vehement opposition, he led her to her apartment and locked her in. There were three faults which

Mr. Waldie regarded with peculiar abhorrence in the female character, and these were a passionate temper, a love of dress, and a determined will. He was perfectly horror-stricken, therefore, at the sudden discovery of all these most dreaded attributes in the beautiful Emily. Nor was his disgust much diminished, when, on his return from church, he proceeded to her apartment to receive, as he hoped, an humble confession of her fault. He found her leaning from the window engaged in an interesting conversation with a beardless young gentleman who resided in the adjoining house, and who was now standing on the top of a ladder placed against the garden wall, in order to be within whispering or rather murmuring distance of the young lady, with whom he had for some months carried on a flirtation by means of billets tied to pebbles and flung into her window. This of course decided the matter. Emily was desired by her benefactor to make choice of some trade, and, as she fancied it must be perfectly delightful to live among finery, she decided upon adopting the *profession* of a milliner. Accordingly, Latin and Geometry were exchanged for frippery and folly. Emily soon became a most skilful *artiste*, and, by exhibiting their effect on her beautiful face, which nothing could spoil, was the means of selling so many ugly bonnets and turbans, that she was quite a prize to her employer. At the age of eighteen she married a fashionable draper and tailor, when she received her promised dowry from the hand of Mr. Waldie. As the business of both husband and wife was one which ministered to the master spirit of vanity, they made a large fortune in a few years, and I have heard—but I will not vouch for the truth of the story—that after their retirement, Colonel Fitwell and his beautiful wife made quite a figure in the saloons of Paris, where she could boast of the honor of having been noticed by royalty ; his majesty having been heard to ask the name of that very *large woman* with blonde hair ! What an honor for a simple republican !

Celina Morley was now left alone, and the punishment inflicted on her companion, for such to her sensitive nature it seemed, rather tended to increase her timid reserve. But she possessed high intellectual gifts and a great love for study, so that her progress in learning equalled her eccentric benefactor's highest anticipations. I am afraid she would have been deemed a blue-stocking in the circles of fashion, for she was a fine Latin scholar, read Greek with great ease, had not even been delayed on the Pons Asinorum in her mathematical career, and in short, when she had attained her eighteenth year, knew considerably more than most collegians when they take their degree. Do not think this is an over-estimate of the attainments of our heroine, gentle reader. Let an intelligent woman be endowed with industry, perseverance and a love for study, then give her a powerful motive, such as love or gratitude, to stimulate her, and all the boasted intellect of man will hardly outstrip her in the race of learning.

The person of Celina had developed as fully as her mind. Her swarthy complexion had cleared into

a fine brunette, her dark hair parted smoothly on her high forehead, added feminine grace to a rather masculine feature, while the intellectual expression which beamed in her fine eyes, lighted up her whole face with positive beauty. Her form had become tall and majestic, scarcely rounded enough for perfect symmetry, but just such a figure as expands with queenly grace in later life. In short, Celina had become a stately, beautiful, and gifted woman. But while all these things had been going on, Mr. Waldie had become some six or seven years older, and already passed his *fiftieth* year; yet some how or other, he did not seem to be very impatient to change his condition. It is true, Celina had attained the age which he had originally destined to be the period of marriage, but he felt so very comfortable and was so much the creature of habit, that he seemed rather to dread any innovation. He had taken the precaution to keep his wards in ignorance of his final intentions, and therefore, Celina loved him with truly filial affection, without dreaming that she might be called upon to cherish any warmer emotion. As she grew up to the stature of womanhood, Mr. Waldie had been induced, by the remonstrance of the governess, to withdraw some of his restrictions in female attire; and though he still insisted on a rigid proscription of bows, feathers, flowers and lace, he allowed Celina to assume a garb somewhat in accordance with the prevailing fashion. But he had forbidden her to acquire any feminine accomplishment except sewing and knitting. The first act he found very necessary to his own comfort, as strings would break, and buttons would come off, which evils no one could repair with such neat-handed rapidity as Celina; while the second mystery he looked upon as essential to every well-trained woman, because it had been the sole occupation of his mother for the last twenty years of her life. But sad to tell! the young victim of theory could neither dance, nor play on the piano, nor sketch in crayons, nor paint velvet, nor make fillagree boxes, nor work worsted:—in short, she was utterly unskilled in the thousand lady-like arts of *idle industry*.

Yet nature had made her beautiful and good, education had made her a fine scholar, and her innate tact (without which talent and learning are often but useless gifts) had taught her womanly duties and womanly tastes. Indeed she had rather too much feminine delicacy to suit the peculiar notions of Mr. Waldie. He had an idea that the want of physical courage, which characterizes the sex, was simply an error in female education, and, not content with the passive endurance and moral strength which make woman a heroine in the chamber of pestilence, he determined that Celina should possess some share of masculine boldness. Accordingly, he practised various fantastic experiments to habituate her to pain and terror. He dropped hot sealing-wax on her bare arms, fired pistols within six inches of her head, and practised various feats of a similar nature, until, after having thrice set fire to her dress by accident, and once shocked her into a fit of sickness, he gave

up his attempt in despair of ever bringing her to the required point of courage. Mr. Waldie was a little disappointed. Celina did not quite realize his ideal of the partner of his life. She bore little resemblance to the dull, "drowsy, quiet creature, who, soon after his mother's death, seemed to fulfil his notions of wifely excellence, and neither was she that most unfeminine of all females—a plodding and slovenly book-worm. She was simply a gentle, lovely, intellectual woman, whom profound learning had failed to make either a pedant or a metaphysician. Do not listen to your prejudices, friend reader, and fancy that I am portraying an immaterial character: such women are to be found—sometimes in the saloons of gaiety but more frequently in the shades of private life, and the fire on the domestic hearth may still burn brightly and cheerfully even when lighted by the torch of wisdom.

A year or two more passed on. Mr. Waldie seemed to linger long on the threshold of celibacy ere he could summon courage to cross it, and in the meantime he was spared all future anxiety about the matter. Among the few, who still kept up their acquaintance with the eccentric Mr. Waldie, was the head-clerk of his deceased father, who, grateful for the liberal treatment which he had received at the settlement of the estate, was always ready to do a kindness for the heir. Unpunctual tenants and troublesome debtors were peculiar objects of his watchfulness, and Mr. Waldie was saved from many a loss and many a vexation by his honest friend. The son of this gentleman, after receiving a liberal education, had devoted himself to the church, and, as Mr. Waldie's extensive library furnished a great variety of polemical works, he had gladly accepted the bachelor's kind invitation to visit it at all times, without restraint. At first young Willington Merwyn came rarely, and taking some dusty volume of controversial divinity would retire to his own quiet study. By degrees he learned to linger longer, and ponderous tomes which he formerly sought were often forgotten when he took his departure. He came frequently and staid late, while Mr. Waldie, absorbed in his own speculative philosophy, always greeted the presence of the clergyman as a tribute to the value of his intellectual stores, or a compliment to his own scholarship. He fancied, good man, that the long metaphysical discussions and ingenious theories, in which he took so much delight, were the young man's chief attraction, and never dreamed that even the presence of philosophy herself,

"Attired in all
The star-gemmed robes of speculative truth"

would have awakened far less emotion in the bosom of Willington Merwyn than did the beauty and gentleness of Celina. But the lady herself had some little inkling of the truth, for women seem to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of the heart's love. There were looks and tones and casual words which needed no interpreter, or if they did, she soon found one in her own feelings. She discovered that the visits of the clergyman were only recurring pleasures

to her, and she reflected upon the matter till she came to the very natural conclusion, that, considering the warm regard manifested by her benefactor to his young friend, it probably was his wish that they should obey the command of the apostle to "love one another." Not long after she had arrived at this conclusion, one of those lucky chances, which always favor lovers, revealed to her the fact that Mr. Merwyn had precisely the same opinion. In short, if the commandment already quoted had contained the sum of Christian duty, they would certainly have been regarded as eminently excellent young persons.

Of course the elder Mr. Merwyn was soon made acquainted with his son's passion for Celina, and, following the honest old-fashioned mode of transacting such affairs, he thought it best to be sure of his friend's approbation. Now it so happened that Mr. Waldie was at length coming to a decision on the momentous subject which had so long occupied his thoughts. He had made up his mind that, however reluctant he might feel to assume the responsible duties of matrimony, a further delay would be an act of cruel injustice to Celina. He thought over all her good qualities, and, though he did not quite like her cowardice, he determined that, rather than doom her to a life of celibacy, he would celebrate his *fifty-fifth* birth day by a wedding. It cost him some effort to make this decision; for, in addition to his natural indolence which led him to dread any change in his mode of life, Mr. Waldie had one secret which he could not bear to betray. It was one of his weak points—nobody knew it, and he dreaded lest the familiar intercourse of married life should reveal it. Nothing but a sense of duty towards his ward could have induced him to overcome this last objection which seemed to have gained new force with the progress of time. It was just at this moment, when his heroic self-devotion had carried him to the verge of an explanation with Celina, that Mr. Merwyn, with sundry nods, and winks, and dry jokes, disclosed to him the wishes of the young people. Mr. Waldie was thunder-struck. It seemed to him too preposterous for belief, but it was sufficiently startling to determine him to judge for himself. He shook

off his abstraction long enough to discover that his old friend was not very far wrong, and once assured of the fact, he fell into his usual reverie before coming to any definite decision. He had sufficient practical wisdom to keep his own counsel about his original plan, and he reflected upon Celina's incorrigible timidity—the many little troubles which matrimony is apt to bring around one—his own bachelor comforts—and, above all, his inviolable SECRET, until he was quite disposed to believe that it was "all for the best."

Mr. Waldie's fifty-fifth birth-day was celebrated by a wedding; but Mr. Waldie still enjoyed his celibacy and his secret. Celina became the wife of Willington Merwyn. At the request of the eccentric but kind bachelor, the happy pair took up their abode with him. He probably did not gain much in the way of quiet by this arrangement, for in the course of a few years a certain little rosy-cheeked De Courcy and his chubby sister started the decorous echoes of the old house with the sounds of baby-grief and baby-joy. However, there is a wonderful power of adaptation in the human mind, and Mr. Waldie learned, after a while, to allow them free ingress to his student's den, while he often neglected his speculative theories for practical illustrations of kindly affections. Celina made quite as good a wife as if she had been brought up in the usual lady-like ignorance of science. She shaped and sewed her children's garments, concocted puddings and pies, directed the mechanism of her household, and was quite as useful in her sphere as the most vehement declaimer against *learned women* could have deemed necessary to vindicate her character. Mr. Waldie never regretted the result of his experiment. He lived in perfect harmony and peace with his now enlarged family, and it was not until Celina had become a comely matron and her children had grown up to love and reverence him, that the old man was gathered to his fathers. But his secret had been discovered long before his death, for he gradually lost his little personal vanity as soon as he finally concluded to remain a bachelor, and he did not find any decrease in Celina's affection even when she learned that *he wore a wig*.